Wolff on Made-for-TV Impeachment • Tomasky on Schumer

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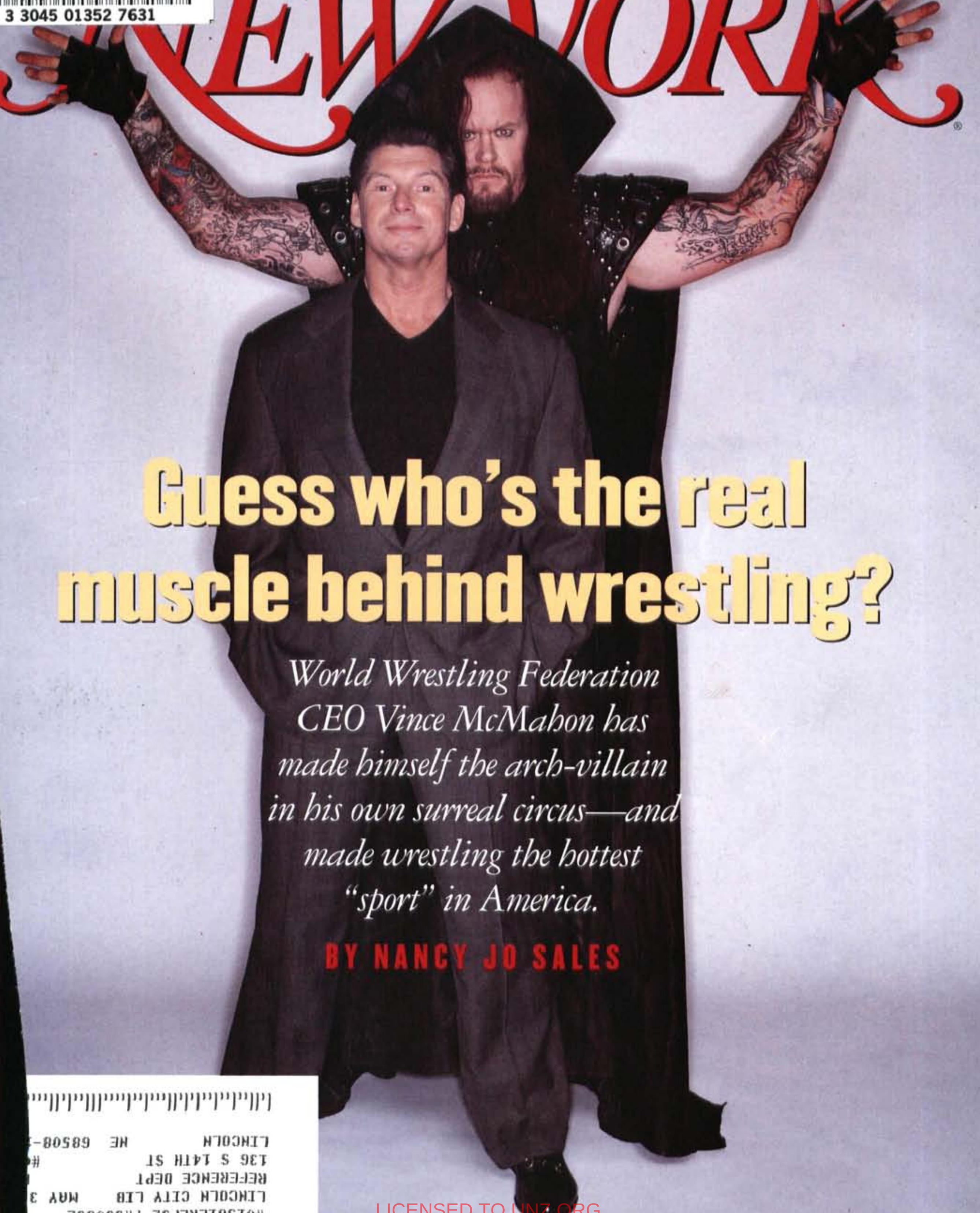

Guess who's the real muscle behind wrestling?

World Wrestling Federation CEO Vince McMahon has made himself the arch-villain in his own surreal circus—and made wrestling the hottest "sport" in America.

BY NANCY JO SALES

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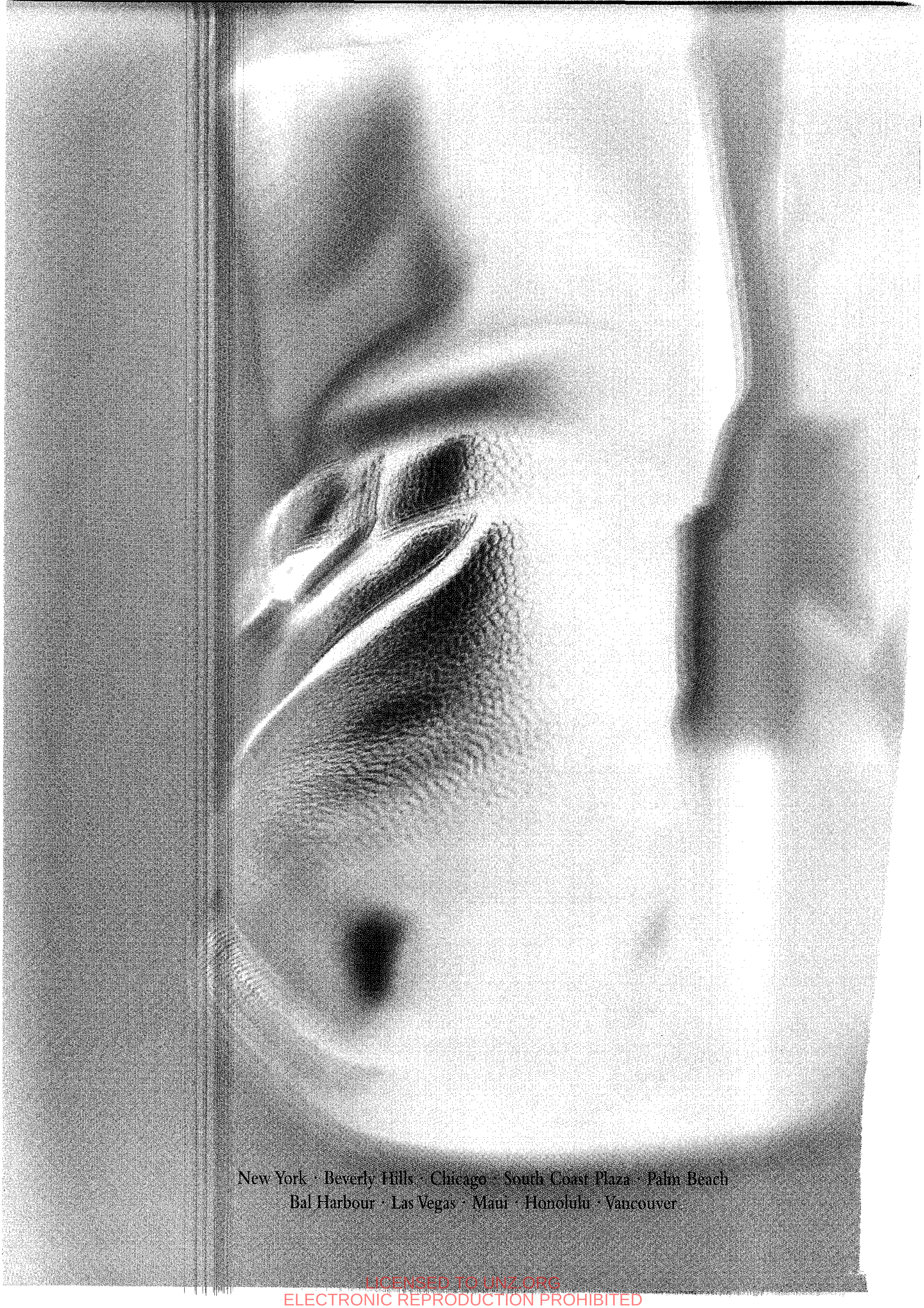
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Contents Oct. 26, 1998

"This is a soap opera performed by the greatest actors and athletes in the world. It's so visceral we try to hit every emotion possible."

VINCE McMAHON, PAGE 38

38 The 'Tude Dude

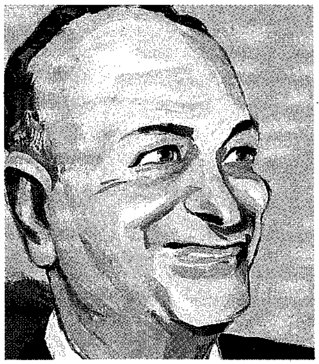
By Nancy Jo Sales

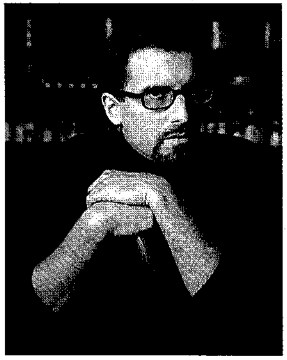
Every week, 5 million viewers tune in to the crotch-grabbing, epithet-spewing, body-flinging block party that is the World Wrestling Federation. WWF owner Vince McMahon (*Mr.* McMahon to you) has triumphed in a bruising business by climbing into the ring and challenging his own superstar, Stone Cold Steve Austin. That's no fake sport. It's real, er, *entertainment.*

48 The Anti-Fonz

By Michael Tomasky

No wonder the incumbent is on the attack over absenteeism. Hard work may have made the man who would unseat Al a dull boy—Schumer's stiff on TV, relentless in the House—but it's also what makes this effective, not to say unabashedly ambitious, pol D'Amato's worst nightmare.





46 Mr. Weeper

By Emily Listfield

Richard LaGravenese has a way with women. The screenwriter behind *The Bridges of Madison County, The Horse Whisperer, Beloved*—all high-toned sobfests with strong female leads—has now directed *Living Out Loud,* from his own, gritty script. Featuring, not surprisingly, a woman in search of herself.

58 Too Sheik

By Zev Borow

Singer Duncan Sheik has enviable looks (sultry), an enviable education (Brown), and enviable friends (Alex von Fürstenberg, China Chow). Naturally, he wants to change his image. Well, maybe *next* week.

Gotham

13 Is it a crime to be a Yankees fan?; Sunny von Bülow lives

18 Gotham Style

Smells like team spirit; bouncing away those saddlebags

Departments

20 Media
Michael Wolff

Impeachment '98 will be nothing like Impeachment '74

24 The Body Politic
Maia Szalavitz

What happens when Prozac suddenly stops working?

90 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

Norma's proves breakfast should be eaten all day

Marketplace

54 N.Y. Tech
Simon Dumenco

Photogenic cameras; a TV too stylish to stick in the closet

60 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Jack-o'-lanterns without seeds; satchels without peer

62 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel

You're in the navy now: buttons and boat-necks for less

The Arts

80 Movies
Stanley Crouch

Beloved's New Age stew

82 Theater
John Simon

Corpus Christi isn't nearly as dramatic as the protests it spawned

84 Art
Mark Stevens

At the Frick, fairies to spook the most jaded grown-up

86 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

Orfeo is a hell of a ride; an overwrought tango opera with wit

88 Dance
Tobi Tobias

The National Ballet of Canada indulges in some exuberantly well-danced navel-gazing

Cue

93 Alanis rocks; Lenny rants; Lorrie reads; Christian makes a dramatic comeback

Misc.

Letters 6
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 9
***Guardian* Crossword** 136
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 136
Classified 125
Strictly Personals 133

60

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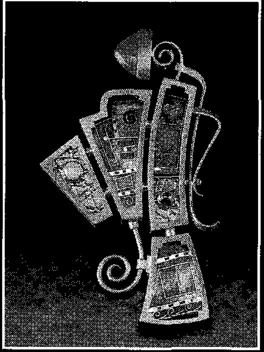

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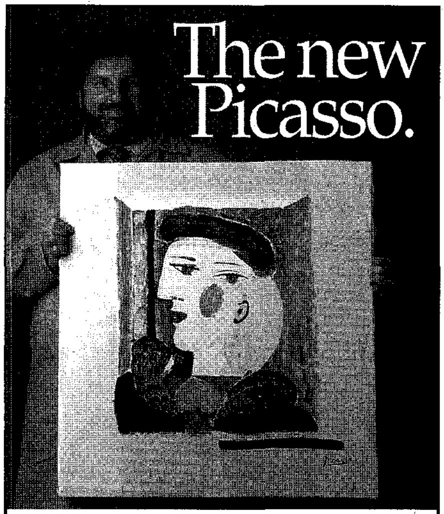

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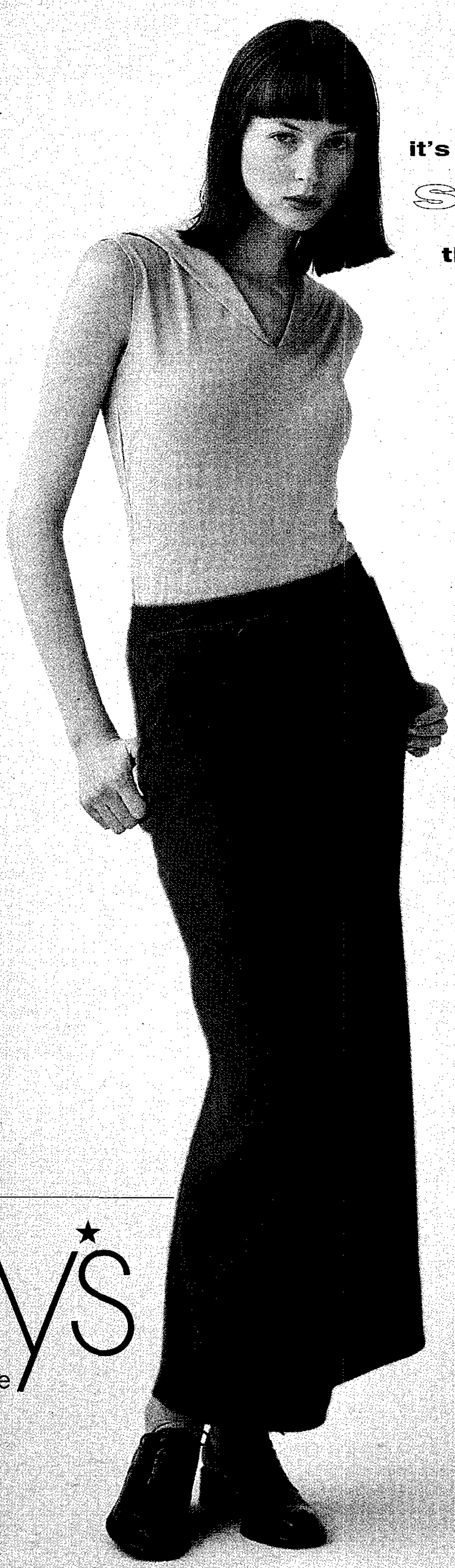

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Home Cooking

Mortimer's Glenn Bernbaum, lover of children?; the market's slide might just take the city with it; Conan O'Brien's tall tales.

GLENN BERNBAUM WAS MY HUSband's employer for some nine years, off and on ["No More Mr. Nice Guy," by Meryl Gordon, October 5]. Waiting for my husband's shift to end, I wrote the better part of a book that was set at Mortimer's by the light of a candle at a table. The tales of Glenn Bernbaum are legion. He could be outrageous—and also kind. He was welcoming to me, an outsider from the unfashionable Midwest. And when we had a baby, he showed another side, always making a fuss over our son, taking him to see Swifty the dog, and letting him prance through the place at will. Once, our 4-year-old spent half an hour racing back and forth playing peekaboo with somebody seated at table 1B, always held for VIPs. Glenn thought it was adorable. Laughing, he said, "I think Prince Albert might like to finish his lunch now." The man knew how to make even a 4-year-old feel like he was the most important person in the room.

Liz Nickles Murray
MANHATTAN

SOME RESTAURANTS SEEM TO THRIVE BY treating their customers or possible customers with invective and rudeness. Such apparently was the case at *Mortimer's.* Glenn Bernbaum's restaurant would have lasted perhaps three months in his native Philadelphia or probably anywhere else. Meryl Gordon's laudatory piece on Bernbaum gave little weight to the fact that she reported that he was an anti-Semitic Jew, a racist who barred African-Americans, a social snob, and perhaps a homosexual homophobe. That he wept at Auschwitz obviously excused all. He seemed to be charming to those who met his bigoted standards and would toady to him. This and reasonable food prices was enough to insure his success. Only in New York!

Joel P. Smith
SAN BENITO, TEX.

NEIL SIMON, WHERE ARE YOU? PLEASE DON'T miss Meryl Gordon's tale of Glenn Bernbaum. Nathan Lane is your star. These are the serious reasons I miss living in Manhattan. The pecking order in society is about as subtle as a jackhammer. Talk about a filthy dirty closet! Mortimer's sounds like nothing more than the Mudd Club of the seventies. Need I say more?

Randy Wren
DENVER, COLO.

Down With the Dow

THANK YOU FOR THE WONDERFULLY EVOCAtive article by Chris Smith "How the

. YOU snooze, YOU lose
oze, YOU lose. YOU sn

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Stock Market Swallowed New York" (October 5). What is left to read between the lines is that the very obsession with the financial markets tells you in what direction the Dow will be heading over the next several years (hint: the opposite of up). The general public has never made money as a herd—otherwise, we would all be living in our private townhouses on the Upper East Side. This is not going to be the first time.

Steven Jon Kaplan
KEARNY, N.J.

Tall Order

ONE QUESTION: IS CONAN O'BRIEN STANDing in a trench behind that desk ["The *Late* Conan O'Brien," by James Kaplan, September 21]? Last summer, in a bookstore in Connecticut, I heard the familiar voice of the *Late Night* redhead. It seemed to be coming from the ceiling; then I realized he was standing next to me. When I turned, I found myself looking at a space just above his belt. I would have told him how much I enjoy the show, but all I could think of to say was *Jesus, Mary and Joseph, how tall are you?*

Manya Greif
PIKESVILLE, MARY.

Don't Speak

IN YOUR SEPTEMBER 7 ISSUE, PETER NOEL reported that Khallid Abdul Muhammad "derives the lion's share of his income from speaking engagements at campuses like Brown University and Spelman College, where he reportedly commands up to $10,000 a speech" ["Blood Brother"]. We have checked with administrators in charge of university events: There is no evidence that Muhammad has ever spoken at Brown.

Laura Freid
Executive Vice-President
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Brown University
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Flight School

I AM WRITING TO EXPRESS MY DISAPPOINTment with Ted Oehmke's "The Plane Dealer" ["Gotham": October 5]. In Oehmke's attempt to highlight the long career of Lee S. Kreindler, the elder statesman of the aviation bar, he has managed to demean the entire legal profession by focusing on Mr. Kreindler as a "dealer" in human tragedy. The public is left with a sad impression of lawyers generally and one that disparages my own reputation and the contribution I, as a lifelong pilot, have sought to make in aviation safety. I am currently supplying information to the NTSB concerning TWA Flight 800 on important wiring and electrical issues that no doubt played a role in the Swissair crash. Oehmke in no way addresses the tragedy that has befallen the families of the victims of Swissair Flight 111. The focus should be placed where it rightfully belongs, on answering the families' questions as to why their loved ones perished in another preventable air disaster.

Michael Baumeister
MANHATTAN

Corrections The address and telephone number of I Coppi were omitted from last week's "Cue: Restaurants" section. They are: 432 East 9th Street (254-2263).

An October 5 "Intelligencer" item, "Museum Head's Still Life With Nude," misidentified San Francisco MOMA director David Ross's wife. Her name is Peggy Ross. *New York* regrets the error.

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

NO BOWS FOR THE PETER PRINCIPALS

Is **Peter Martins** trying to be too democratic? That's the word backstage at the New York State Theater, where plans are atwirl for the New York City Ballet's fiftieth-anniversary gala. Everyone who's ever danced for the Balanchine company has been invited to join the present cast onstage for a curtain call—or cattle call, depending on your point of view—opening night on November 24. "There will be no individual bows," confirms a New York City Ballet spokesman. "It's an en masse curtain call at the finale." Retorts one balletomane: "*That's* not going to fly." **Suzanne Farrell**, according to another ballet-world insider, told Martins that she'd only appear if she could walk onstage with Peter himself, holding hands. And Peter "agreed to do it," according to this source—despite the fact that he's not only her old partner but also the person who fired her in 1993. "If he walked across that stage holding hands with Suzanne Farrell, how would that make **Maria Tallchief, Patricia McBride, Darci Kistler, Heather Watts,** and **Merrill Ashley** feel?" asks another insider. Farrell did not return calls. "The company doesn't speak to rumors," says Martins's spokesman, adding that "everyone [will be] together onstage in one big group." Watch out.

NO LAUGHING MATTER FOR JOEY ADAMS

Drew Carey wasn't the only one burned at the recent Friars' Club roast. Guests gasped when venerable funnyman **Joey Adams**, a Friar for 50 years, tumbled off the dais, landing underneath the stage. Now his wife, New York *Post* gossipeuse **Cindy Adams**, is getting ready to sue. The Adams family, who sat in the center of the dais during the televised event, knew they'd be leaving early and prepared an exit route ahead of time. But the platform behind the Hilton's dais was steep, and a wall Joey tried to hold on to turned out to be a curtain. He fell fifteen feet into a pit "under all the wood and planks" supporting the dais, reports Cindy, who promptly dived in after her husband. Former mayors **Abe Beame** and **David Dinkins** and Comedy Central chief **Doug Herzog** rushed to help him up. "He's badly bruised, and he ended up running a 104-degree fever at Roosevelt Hospital," Cindy says. Her lawyer, **Barry Slotnick**, says the legal threat is "serious," explaining, "At 87, Joey has to be redressed for his injuries that were caused by somebody's reckless negligence. We will find that party and sue." Friars' Club director **Jean-Pierre Trebot** doesn't seem to mind. "He had an accident," says Trebot. "If that's what will be, it will be."

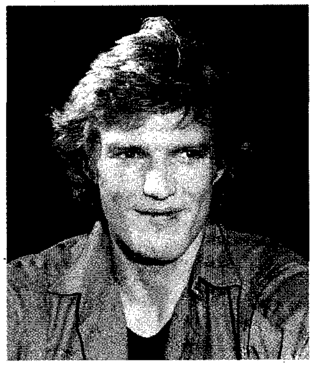
Joey and Cindy Adams: After the fall

LUFT'S LABORS LOST ?

When **Judy Garland**'s ex-husband realized he'd sold the rights to her TV show for a song, it took a court order to quiet him down. **Michael Sydney Luft** was enraged when music producer **Darryl Payne**—the man who'd just given him $900,000 for the U.S. rights to *The Judy Garland Show*—turned around and sold them for $3 million to 32 Records. "Luft went ballistic," says Payne's lawyer, **Wallace Collins**. "He ran around calling people and telling them not to work with 32 Records." After Luft falsely approached retail outlets such as Tower and QVC, presenting himself as the rightful owner of the Garland tapes, a New York Supreme Court judge forbade him to present himself as the owner of the U.S. rights. Luft's lawyer, **James Harrington**, dismissed his opponent as a "publicity hound."

WILL THAT *COSMO* GIRL GET *GLAMOUR*?

Samantha Kluge has had a tough year. First she lost her husband **Adam Cahan** to one of her best friends, and now she's lost her job at *Cosmo*. Kluge, the daughter of Metromedia millionaire **John Kluge**, was named beauty editor of the Hearst flagship six months ago, when **Bonnie Fuller** was still running the show. When Fuller decamped to rival *Glamour*, **Kate White** took over as *Cosmo*'s new editrix. White "felt there should be a restructuring in the beauty department," explains Hearst spokesman **Paul Luthringer**. "Unfortunately, that meant the loss of the editor position." Two weeks ago, Kluge left the company. Will she move to Los Angeles, as some friends predict, or will she resurface at *Glamour*? Stay tuned.



Peter Martins: Dancing as fast as he can

ZOOMING IN ON A WINTOUR STORM

Anna Wintour takes her image very, very seriously. So she wasn't amused when photographer **Patrick Pagnano** failed to get her consent before sending out a portrait he'd taken of the editor to solicit work—even though *Vogue* had used the very same photo in its own promotional packet. Pagnano, who had shot the Shaded Lady's portrait for the New York *Times*'s business section, managed to catch the icy Wintour sporting a rare smile, and had the photo made into a card that he

Photographs: top, Ed Geller/Globe Photos; bottom, Don Perdue/Gamma Liaison.

Anna Wintour:
Smiling no longer

sent to photo editors. But Wintour's spokesman says that Anna "didn't authorize it, and we're looking into it." Pagnano admits he didn't ask Wintour for permission to use the shot, but notes that when *Wintour's* office asked to use the shot, he quickly consented, even letting "them use it for nothing."

FOREIGN MODELS ON THE LAM

Talk about a catfight. A nasty tug-of-war over nine straying models has landed a top New York agency in hot water. Beleaguered L.A. Models Inc. called in the lawyers last week after one of its bookers defected to Next Model Management, allegedly taking several of the agency's top models with him. In its lawsuit, L.A. Models charges that Next seduced booker **Louis Huynh** to breach his LAM contract and bring a gang of up-and-coming beauties along for the ride. In addition to asking for $28,000 in losses, the agency is seeking $4.8 million in punitive damages from Next, which currently represents only two out of nine models named in the complaint. If LAM has its way, some of these models will not only pay for defecting, they may also be deported. LAM called the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service to check the visa status of three models who left the agency after the agency sponsored their work visas. Denouncing LAM and its lawyers as "gnats," Next co-president **Joel Wilkenfeld** advises them to "stop crying and bringing these frivolous lawsuits." LAM attorney **Robert Hantman** wanted to know if Next was planning to fight the suit. "They *are*?" he said. "They're gonna be sorry." No stranger to litigation, Hantman won a $95,000 settlement for LAM against DNA Models last year under similar circumstances.

REGINE ON SCENE; MOOMBA MANIA

SHE WILL SURVIVE: Regine is back. After a long hiatus, the seventies self-styled "Queen of the Night," who closed her Park Avenue club in 1991, has signed a lease on a space at 123 East 54th Street in which she plans to open a restaurant and bar in mid-November, with **Matthew Kenney** as consulting chef. The restaurant is to be named Rage (Regine's nickname). Meanwhile, the finicky femme fatale is hunting for a second space in which to house her new club—an offshoot of the famed Monte Carlo nightspot Jimmy's. "I know what the people are waiting for," she purrs. "After 10:30 there is nothing but young places with house music and rap. This will be more classic." Just like Regine herself.

WHO SAYS THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES? If he doesn't win the election, he's got a great future in infomercials. Greenburgh town supervisor **Paul Feiner**, the Democratic challenger for one of Westchester's congressional seats, is offering voters a money-back guarantee. Feiner says he'll donate 5 percent of his salary to local charities each year if he doesn't meet his campaign promises. When offered the opportunity to raise the ante to 6 percent on behalf of his candidate, a spokesman for Feiner's opponent—Republican incumbent **Ben Gilman**—laughed at the idea, saying that *his* man "doesn't have to resort to gimmicks." Feiner prefers to call his offer "a novel approach."

SEND IN THE CLONES: That old canard about imitation being the sincerest form of flattery won't wash with Moomba frontman **Jeff Gossett**. Clones of his elitist eatery are springing up all over the globe—there are now Moombas manqué in Indonesia, Greece, London, and Vancouver—and Gossett's not going to take it anymore. "It's a blatant knockoff," fumes Gossett. "I'm full-on looking into legal action." But not all unapproved uses of his restaurant's moniker make Gossett grumble: Gossett admits that when *Saturday Night Live*'s season premiere featured a "Moomba Club"—at the suggestion of Moomba perennial **Cameron Diaz**—he was thrilled at "being immortalized."

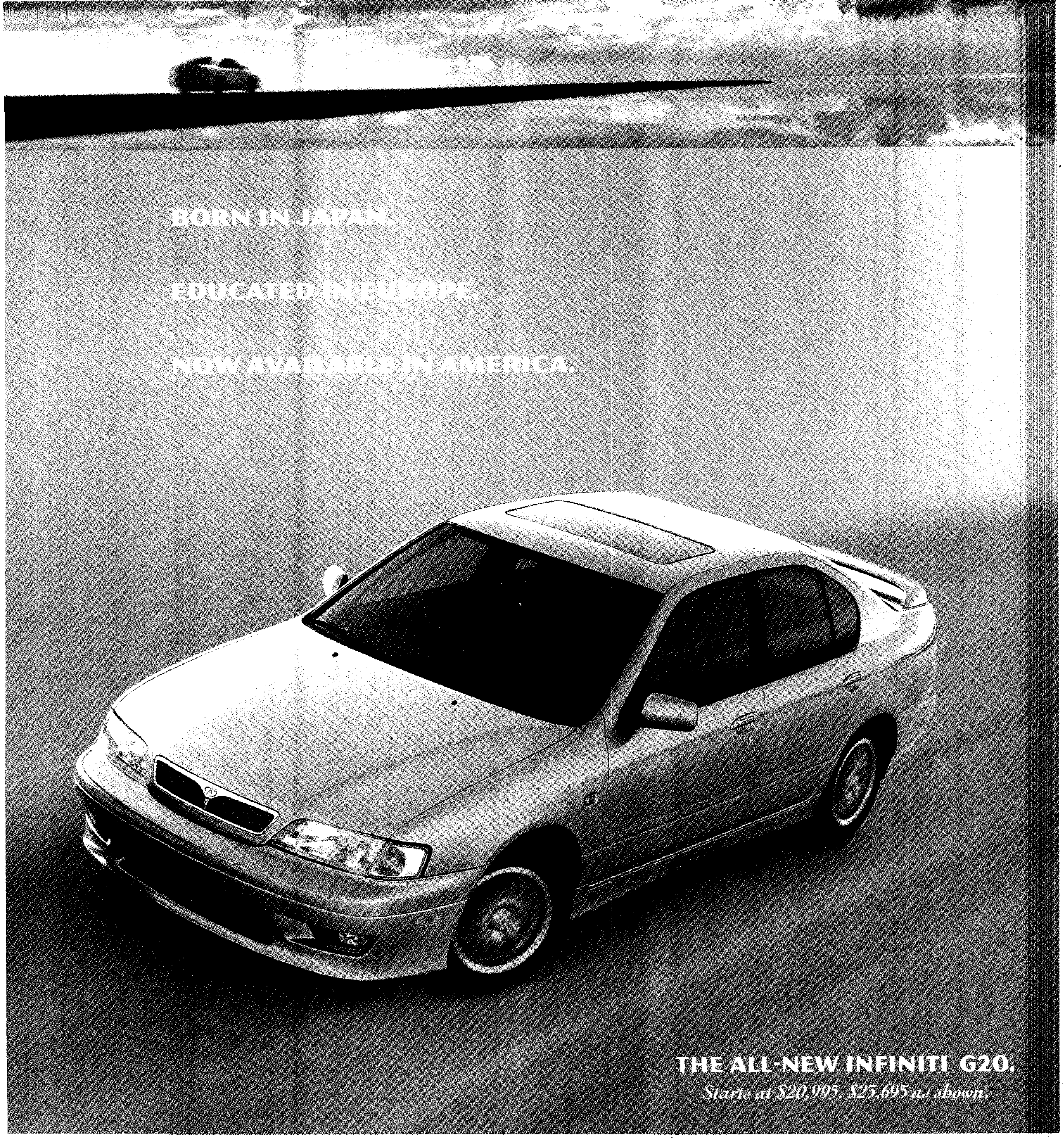
Cameron Diaz:
Nothing like the real thing

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

BRONFMAN LOSES A SURE BETTE

Bette Midler's come up against some ruthless people who are threatening to leave her down and out in Beverly Hills. In other words, Midler—the star of those eighties Touchstone movies—doesn't have a studio deal at the moment. Midler formed All-Girl Productions with her partner, **Bonnie Bruckheimer**, at Touchstone in 1986; **Sid Sheinberg** picked up the company's first-look option from Touchstone in 1996. But Sheinberg's Bubble Factory, a notorious failure, was dropped last year by **Edgar Bronfman**'s embattled Universal, though Bronfman still held on to Midler's company—until last week, that is. Hollywood insiders have been expecting the axe to drop for a while. Late last year, when Midler and Bruckheimer were eager to sign up *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*, Universal wouldn't bite, and All-Girl signed a deal for the project at Warner Bros. Now that the **Rebecca Wells** novel has become a best-seller, they all look positively prescient. "We had a two-year deal with Universal, and it's over. Our time was up," says Bruckheimer. "As far as where we're going, we haven't figured it out yet."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Gregory Pace/Sygma; Max Cisotti/Globe Photos; Steve Finn/Globe.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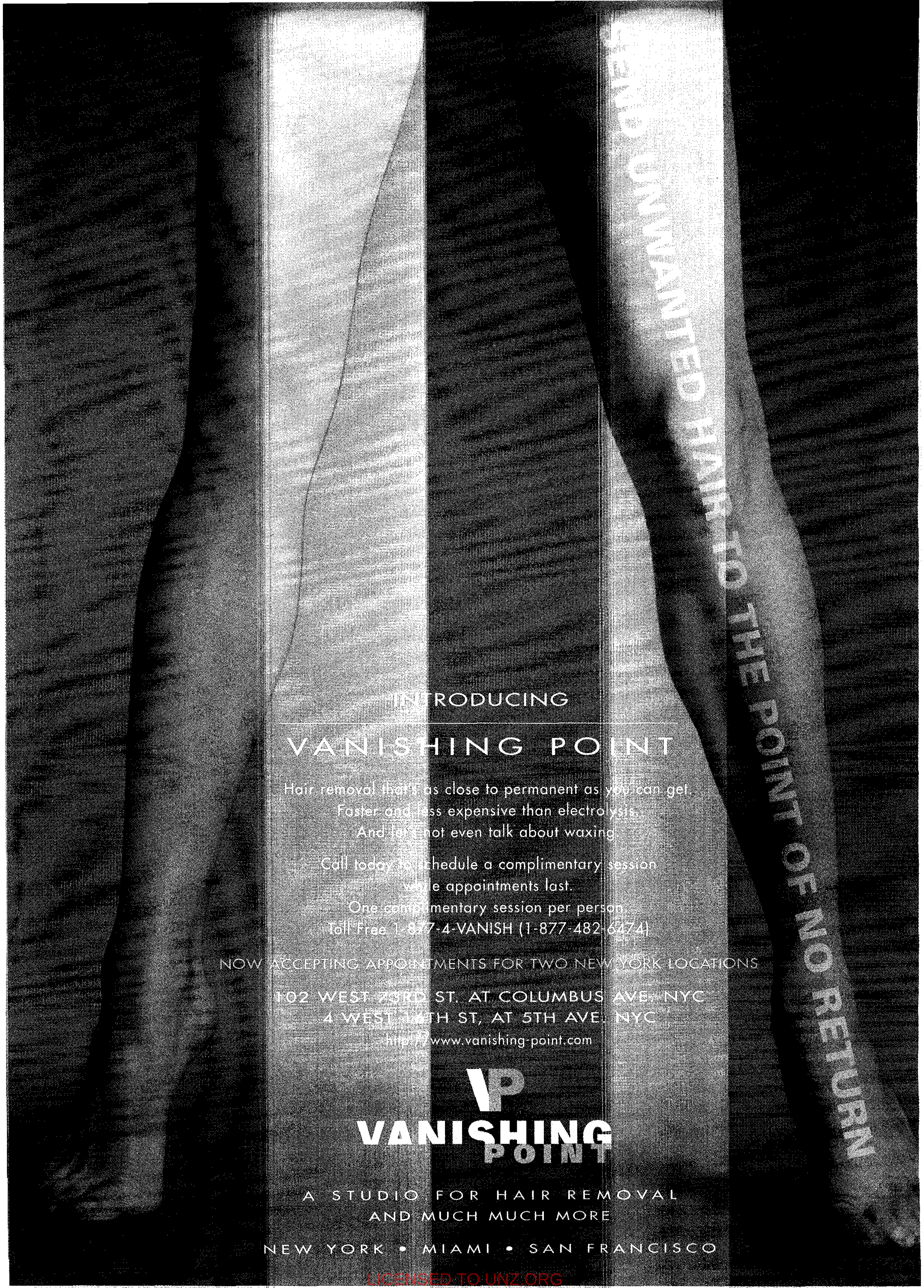

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GOTHAM

Participants in 1987's Greenwich Village Halloween parade.

I Love a Parade

The Halloween Parade's founder recalls its origins as humble, campy fun.

AS DEBATE RAGES OVER whether Greenwich Village's most famous celebration has outgrown its neighborhood, local residents have seized on every bad memory of the 25-year-old parade: the drunken mobs, the litter-strewn streets, and the occasional incidents of gay-bashing.

Few memories, though, stretch back to its distant origins: Halloween 1974, when 39-year-old mask-maker and theater director Ralph Lee leapt upon inspiration. He decided to bring to life the costumes and giant puppets he'd created over the previous fifteen years. That October 31, in what he recalls as "a relatively modest event," Lee gathered as many friends and friends of friends and friends of friends of friends as he could, perhaps 150 people all told, over at the Theater for the New City (its official "producer"), then on Jane Street. He decorated them as animals and characters and spirit beings, then sent the half-block-long horde through the streets of the West Village, toward Washington Square.

From the same Westbeth apartment where he first imagined the parade, Lee, now a wiry and spectacled 63, remembers the ease with which that first crowd was gathered. "Most of the people that were fairly close to me were game for things like this. These were people in the theater, people in the arts, free spirits. There was a kind of playfulness in those times."

Along the way, a pair of giant puppets—Dandy, a seven-and-a-half-foot W. C. Fields look-alike left over from an Open Theater Brecht play, and Floozy, a busty nine-foot delight straight out of an 1890s San Francisco saloon—danced a combination Charleston-waltz routine. On friendly balconies and stoops, other participants performed vignettes. And on the steps of the Washington Square Methodist Church, demons (wearing masks from a production of *Dr. Faustus*) clashed with angels (leftovers from a Bennington College show), only to be banished to their respective corners when a Spanish-looking saint stepped from the cathedral.

"It was really like an environmental theater event," says Lee. "People could actually walk along with the parade. And then we set up these scenes that truly transformed the Village." Everyone, whether in costume or not,

(continued on page 14)

SUBPLOT

It's not even correct twice a day

When the National Debt Clock—the Durst Foundation's blinking billboard at 43rd Street and Sixth Avenue that tracks each American family's share of what the government owes—went on the blink in August, people may have wondered if the federal surplus had rendered the clock obsolete.

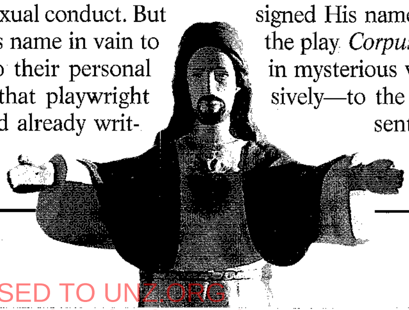
Not even close. The deficit is history, but the debt is still climbing, thanks to huge interest charges. The clock had merely died of old age. According to Tama Starr, president of Artkraft Strauss (the signage company that maintains the billboard), its Jurassic IBM 280 computer was on the fritz. So in August, while the display read $5.51 trillion ($71,000 per American family), the plug was pulled.

Since then, Starr has been bargain-shopping for a new computer, estimated to cost $15,000. That might seem like pocket change for the Durst family, which controls a vast real-estate empire, but Starr explains, "We're trying to keep it as economical as we can." If you feel the need to do your part, $15,000 breaks down to one-fiftieth of a cent per American family. ANNA HOLMES

CAMEO

God Bless This Box Office

EVERYONE KNOWS YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE THE Lord's name in vain. Just the same, everyone knows it's fun to do. Some people do it when they stub a toe, others do it when they're caught on national television in a bald-faced lie about their own sexual conduct. But mostly, they take the Lord's name in vain to lend universal credence to their personal moral agenda. So it was that playwright Terrence McNally, who had already written *Lips Together, Teeth Apart* and *Love! Valour! Compassion!* without successfully causing a revolution in gay rights, decided to put his newest queer-friendly lines in the mouths of the New Testament's heroes. And so it was that, in response, some caretakers of the New Testament signed His name to their scabrous review of the play *Corpus Christi*. But the Lord moves in mysterious ways: Thanks—almost exclusively—to the protesters' highly vocal dissent, the Manhattan Theater Club has a sold-out show. Can we get an *amen*?



Photographs: top to bottom, Stephen Ferry/Gamma Liaison; Ben Simmons/The Stock Market.

Parade *continued from page 13*

on the sidelines or in the street, was a part of the action.

The only publicity that first year was the posters that Lee and his team put up. But the response was tremendous. "People would peer out of their windows," says Lee, "see these incredible visions, and really be delighted." By the second year, hundreds of city denizens joined in and the parade had at least doubled in size. Uptown and downtown alike were charmed: *The Village Voice* awarded Lee and the parade an Obie, and Calvin Trillin wrote a glowing profile in *The New Yorker*. By the third year, the parade had increased tenfold in size.

In the ensuing years, Lee continued to incorporate creations from other projects into the parade, like the 40-foot snake that swooped down to bestow gentle kisses on children. He also designed creatures specifically for the event: a giant spider that climbs the Jefferson Market tower and a phantom galleon with tiny rats and gossamer sails.

But more and more, Lee's parade became the city's parade. It quickly took on a gay inflection, as drag queens—some of whom had previously held informal Christopher Street promenades—joined the ranks, preening and posing late into the night. And the parade also became a venue for camp cultural and political critiques, with roller-skating popes dispensing condoms, and a vast flock of person-size shoes that seemed to have escaped from Imelda Marcos's closet and claimed all Manhattan as their freedom runway.

Lee now creates Halloween spectacles at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Bronx Botanical Garden, but he still embraces the Village parade's spirit. His hope was always "to weave people from the community as actively as possible into the parade. Any good event—like Carnival in Trinidad—the whole city is involved.

"The great thing about a parade like this," he says, "is that it allows people's individual imaginations to run rampant. They become performers and get out there and strut their stuff. That's something we all need."

DANIEL HUREWITZ

CRIME

Diamond Heist

Cuff me! Book me! I sold my extra Yankees ticket.

THE HANDcuffed guy police escorted from Yankee Stadium a fortnight ago may not have looked like a dangerous criminal—the J. Crew wide-wales and binoculars didn't so much scream menace to society as Audubon Society—but appearances, as we know, can deceive. In fact, it was only quick-thinking cops that prevented this man—okay, me—from carrying out his desperate plan: to see a ball game and, maybe, not see it alone.

My friend had cancelled, so moments before David Cone threw the first pitch of the Knoblauch game, I tried to cut my losses by selling my spare $45 ticket for $40.

Bad idea.

The guy asking for change of a fifty turned out to be a member of the NYPD. As I reached for my wallet, two other men, dressed like average fans, came over, flashed their badges, placed me under arrest, read me my rights, and handcuffed me.

According to the penal code, scalping is defined as selling a ticket for more than 10 percent of its face value. I was trying to sell it for a 10 percent discount. But—*but*—I had tried to do it within a 1,000-foot radius of the stadium. (Where was Gate F—the section outside Baltimore's Camden Yards set aside for legal, face-value transactions—when I needed it?)

Despite my right to remain silent, I asked if the cuffs were really necessary. "If we take these off, and you decide to run, we'll have to take you down," I was told. The crowds parted like the Red Sea as I was led away.

Police Headquarters was a picnic area across 161st Street, about 150 yards beyond left field. Between 80 and 100 officers were waiting around for the incoming scalper traffic. As for the three dozen or so perps, we were a motley but hardly unsavory bunch: stockbrokers in Yankees caps, visitors from Albany and Hartford. We weren't allowed to make any calls (not even from cell phones) to friends and family in the stadium.

After being "processed" and shifted to plastic handcuffs, we were led to an MTA bus. (Scalpers with criminal records boarded a separate bus.) We spent the next two hours not watching the game we had tickets for. We could listen, though: The cops on bus duty had John Sterling and Michael Kay on the radio. It was like being in a sports bar, only without booze or the freedom of arm movement so necessary for serious rooting. Occasional roars from across the street mocked us.

As the crowd sang "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" during the seventh-inning stretch, I was reunited with my arresting officer, who handed me my criminal summons, removed the cuffs, and sent me on my way. This game would go another five innings, but instead of taking my seat in Main 22, Row C, I caught the subway home. My ticket had been confiscated by the police. They wanted to be sure that, set loose among law-abiding citizens, I would not scalp again.

CHARLES URQUHART

LECTURES

Outraged but Eager to Please

IN *THE DEATH OF OUTRAGE*, **William Bennett's** freshly minted treatise on Clinton's moral failings, the ex–Drug Czar rails against Americans who "see themselves as realists, worldly-wise, sophisticated: in a word, European." Short of crossing the Atlantic, Bennett could scarcely have found a closer match for this description than the core constituency of the 92nd Street Y—where he spoke at last week's Forum on Contemporary Values. Instead of distancing himself from his audience, however, he seemed intent on presenting himself as one of them. Is it possible? Is the self-styled defender of right-Republican morality really a liberal urban relativist?

On neurotic tendencies: "I had a crisis early. I challenged everything. On a retreat I brought a book on the condemned list, *The Last Temptation of Christ*."

On Continental pretensions: "I walked around with a black turtleneck and a copy of Camus so I could meet girls."

On psychoanalysis: "You can hear the conversations in therapy: 'Well, my wife is not as understanding as Hillary.' "

On literary criticism: "[The Starr Report] is not prurient or exciting. It's like reading one of those army sex manuals. It's clumsy and lead-footed."

SARAH BERNARD

Illustration by Robert Kopecky. Photograph by Michael Caulfield/AP/Wide Worl

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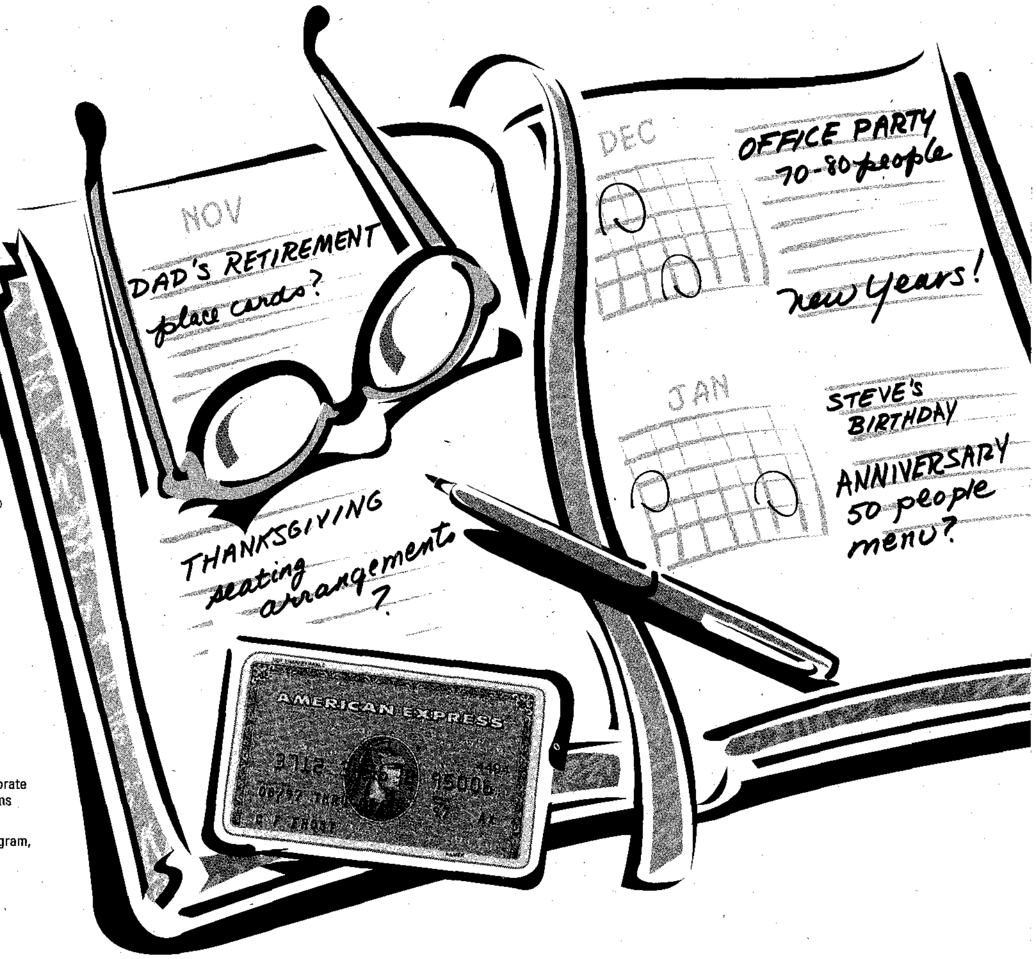

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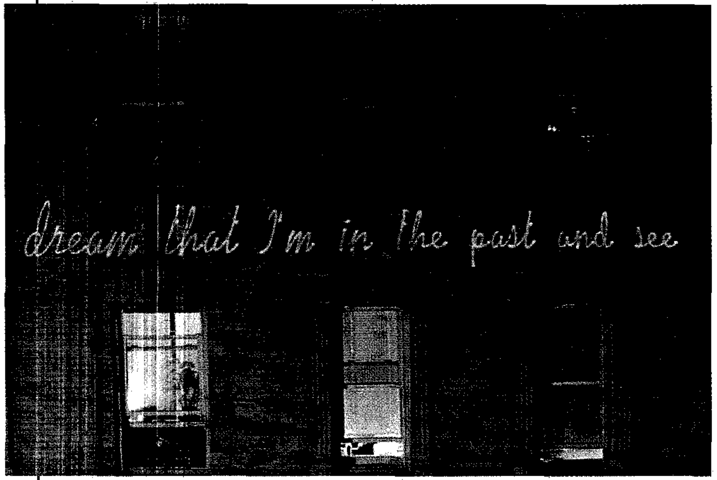


Artist Shimon Attie's laser installation on Rivington Street.

SITE LINES

Metaphysical Graffiti

An artist awakens the ghosts of the Lower East Side.

Down at the corner of Ludlow and Rivington, a glowing aqua-tinted script suddenly materializes above a tenement's third-story windows. The message, spelled out in an untidy cursive—"Is he alive or just a visitor in his body?"—spills over onto the façade of the building next door, then quickly fades away. On the sidewalk below, artist Shimon Attie, a lean man with closely cropped gray hair, paces Rivington, giving instructions via microphone ("I'm concerned about alignment issues, especially in zone one") to a laser-projection booth on a nearby rooftop. Thus begins another stressful dusk-to-dawn rehearsal, one of the last before Attie's ambitious installation, *Between Dreams and History*, opens. It will run Wednesdays through Saturdays from October 22 to November 14.

Attie, a native Californian who lives in San Francisco, is primarily known for projects he's done in Europe, where he felt himself "drawn by a very palpable sense of history." Nowhere is history more palpable than in Berlin, where Attie's breakthrough 1992 installation grew out of his search for traces of that city's prewar Jewish population. "I was feeling strongly the presence of a lost community," Attie recalls. "I thought, 'Where are these people?' " Attie answered the question by projecting photos of Jewish street life—such as storefronts with Hebrew signage—onto present-day Berlin buildings. This simple act turned out to be a compelling way of broaching a subject that the Germans deal with elliptically, if at all.

Invited to New York by the arts organization Creative Time, Attie went to work on the Lower East Side, a logical place for an artist whose subject is Jews and memory. Perhaps too logical: After all, the history of the Lower East Side and its immigrant populations has already been thoroughly strip-mined for material by generations of writers, artists, and playwrights. Attie overcame this obstacle, in part, by recognizing that the most vital elements of the neighborhood's history lay not in archives but in the memories of its citizens.

So Attie conducted four months' worth of interviews with neighborhood residents and culled from them the 35 fragments of text that are now being projected on tenement walls in English, Spanish, Chinese, Yiddish, and Hebrew.

The technology, too, distinguishes Attie's work. He says he chose this laser, which was custom-designed by artist Norman Ballard, because of its "haunting beauty and its ghostly aesthetic. It appears out of nowhere."

On Rivington, as Attie struggles to get phrases like "Shines in my bed" or "I bow my head"—his brand of history has the teasing nonspecificity of pop music—to slip smoothly across a tenement wall or down the front of a synagogue, a trio of neighborhood teens, zipped tight into hooded sweatshirts, amble by and check out the writing. As green sentence fragments mysteriously appear and disappear, one kid offers a straightforward assessment: "Oh, that shit is hot!"

Karrie Jacobs

ENTERTAINMENT

Ken Starr's Secret Dream to Be a Screenwriter Comes True

Coming soon to a porn-video shop near you: a live-action Starr Report. A California adult-video producer is re-creating the infamous White House sex scenes in an XXX-rated video. *Sex, 4 Life Too*, which will be released this month by San Diego–based Xplor Media, includes a three-minute hard-core sex scene with actors playing President Clinton, the First Lady, and Monica Lewinsky that was shot a day before the president's grand-jury testimony was released.

"You don't see Monica's face, because she's busy," Xplor spokeswoman Stefanie Histed said. "Hillary is encouraging the action, but she's not actually in it." Instead of finding look-alikes, the director used rubber Bill and Hillary Clinton masks and a brunette wig for the actress playing Lewinsky. However, the cast does include some legitimate, albeit unsexy, celebrities: *South Park*'s Matt Stone and Trey Parker, who became friends with Xplor owner Farrell Timlake while researching their film *Orgazmo*, make fully clothed cameo appearances. "To be around a porn set is like live performance comedy," Stone says. "It was kind of fun and weird to do a couple times, but after *Orgazmo* we are done with it."

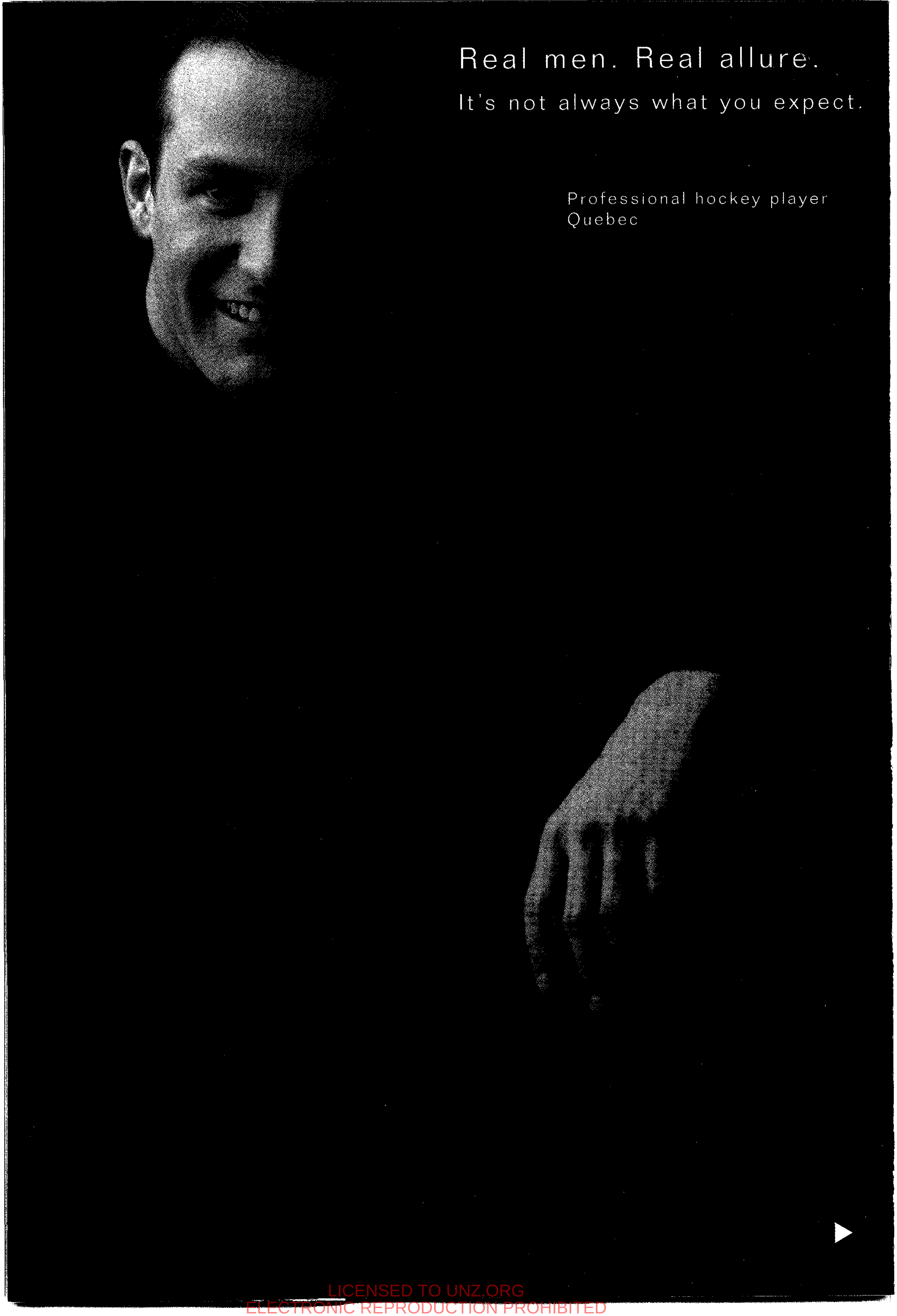
At one point, Clinton is shown smoking a cigar, but legalities got in the way of reenacting one of the Starr Report's most notorious episodes. Porn regulations dictate that only rubberized items may be used in sex scenes. "We're not even allowed to film the same stuff our president is doing," Histed scoffed.

Though the Xplor video may be the first bit of pornography to use the Starr Report as a script, it is unlikely to be the last. At least three adult videos that parody Clinton's sex life are already in circulation. "It's a ready-made script," said *Adult Video News* features editor Mark Kernes. "If the government's going to become a pornographer, I guess pornographers have to become documentarians."

Allen Salkin

On the set of XplorMedia's new adult video, *Sex, 4 Life Too.*

Photographs: top to bottom, Shimon Attie, courtesy Creative Time; Dave Stotts, courtesy of Xplor Med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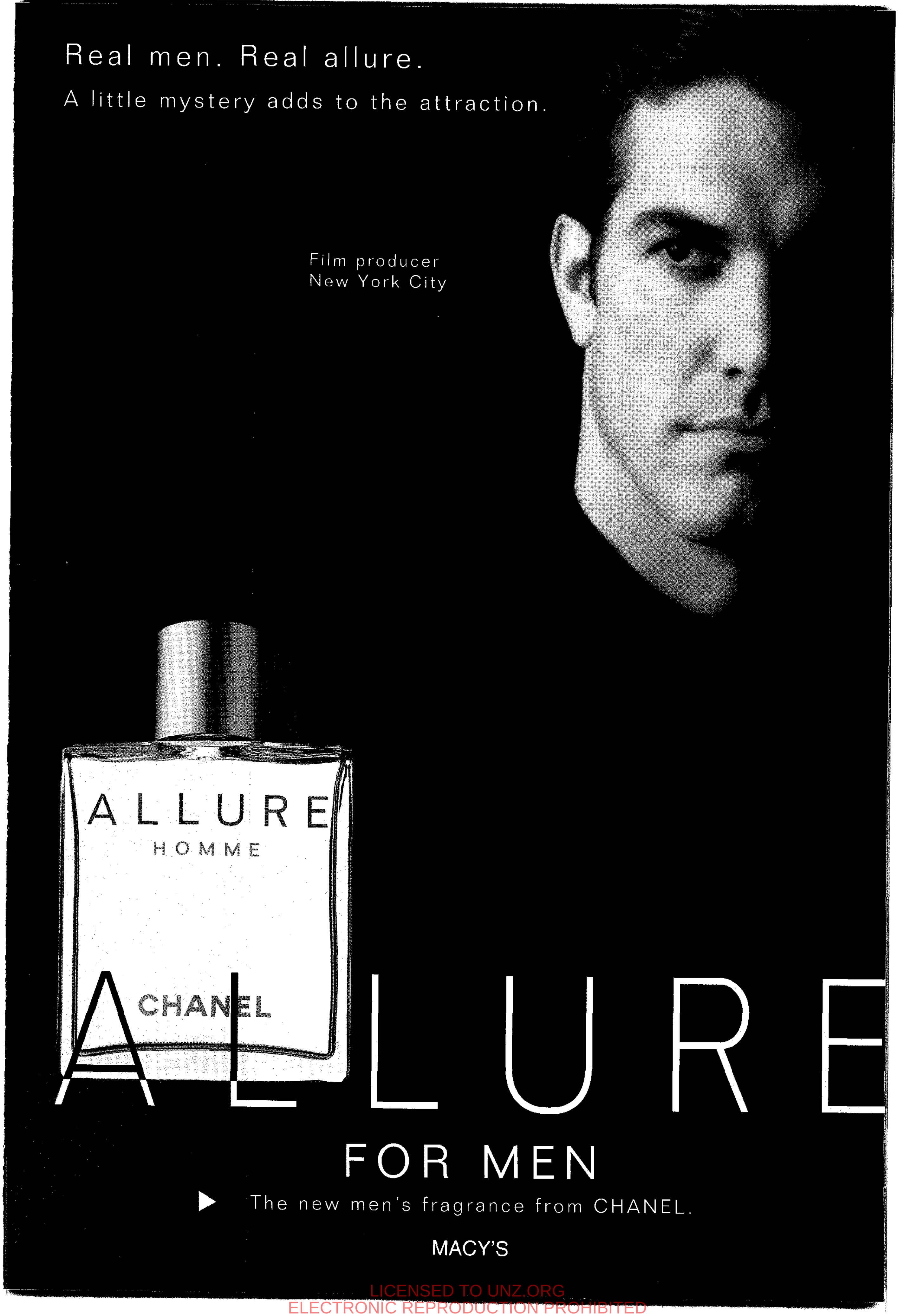
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LIVES OF THE SAINTS

WHERE ARE THE TABLOID HEROES OF YESTERDAY?

Sunny Days

NURSES AND PATIENTS AT the exclusive McKeen Pavilion at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center still buzz about its most renowned former patient, Sunny von Bülow. Four days before Christmas in 1980, the Newport socialite went into an irreversible coma. Prosecutors charged her second husband, Claus, with attempted murder. He attributed her condition to a self-administered overdose of barbiturates and alcohol, and was acquitted.

For seventeen years, she lay in a persistent vegetative state, on custom sheets, in a private room at the hospital. (Rumors circulated that she was visited every week by hairdressers.) Several months ago, say family friends, the patient who'd come to be known as "the Sleeping Beauty" was moved to a private hospice.

After years of sensational headlines about Sunny—as well as a best-selling book and a Hollywood movie—no one is willing to discuss her current condition or whereabouts. A spokeswoman for the National Victim Center, which Sunny's children founded, says only that "her condition remains unchanged."

According to Dr. Fred Plum, an expert on states of human consciousness who works at New York Presbyterian Hospital, "patients maintaining sleep-wake cycles with no cognitive involvement can survive on continual life support indefinitely. It's an awfully horrid thing." Faced with that prognosis, some families have chosen to remove their loved ones' feeding tubes or ventilators, but the Catholic Von Bülows never considered that option.

Her children have managed to go on with their lives. Alexander von Auersperg and Ala Isham, Sunny's children by a previous marriage, poured their energy into the National Victim Center. Cosima Pavoncelli, the daughter Sunny had with Claus, gave birth to a first child, named Nicholas, in London last month.

Sunny and Claus von Bulow, in happier times.

Claus left the country, following the advice of one of his lawyers, Alan Dershowitz, who told him to "disappear and not put his face in the face of the American people." Eleven years in London did much to rehabilitate Mr. Von Bülow's image, but his notoriety still lingers. When a reporter asked him to comment on O. J. Simpson's acquittal, in 1995, he bristled: "Why are you asking me? What's the similarity between us? I'm Scandinavian." This summer, Von Bülow began reviewing books for *The Catholic Herald.* ("This is a very fine book," he wrote, of a book on the Holocaust, "but this reviewer was not at first looking forward to reading it.")

As for the lesser characters in the celebrated trial, Andrea Reynolds, who was then Claus von Bülow's mistress, now runs a bed-and-breakfast in the Catskills with her third husband, Shaun Plunket, a minor British noble. Alexandra Isles, a previous mistress of Claus's who testified against him, wrote and directed *The Power of Conscience: The Danish Resistance and the Rescue of the Jews* in 1994. The butler who testified, Robert Louis Biastre, died of a heart attack in 1989. But shed no tears for Alan Dershowitz: Hardly a week has passed since the verdict that he hasn't appeared on television. DEBORAH MITCHELL

THE SCENE

First Friends

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

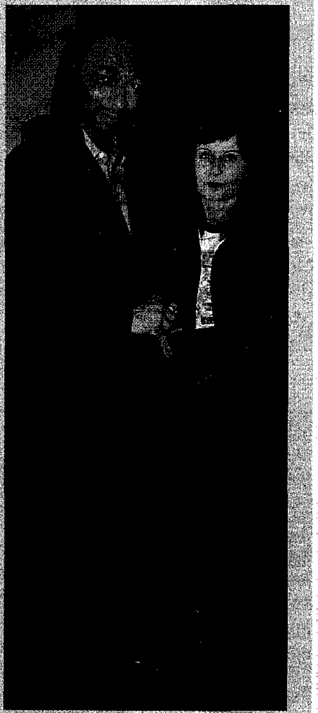
Channel 35's Robin Byrd and CNBC's Felicia Taylor celebrating *Worth* magazine's new issue.

Saul Williams, the star of *Slam*, and Ally Sheedy at Life for the film's premiere.

Bill Cosby, Denise Rich, and President Clinton at the gala benefit for the G&P Charitable Foundation, which funds cancer research.

Geoffrey Rush and Cate Blanchett at Coco Opera to toast Todd Solondz's new film, *Happiness*.

Good Housekeeping's Ellen Levine and _Foreign Affairs'_ James Hoge celebrate _Gossip_, by Kelly Lange.

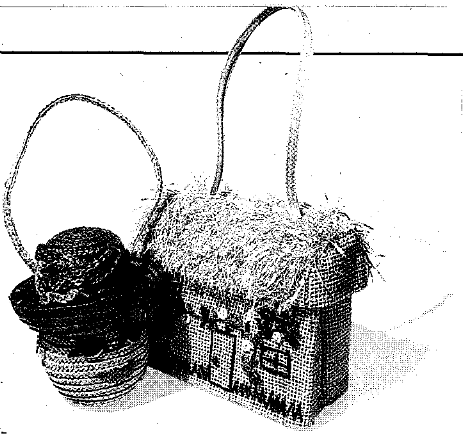

Designers Maurice Malone and Kitty Boots at Restaurant 147 for Durex's Freeware '98 condoms.

otograph by Patrick Lichfield/Camera Press/Retna.

GOTHAMSTYLE

Clinching It

Danny Clinch used to enlist his friends to smuggle camera parts into concerts; once inside, he'd reassemble the pieces and shoot. With a SoHo studio of his own, he no longer has to sneak around, but *Discovery Inn: The Photographs of Danny Clinch*—the first paper-and-ink foray from Razorfish, the Silicon Alley design shop—shows he hasn't lost his taste for gritty, in-the-trenches documentary. Even his portraits, like that of Jimmy Cliff (left), seem spontaneous. "Most of my favorite images are those intimate moments that don't end up in magazines," says Clinch. "Another photographer might sit around waiting for [his subjects] to do hair and makeup; I take pictures while they're getting groomed." ETHAN SMITH

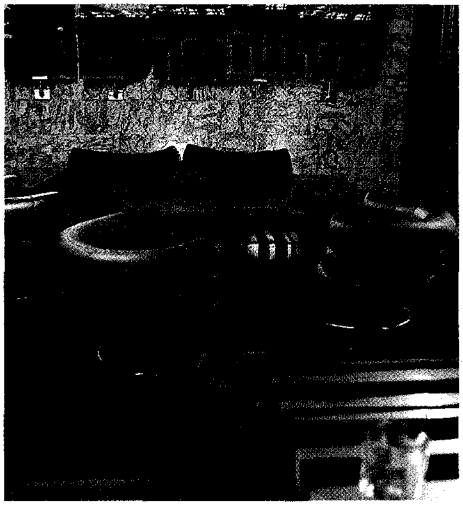


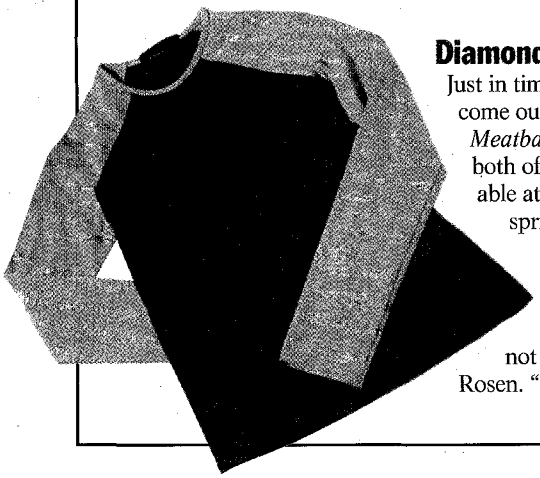
The Last Straw

New Yorkers may be thinking wintry thoughts, but at the recent European fashion shows, editors were toting these whimsically summery straw purses. (They picked them up in London, the first stop on the spring-collection circuit.) Made by Lulu Guinness, the "Conchita" and the "Cottage"—perfect for a lipstick and keys on a warm Hamptons night—will soon be available at Bergdorf Goodman. Before that, there's time for a quick run to the tanning salon.

Set 'Em Up, Joe

Slide back on a deep, red Ultrasuede sofa, order a scotch, steal a glance across the room, and enjoy some experimental performances. That's the scene at Joe's Pub, the new cabaret-lounge in the Public Theater that Serge Becker (B. Bar, Fez, Time Cafe) designed. Hovering over the proceedings is the spirit of the late Joseph Papp, the theater's patron saint, photos of whom adorn one wall. "Joe always wanted something like this, where people could feel comfortable and artists took risks," says producer Bonnie Metzgar. The space just opened this weekend, with performances by diva Audra McDonald, spoken-word artist Carl Hancock Rux, and singer Nona Hendryx. But Leo's already been there, partying with British trip-hoppers Morcheeba. ANTHONY LAPPÉ





Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

Just in time for the World Series, a range of designers has come out with dressed-up versions of the good old *Meatballs*-era baseball T's. Bulldog and Theory, left, both offer a slim-fitting top made of fine cotton, available at Bloomingdale's and Urban Outfitters; for spring, knitwear designer Rebecca Moses takes the trend upmarket in fine-gauge cashmere in navy-and-white and cream-and-khaki. And in a remarkable show of restraint, all have kept these highly brandable items free of logos. "We're not supporting any team," says Theory's Andrew Rosen. "The T's just say, 'Hey, baseball's cool.' " SHYAMA PATEL

BODY TYPE

Jump Around

Once a staple of suburban backyard fun, trampolines—miniature ones, 28 inches across—are the newest accessory in the city's fitness craze. Starting this month, Crunch will offer Urban Rebounding classes, which combine traditional aerobics moves with specialized jumps, all performed on one's personal trampoline. The workouts offer cardiovascular benefits without the hazards of high-impact exercise. And J. B. Berns, the instructor who developed Crunch's program, claims that all the up-and-down action, which he calls the G-Force, acts "like an internal massage" to oxygenate and detoxify the body. A caveat for women, however: Don't try it without a steel-strength sports bra. ELANA ZEIDE

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

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All images from *CLAIRE McCARDELL: Redefining Modernism* (Abrams); (left) Genevieve Naylor, 1946. Courtesy Staley-Wise Gallery, New York; (right) Louise Dahl-Wolfe, for *Harper's Bazaar*, 1953, and (center) 1943, Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona.

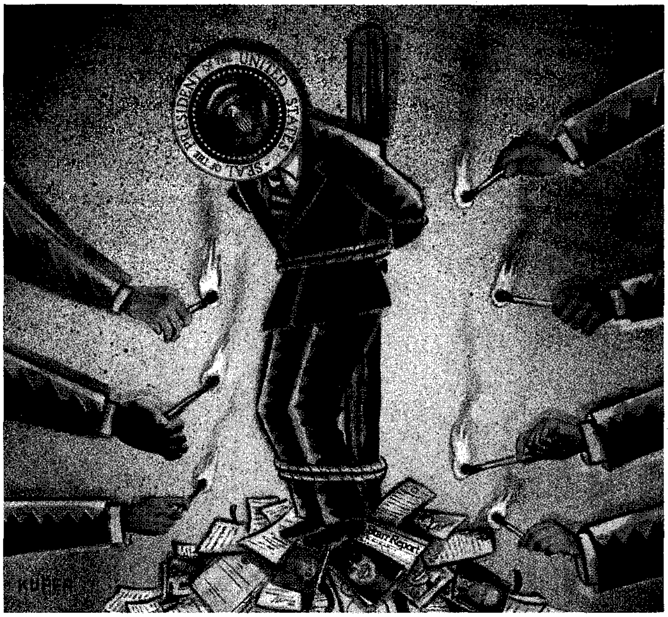
MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

I Want My ImpeachTV

Our congressmen are so busy getting ready for their career-making close-ups, they've hardly noticed that TV, in this age of cable and Internet, is no longer Watergate-ready.

WITH HARDLY A MOMENT to spare, it looks like we just might get the *real* trial of the century.

Watching the debate in the Judiciary Committee on the eve of the vote to commence the impeachment inquiry, you could see the excitement really building. The members became almost handsome in their umbrage. Such moral swelling, such Daniel Websterism, is where the political will comes from to buck the polls and disrupt the good times and to talk about another man's sexuality—and, hence, inevitably your own. (The answer to the frequent question, "Are these guys from another planet?" is yes, one populated by voters—that influential minority that skews older, more socially conservative, and more disapproving of Bill Clinton than the rest of us—who will voir dire a jury on November 3.) What we are witnessing is the most basic of political traits—to want to have greatness thrust upon oneself. It would take a personality unsuited to politics not to run into the embrace of such a rendezvous with destiny.


SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
KUPER

This destiny—in its most operatic sense—depends, of course, upon the media having a similar appreciation of its historic mission. Great trials need not only great defendants but also fabulous coverage. You can't have a public burning without an appropriately attentive public. It's this expectation on the part of the Judiciary Committee members about the nature of the media's treatment of the coming trial that may be out of sync with reality.

It may be so out of sync that the media circus, which entertains not just voters but an infinitely more democratic spectrum, could well invert the best-laid plans and turn would-be statesmen into buffoons, liars into virtuous men, and fundamentalists into pornographers (whoops—already happened).

TRANSPARENTLY, EVERY MEMBER OF THE Judiciary Committee has in mind the gravity, augustness, solemnity, and career-shaping power of the Watergate hearing room. Small-time political hacks (Peter Rodino was a ward politician from Newark, New Jersey) were transformed into statesmen; overnight, men with nowheresville political careers (the hard truth about a House seat) achieved immortality in their profession. Given the opportunity, who wouldn't vote for such a Cinderella tale?

You've got to suspect, though, that these 1998 Judiciary Committee members have no idea that the media game has majorly changed since 1974. Dollars to doughnuts, most of these guys have no appreciation for the networks' 25-year decline in market share, from almost the entire television audience then to less than 60 percent of it now. What that means for the networks is that they can't just interrupt their regular schedule; they can't just do what cable does. And what it means for the Congress is that it can't produce its own drama.

The Watergate Judiciary Committee hearings took seven months—from January 1974 to July 1974. Rodino, like Henry Hyde, had promised to do it in three months. So we may fairly assume that the Monica Committee won't vote a bill of impeachment until, at the earliest, February or March. Then, impeachment in the full house will be the opportunity for the 398 non–Judiciary Committee members to grab their face time. Then there's the trial in the Senate, where the entire investigation will be replayed. The whole process can't possibly be completed in less than eighteen months. At that point, unless some equivalent of the Nixon tapes turns up (don't they have security cameras in the White House? videotape?), the proceedings will get dragged out to the end of Clinton's term.

Tell that to CBS president Mel Karmazin (busy denying rumors that he's getting ready to sell CBS News). The kind of coverage given to the Watergate hearings, if it were applied to Monica, would bankrupt the networks today—their audience share would drop through the floor.

So remove the networks' gavel-to-gavel Watergate-style coverage (those Watergate months were the most warming and wonderful television experience of my life) from the Monica tale. Then ask yourself: Can we really impeach the president just on cable?

A good guess is that more than 60 percent of the country won't watch the trial of the century at all—they'll stick with Ally McBeal's litigation schedule.

Of course, the other hundreds of media outlets that service the networks' orphaned market share, will, in a bewildering cacophony, saturate the cable-news-watching audience with the Monica trial. Such saturation, however, runs counter to the interests of high and majestic drama. The pacing will be all

Illustration by Peter Kuper.

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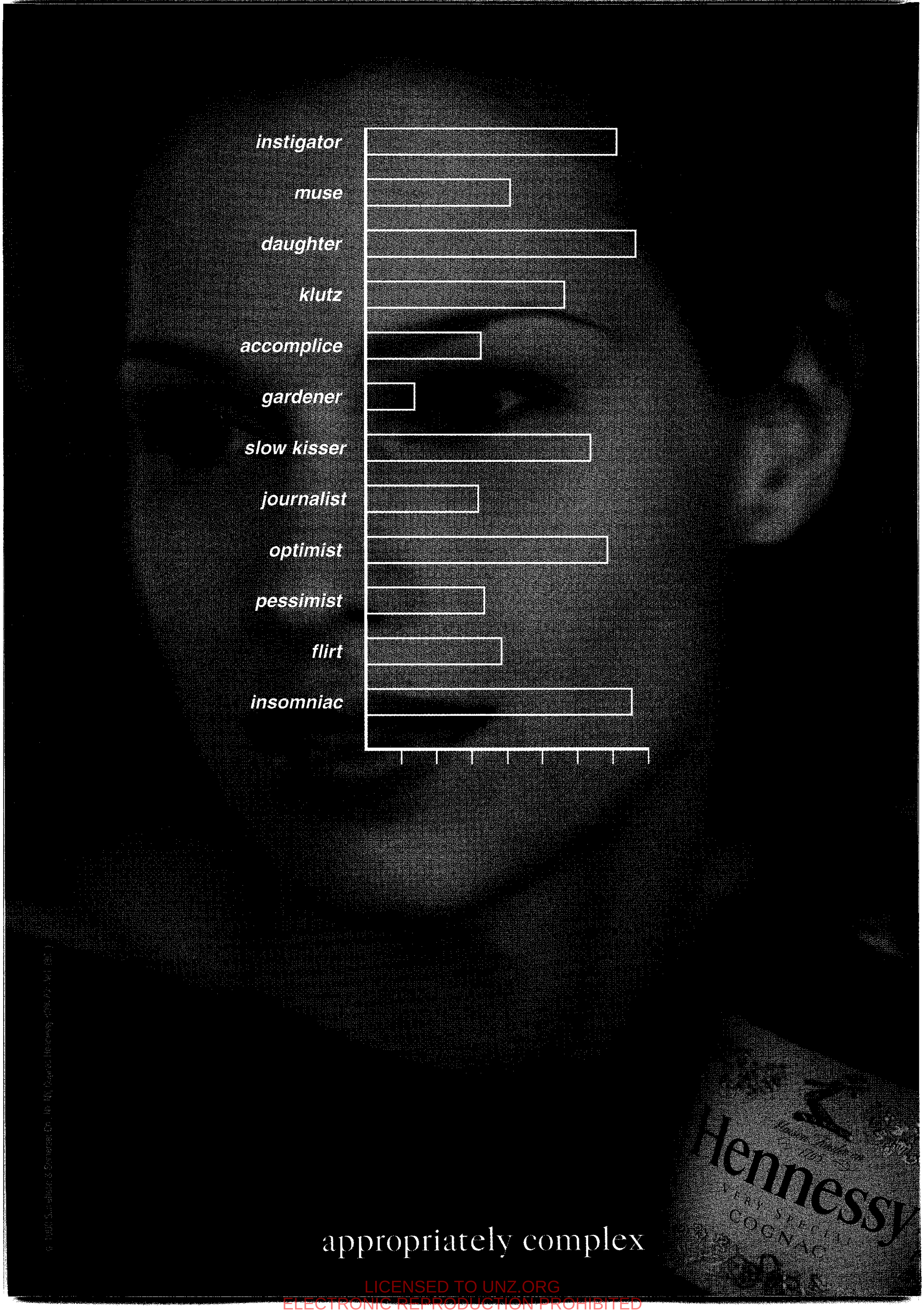
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off. It won't be the spare few hours a day of the Watergate hearings. It will be every hour filled with Monica.

The marvelous thing about the Watergate broadcasts (media, life, government—all in harmony) is that you were always left wanting more. The dramatic build-up was perfect. The pageant was played out artfully and circumspectly. (The Watergate committee teased out the truth: *Mr. Butterfield, were you aware of any recording devices in the oval office?*) But with Monica, there will be no careful control of the feed. Not only will the information flow without inhibition, it will flow through the hands of a multitude of producers: right-wing producers, tabloid producers, pro-president producers, feel-the-pain producers—just find your political-psycho-cultural demographic on the dial.

Other than Rabbi Korff, his eccentric and persistent defender, there were very few Nixon spinners, and few opportunities to spin. Hence, without much objection, we had a steady, ineluctable movement toward consensus and destiny. Now the whole gang—Larry King, Chris Matthews, Geraldo "A coup-d'état is taking place" Rivera, etc., along with their various substitutes (I feel not enough attention has been paid to Marcia Clark's career path and facial surgery), and their rotating series of media-trained pro and con guests—stands in the way of clarity and agreement.

Another element of the current media dynamic that many of the solemn and destiny-inspired members of the Judiciary Committee have yet to fully process, I'd wager, is the rogue nature of the Internet. Count on it: Any member of the committee who can be outed will be. That girl, that night when the plane got held over . . . the contributor's wife . . . An outing is in the future, too, for the national broadcast journalists covering the proceedings . . . *What network news star can't give a straight report because she's obsessed with her husband's infidelities?* . . . Ouch.

BUT I FEEL THAT I'M TALKING THIS DOWN. That I'm implying that a trivialization of the process (Macmillan, by the way, is preparing an *Impeachment for Idiots* book) means that the Clinton trial will be less than captivating and consuming, or even that the Republicans might be persuaded to call it off. That is certainly not what I want to be saying. Quite the opposite: I believe this baby is really going to fly. Years from now, we'll keep returning to this time. This trial is going to be what we remember about our lives.

It's just that it won't be like Watergate; it won't be majestic; it won't play as a grim constitutional drama. It will be more like O.J.—O.J. times ten or twenty, producing an even more memorable cast of semi-comic characters (Lucianne Goldberg!) who will come to inhabit our dreams as well as the national psyche.

And yes, the Clinton trial will polarize into a race issue, too—seriously! It will be the rest of us, blacks, women, and anybody with a sexual hankering or doubt, against the white men. While the white men will try to make this about the moral certitudes of lying or not, the Clinton defenders will have a more interesting and embracing story about tolerance and emotional nuance, and about living with our inner conflicts—really! (i.e., in this corner an impossible standard, in that corner all the well-known, best-liked human frailties). We'll wring one more encore out of the century's big theme: erotically charged, charisma-responsive, racially mixed urban America against the small-town, religious, low-aspiration, repressed white bulwark. Yes!

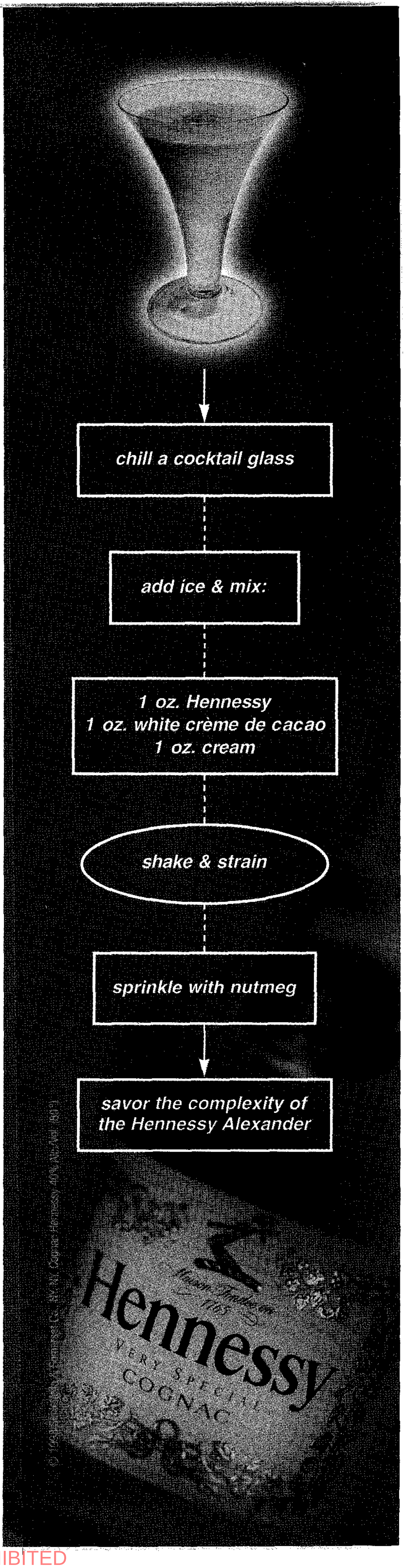
Because the jury is stacked with those white men, Clinton, unlike O.J., could very well go down—but as a martyr to desire. On the other hand, the media circus, the likes of which these small-town politicians can't possibly begin to imagine—a circus that will not transform them into statesmen but into some wonderful late-night jokes—may save him. As I say, imagine O.J. times ten or twenty—figure we'll see a few of these guys break ranks and run.

"HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING?" IS STILL the near-universal question. Or even: "Is this really happening?" Because it moves forward in an air of unreality as well as illogic. On those days when there is no news, or just a restrained report, you can almost feel it's going away. Then *slam,* a new report, and it's back again in full, angry, righteous force.

So now it's time to get prepared.

The New Yorker's Jeffrey Toobin, who covered the O.J. trial, has a deal with Random House to write about the Monica mess. Michael Isikoff, at *Newsweek,* has a deal, too. The pundit land grab has begun. Even Lucianne Goldberg's son—having acquitted himself well on *Larry King*—has a deal. All rights to the big kahuna—Monica herself—are about to be landed by News Corp. I called my agent. I'm thinking about the Dominick Dunne role. If there has to be a trial, I'd like a seat in a prominent row. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com



THE BODY POLITIC MAIA SZALAVITZ

Mood Swings

Certain popular antidepressants can lift you up only to let you down again. Doctors are finding that so-called "Prozac poop-out" is common—but perhaps correctable.

SIMON, A 37-YEAR-OLD TELEVISION producer, was, for a time, a Prozac poster child. Before trying the medication, he spent eight months so profoundly depressed that just "getting out of bed was like being born."

"I would talk to my producer friends and they sounded like mice on speed, with their 'amalgamated' and 'three thumbs up,' " he says. "Meanwhile, I was sitting there trying to figure out whether to slash my wrists or suffocate myself with a Hefty Cinch Sak. It was like having my skin peeled off, I felt so vulnerable."

The British expatriate had produced several American network specials that allowed him "enough money to indulge my depression." Eventually, after a "relentless" campaign by his brother, he went to a psychiatrist. "I'd been harrumphing like an old general about how people who need help are weak," he says.

Prozac worked almost immediately. "I scrambled to pick up the pieces," he says. "I'd bailed on jobs and friends, and I sorted all that out. It punched a hole in my darkness. For six months, everything was great."

And then it wasn't.

Though it hasn't made big news, up to a third of depressed people who respond well initially to the selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor (SSRI) antidepressants—Prozac, Zoloft, and Paxil, for example—find that the drugs' positive effects wear off.

Many of New York's leading psychopharmacologists say that patients suffering what they call the "Prozac poop-out" make up a good portion of their business. The company that makes Prozac, Eli Lilly, reports that "10 to 30 percent of patients with depression may experience a return to depression during continuation and maintenance treatment." Similar effects are reported for the other SSRIs.

Not every patient's depression is as clear-cut and dramatic as Simon's, or its return as debilitating. But with some 28 million Americans taking antidepressants, many functional but chronically despairing people have found the Prozac-induced respite they've begun to enjoy suddenly in jeopardy. Having experienced life without overwhelming anxiety or disabling lows, it's doubly disheartening for them to feel it slip away.

Vanessa, a 32-year-old attorney in Manhattan, had been in talk therapy "several times a week" for nearly two years before she agreed to try medication. "I really believed that you should work on your problems," she says, "and I found the idea of medication aversive. But I was wasting a lot of time being unhappy, and talking about it till I was blue in the face wasn't making it any better." Vanessa's lack of external problems—she always had friends, did well in school, and succeeded at work—masked an inner emptiness.

She tried Zoloft and found that for a while, "I didn't have to work so hard just to feel okay." It kicked in after a few weeks, she says. "It didn't take away all my anxiety, but there needed to be some trigger for it now, rather than persistent amorphous anxiety. It gave me a floor."

But after two years of Vanessa's feeling normal, the Zoloft stopped working. "I upped the dose, but I still didn't get back to where I was," she says.

"I've seen people have a good response to SSRIs, and then it really burns off," says Dr. Tia Powell, assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at Columbia University. "It's not a majority, but it's real. It's so disconcerting. They are suffering. They finally get back on their feet and then feel like it's starting to ebb away again. They say, 'Oh, this is what life is supposed to be like,' and then they are cast back down to hell."

Sarah, a 38-year-old college professor, became depressed during her first pregnancy and turned to medication. "I wouldn't do it for myself, but I could do it for my son," she says. "I didn't want to take it out on him."

She started on Prozac four years ago. "I don't think I've ever felt better than I did in the first few months I was on Prozac," she says. But like Simon, Sarah found that after about six months, it began wearing off: "I started noticing low feelings. I tried increasing the dose, and that was somewhat better, but I don't think I ever got back to feeling really good, and at higher doses the side effects were much worse.

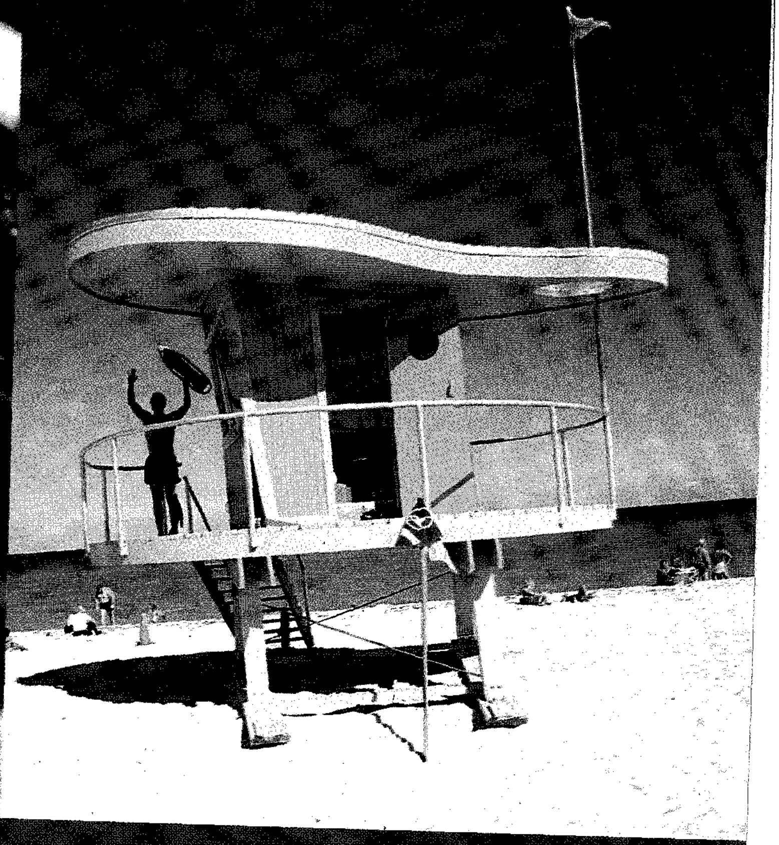
"When you are depressed all your life, you learn to live with it," she continues. "And then all of a sudden, you find a different way of living. It makes the depression when it recurs much worse." Sarah has so far not gone back on antidepressants.

Phoebe, a black-haired, black-clad 40-year-old visual artist from the East Village, says, "When I went on Prozac, it changed my whole way of responding to people. I thought, *(continued on page 37)*

Illustration by Luba Lukova.

SoHo

SOUTH BEACH



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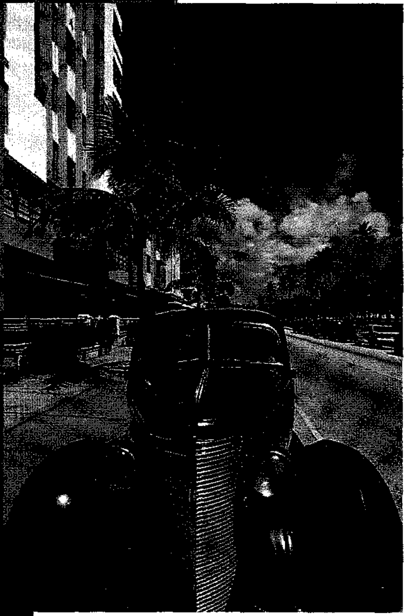
SoHo SOUTH BEACH



THE MAIN DRAG: OCEAN DRIVE

While retaining its SoHo soul, South Beach has become a vibrant creative community entering a new phase of urban sophistication. With balmy weather, bright lights, seductive tradewinds, and more Art Deco buildings than anywhere else in the country, this spectacular stretch of Miami Beach has grown into an international center of culture, cafe society, and couture shopping wrapped around a throbbing cabaret life.

Upscale hotels are opening in mellow tones of ecru, sand, and shades of the sea. Tony versions of SoHo and St. Tropez restaurants offer fine international cuisine. New condos and apartment buildings dot the landscape with a promise of fresh faces that never age beyond 29. And top designer boutiques expand their spaces with regularity.

In recent months, the one-square mile South Beach Art Deco district (from 5th to 15th streets) and its surrounding pedestrian malls have reinvented themselves from a bohemian commonality of sunny, breezy streets to an affluent, urban environment.

Today, South Beach, which measures three avenues deep and a dozen streets long, is a subtropical SoHo with excitement in the air. People-watching is an around-the-clock business. Top models, international stars, European fashion photographers, leaders of the Latin music industry, television execs, and filmmakers are supplanting the aging citizenry who once graced the open-aired porches and canvassed the palm-lined streets. Well-educated denizens from Manhattan to Munich, and from Rio to Rome are flocking to the white-sand beach wrapped around an upscale urban experience. Come see for yourself why South Beach has grown into a perennial favorite.

~

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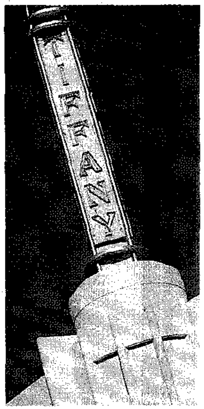
The new Tiffany is a perfectly restored Nouveau-Deco hotel that combines historic preservation with the design sensibility of fashion superstar Todd Oldham.

It will be opening this month with 52 deluxe rooms and suites, and the indoor/outdoor tropical restaurant, Wish. Operated by Gary Farmer, of Odeon and the original Miami Beach Strand fame, Wish will feature New York City star chef Gary Robins of the the renowned uptown Match. The four-story Tiffany with its spectacular rooftop pool and lounge, is the newest member of Historic Hotels of America and stands out on South Beach because of Oldham's extraordinary sense of color and texture.

TONY GOLDMAN & TODD OLDHAM

Woven throw pillows, textured rugs, and mixed wood furnishings highlight Oldham's casual elegance. "Todd has brought a fashion designer's eye to the total creation of the decor in this hotel," marvel Jessica and Tony Goldman, partners in the project. "His unique artistic talent now graces a new medium."



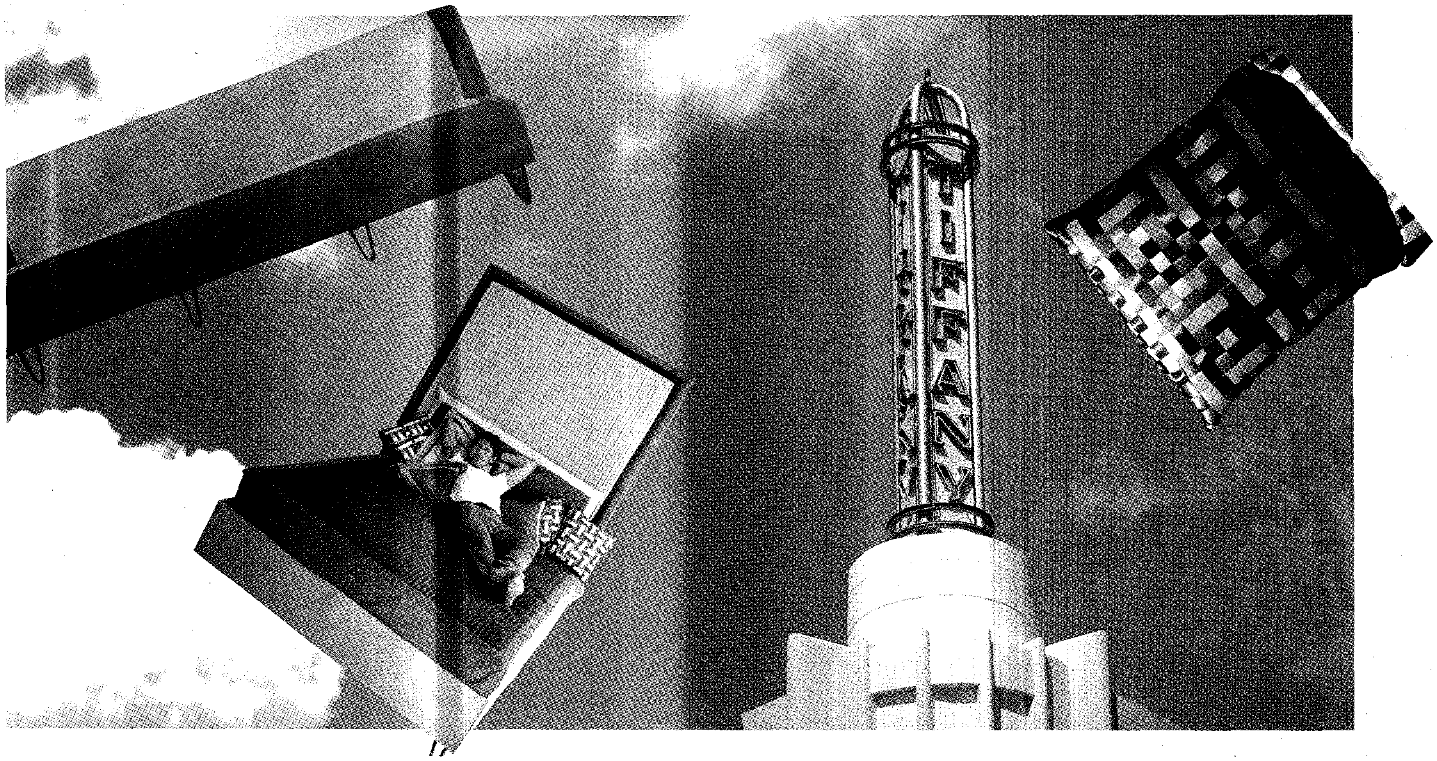
TIFFANY HOTEL

For example, Oldham's concept of color comes from elements in the environment, such as blues of the sea and sky, greens of the 20-foot palms, and beiges of sand dunes. "We call it wearable hospitality or cool colors with comfort.," says Goldman who has also created an Oldham gift shop in the hotel.

Originally built in 1939 by master architect L. Murray Dixon, the restored Tiffany, one block west of the Atlantic Ocean, is a stylish sanctuary in South Beach with views of the sea that appeal to members of the fashion industry, artists, and interior designers.

From the airbrushed tiles to the mosaic door pulls, every detail has been custom-designed by Oldham and handmade for the hotel. The lobby colors of rose, moss, lime, and gold were plucked from the original terrazzo floors, as was the huge handcut mosaic mirror flanked by dyed velveteen sofas.

The guest rooms are designed with a true sense of traveler comforts. Since Goldman and Oldham travel much of the time, they understand what people want in a home away from home. Flexible closets with adjustable shelves handle beachwear, ball gowns, or business suits. Doors, vanities, and sinks are equipped with full-length mirrors. Lighting, with dimmers, is accurate so women can apply makeup with ease.



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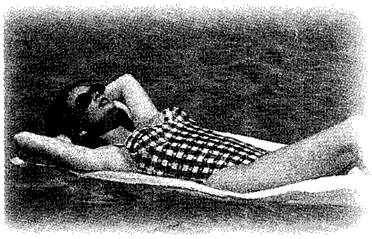
The Park Central



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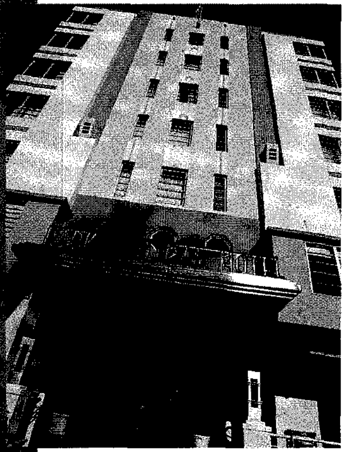
Spacious bathrooms carry the ocean theme into comforts, like huge showers with gushing rainhead shower nozzles.

The emerald-shaped, jet-filled pool floats serenely on the roof, surrounded by crushed dyed cabanas draped with curtains. "We encourage guests to swim and soak without their bathing suits here," says Goldman. "We are a European, taste driven, stylish hotel appealing to a hip clientele," states Goldman. "We're unique and private yet close to everything in South Beach."



PARK CENTRAL HOTEL

· PARK CENTRAL

(640 Ocean Dr., Miami Beach, 305-538-1611 or 1-800-PARK CENTRAL)

Goldman calls his first Miami Beach restoration, "a place where the best of the past has been lovingly preserved to coexist effortlessly with every modern convenience." Built two years before the original Tiffany in 1937, Park Central, a favorite of Clark Gable and Rita Hayworth, was designed by architect Henry Hohauser and restored by Goldman 50 years later.

Today, models, musicians, and key members of the fashion industry are smitten with Park Central's ground floor studio rooms which provide agents, photographers, and movie crews easy access facilities for casting, meetings, and equipment storage. The seaside hotel has 120 rooms in three buildings with a pool and fitness studio well-located to all South Beach activities.

Guests are instantly struck by the casual sophistication that begins with the pastel blue-Deco facade and follows through with antique black-and-white photographic prints in the hallways and guest suites. The lobby bar is a favorite for New Yorkers who love to people-watch before taking the two-minute trek to night clubs. "People feel nostalgia here," says Lynn Mucciano, Director of Sales and Marketing for Goldman Properties. "Our decor conjures up images of the old Miami Beach, and we are warm and friendly, yet discreet."

Each guest room is furnished with original period furniture, mahogany ceiling fans, and large windows with sheer white curtains to ensure panoramic ocean views. Vampire novelist Anne Rice found the rooms so inspiring she stayed at the Park Central in a Proustian high for six months while penning "Tale of the Body Thief." In fact, she is convinced that her Vampire Lestat will dwell forever in this pastel wonderland.

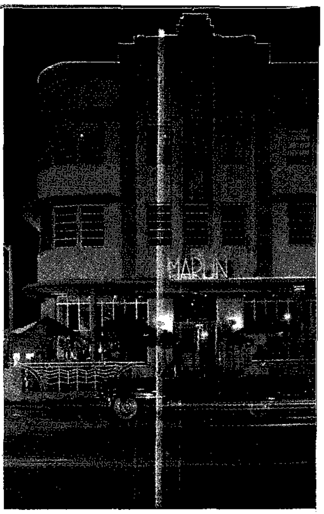
ISLAND OUTPOST HOTELS

· MARLIN

(1200 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, 1-800-OUTPOST)

The band Aerosmith was so enraptured by the sleek pink Cadillac parked in front of Chris Blackwell's Marlin Hotel that they stayed for six months to record an album. Grace Jones, Bon Jovi, and Johnny Depp love the hip, futuristic style of the dazzling lobby which designer Barbara Hulanicki (she founded London's BIBA in the 1960s) calls "Techo Deco." With upholstered banquettes on wheels covered in beige nylon satin, brushed aluminum on cocktail tables and pillars, and metallic silver sheer curtains, guests may be grounded on terra firma, yet feel as if they are soaring in space.

Blackwell, who owns Island Records and launched U2 and Bob Marley's careers, fell in love with South Beach because no one wore "clothes" and because the tropical scene reminded him of Jamaica, his spiritual home. But since he opened the Marlin seven years ago, his clientele has become more sophisticated. So he asked Hulanicki to redesign the hotel to adapt to changing technology. She calls the Marlin's new decor "Afro-Urban."



MARLIN HOTEL

The lower-level Shabeen lounge–where you might rub shoulders with Madonna, Mick Jagger, or Naughty by Nature–is decorated in an "opium den" decor with batik-covered pillows, North African wood tables and sexy dim lighting. There is a state-of-the-art 'cyber lounge' located on the mezzanine with an advanced Gateway 2000 Destination System and superior surround sound. Users can look down at the bar while surfing the Web, checking e-mail, and watching videos.

Guest suites in earth tones feel like large loft apartments. Furnishings are covered in hand-printed African fabrics while hardwood floors and fixtures sheathed in steel add an industrial chic to the sub-Sahara decor. Specialty suites offer exercise machines, recording facilities, and honeymoon exotica, such as an elevated tub draped with sheer curtains.

· TIDES HOTEL

(1220 Ocean Dr., Miami Beach, 1-800-OUTPOST)

No one understands the importance of people-watching in South Beach better than Blackwell and his Tides partner John Pringle. So closet voyeurs beware: Every one of the 45 suites in the exquisitely renovated hotel faces the sea and comes equipped with a Bushnell Sportsview Zoom telescope. Soothing colors in soft tones of ecru, white, taupe, and sand complement overstuffed furniture and double-paned windows in all suites. The elegant Twelve Twenty restaurant in the lobby serves fresh Mediterranean dinners of roast lamb and grouper, and the outdoor Terrace Café boasts the best views on Ocean Drive. "A great escape hotel offers private indoor and outdoor space close to the action," says Blackwell.

In South Miami, additional unique Island Outpost

TIDES HOTEL

Hotels include the following.

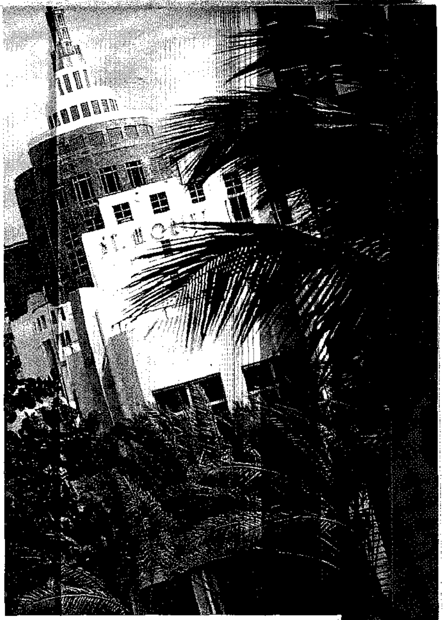
- **LESLIE** (1244 Ocean Dr.)
- **CAVALIER** (1320 Ocean Dr.)
- **KENT** (1131 Collins Ave.)
- **CASA GRANDE** (834 Ocean Dr.)

The hip, technicolor Leslie, in bold colors of teal, erotic pink, lavender, blazing yellow, and orange, has 43 renovated guest rooms and a superb people-watching lobby-front porch café; the Cavalier's 45 preserved rooms are toned down in creme and caramel with terra cotta tile floors and blonde wood Moderne furniture; and the Kent, once labeled as the "shrine of chic", has 54 restored rooms done in Hulanicki's tropical rattan furnishings and batik fabrics. All three are affordably chic. For antiques lovers, the high-end Casa Grande offers European-style hotel services in 38 elegant condominium residences from studios to three-bedroom suites. Antique columns in the lobby were imported from India; old world flourishes with custom-made Indonesian mahogany and teak furniture add Far Eastern mystique. For reservations or information, call 1-800-OUTPOST.

LOEWS MIAMI BEACH HOTEL & ST. MORITZ HOTEL

(Collins Ave. at 16th St.. Miami Beach, 305-604-1601
or 1-800-235-6397)

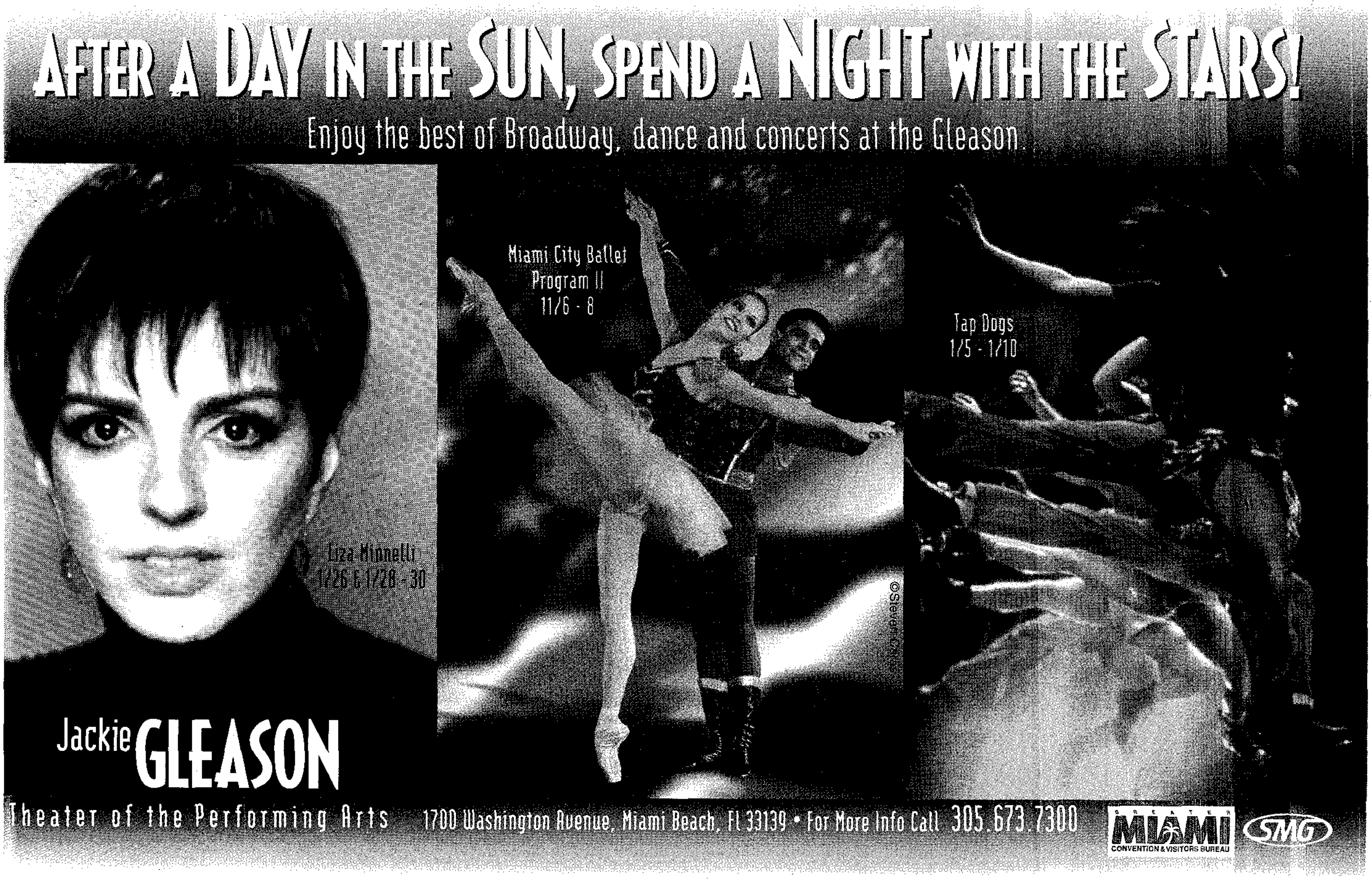
This joint venture of Loews Hotels with the city of Miami Beach has created the city's first new upscale hotel built in three decades. The new Loews Miami Beach Hotel opens next month with 800 rooms, many of which are well-designed waterfront suites. The interior blends classic Florida architecture with tropical Art Deco.


LOEWS MIAMI BEACH & ST. MORITZ HOTELS

But what makes this sleek, beachfront business hotel so special is its centerpiece restoration of the 1939 landmark St. Moritz Hotel adjacent to a modern 17-story tower. "The beauty of the hotel design is that it will be all things to all people," explains Jorge Gonzalez, Managing Director of Loews Miami Beach. "The St. Moritz, styled in Art Deco splendor with an emphasis on warmth and intimacy, is ideally suited for leisure travelers seeking a superior boutique hotel in the spirit of South Beach. On the other hand, the design and decor of the newly built tower will satisfy our business and meeting clientele looking for a full service, state-of-the-art convention hotel, situated in a resort destination."

In the St. Moritz restoration, elegant Deco details include a keystone fireplace, elaborate moldings, recessed lighting, and wall paneling. The original front desk from the lobby, the terrazzo floors, and wrought-iron staircase were also preserved.

For upcoming corporate clients such as IBM, American Bar Association, and Estee Lauder, 85,000-square-feet of flexible meeting and function space include a 28,000-square-foot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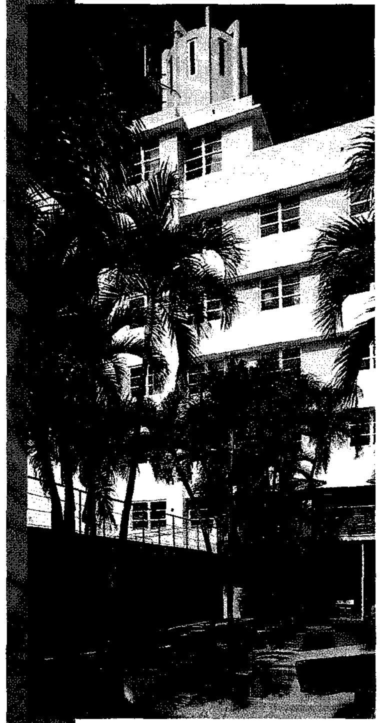
Americana Ballroom with a floor-to-ceiling windowed wall overlooking the ocean. Every amenity imaginable, including a large fitness center, is part of the complex. There is also a choice of six restaurants and bars, ranging from a snazzy Argentinean restaurant called The Gaucho Room to a piano bar and quaint SoBe Coffee Bar that brews exotic blends of java. "Our goal was to create a hotel that merges into the existing environment with a full complement of meeting, function, and lodging services for groups and individual travelers," says Jonathan Tisch, President and CEO of Loews Hotels.

For aesthetes, however, much of the hotel's charm comes from a cascading waterfall that flows into landscaped tropical gardens and a free form swimming pool fronting the 900-foot-wide beach.



ALBION HOTEL

ALBION

(1650 James Ave. at Lincoln Rd.,
Miami Beach, 305-913-1000
or 1-888-665-0008)

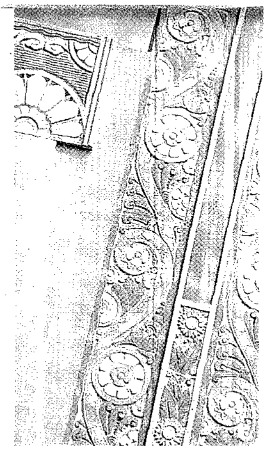
With a 600-square-foot waterfall trickling down sandblasted walls, iridescent slipcovers over slanted seating, a dreamy bar of brushed aluminum set amid walls of maple paneling, tilted glass with light blue lights, and 60-foot swimming pool with original portholes, the reborn nautical Albion is a favorite of the art and music crowd. Gloria Gaynor, Marilyn Manson, and Billie Myers are drawn to the urban-tropic ambience.

"We're about freedom and doing your own thing," says Harvard-educated Jennifer Rubell, who together with her parents, Donald and Mera, and brother Jason, owns the Albion and Greenview hotels and the Lincoln Road landmark Sony Music Building. "As you walk around the grounds you get the feeling of watery dislocation and abstraction. We offer guests an alternative feeling."

The stark, seven-story, 100-room oasis was designed by avant-garde Ecuadoran architect Carlos Zapata who created asymmetrical armchairs, white beds with blonde headboards, built-in aluminum bedside tables, and recessed lighting in guest rooms next to sleek slate-tiled bathrooms. The penthouses have a solarium in the center.

Offbeat perks include personalized business cards for guests, clever good night notes, a pair of crossed Chupa Chups lollipops (to pacify unsatisfied desires) placed on pillows during turndown service, and gifts of dried fruit and citrine stone.

The beach is a block away with media, fashion, and entertainment business activity around the corner. The hotel's 6,000-square-foot restaurant opens in January with a secret superstar chef. Lushly landscaped courtyard gardens are heavenly with a Zen-like solitude. "We like guests who find work and leisure equally seductive," says Rubell. "People work hard and come back to relax. I looked through the pool portholes around 2 a.m. recently and saw a couple in the water, having a good time. It's all about freedom."



HOTEL ST. AUGUSTINE

HOTEL ST. AUGUSTINE

(347 Washington Ave., Miami Beach,
305-532-0570)

The specialty of this zestily-restored Deco hotel is its sensual spa mentality. All 24 rooms are described by owner Greg Covin as one large room or "the bed in the bathroom."

A king-sized platform bed flanked by cushioned banquettes sets the stage for massive state-of-the-art spa bathrooms with stainless steel and glass enclosed showers, featuring maximum steam machines with body spray jets and in-shower stereo speakers. Walls are made of stone; floors mesmerize with contemporary tile. There is a giant vanity, big open bath, and spa mini-bar that holds everything from mineral salts and loofah gloves to chilled masks and refreshing aromatherapy oils like those found in the best spas. "Obviously, bathrooms are important to me," says Covin who understands his guests need late-night pampering.

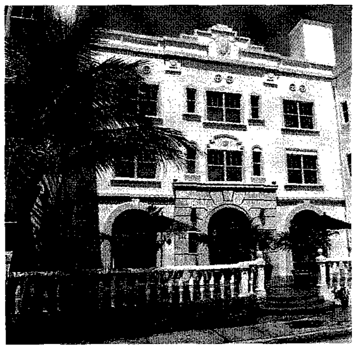
South Beach designer Peter Page describes his style as slick, contemporary, and light. The upscale yellow-beige lobby is quaint and European with banquettes, curved walls, up lighting from the floor, and a 40-seat bar made of sycamore wood. A real plus: the St. Augustine has its own enclosed parking lot and caters to busy New Yorkers longing for three-day weekends complete with Continental breakfast and Internet access.

BLUE MOON HOTEL

(944 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, 305-673-2262 or 1-800 724-1623)

Merv Griffin has restored this property to the Mediterranean-Revival style which sets it apart from South Beach's Art Deco hotels. Located one block from the ocean, Blue Moon has renovated 25 guest rooms with another 50 debuting next month.

The hotel's exterior is white with gray trim showcasing blue and white striped awnings. Three front entrances have arched doorways surrounded with planters and periwinkles. The front porch is a U-shaped courtyard dotted with tables and umbrellas for relaxing and reading. The lobby has high ceilings, Mission tile, and a pair of wrought iron staircases on each side. Walls are off-white to deflect glare with sofas and chairs arranged to resemble a living room in a cozy, well-appointed home.



BLUE MOON HOTEL

Personal, unpretentious service (including in-room coffeemakers) within an intimate atmosphere is indeed the mantra.

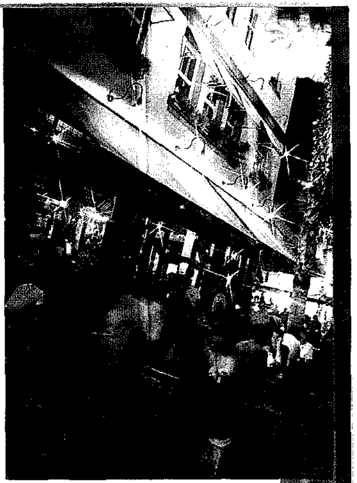
"We're situated in the heart of the excitement of South Beach, yet the hotel is secluded enough so that guests can escape the 'fast pace' that comes with the territory," says Chip Chapman, general manager. "We offer our business and leisure guests an elegant setting for sipping a goblet of wine on the veranda or enjoying a Continental breakfast in the rear courtyard."

AROUND TOWN

LINCOLN ROAD ART FESTIVAL

South Beach is maturing so rapidly it now offers visitors a rich and vibrant cultural life. What began as a resurrection of the largest assemblage of early modern design in the world has metamorphosed into an affluent and influential center of art and entertainment.

The successful revitalization of the Art Deco district has encouraged more sophisticated tourists, visitors who enjoy the ballet as well as the beach, symphony as well as shopping, collecting as well as "clubbing." "There is no question that we are a celebration of the arts," says I. Stanley Levine, chairman of the Miami Beach Cultural Arts Council. "We are developing new audiences and watching the arts flourish. We sponsor 50 performances a month as we rapidly enrich the beach."

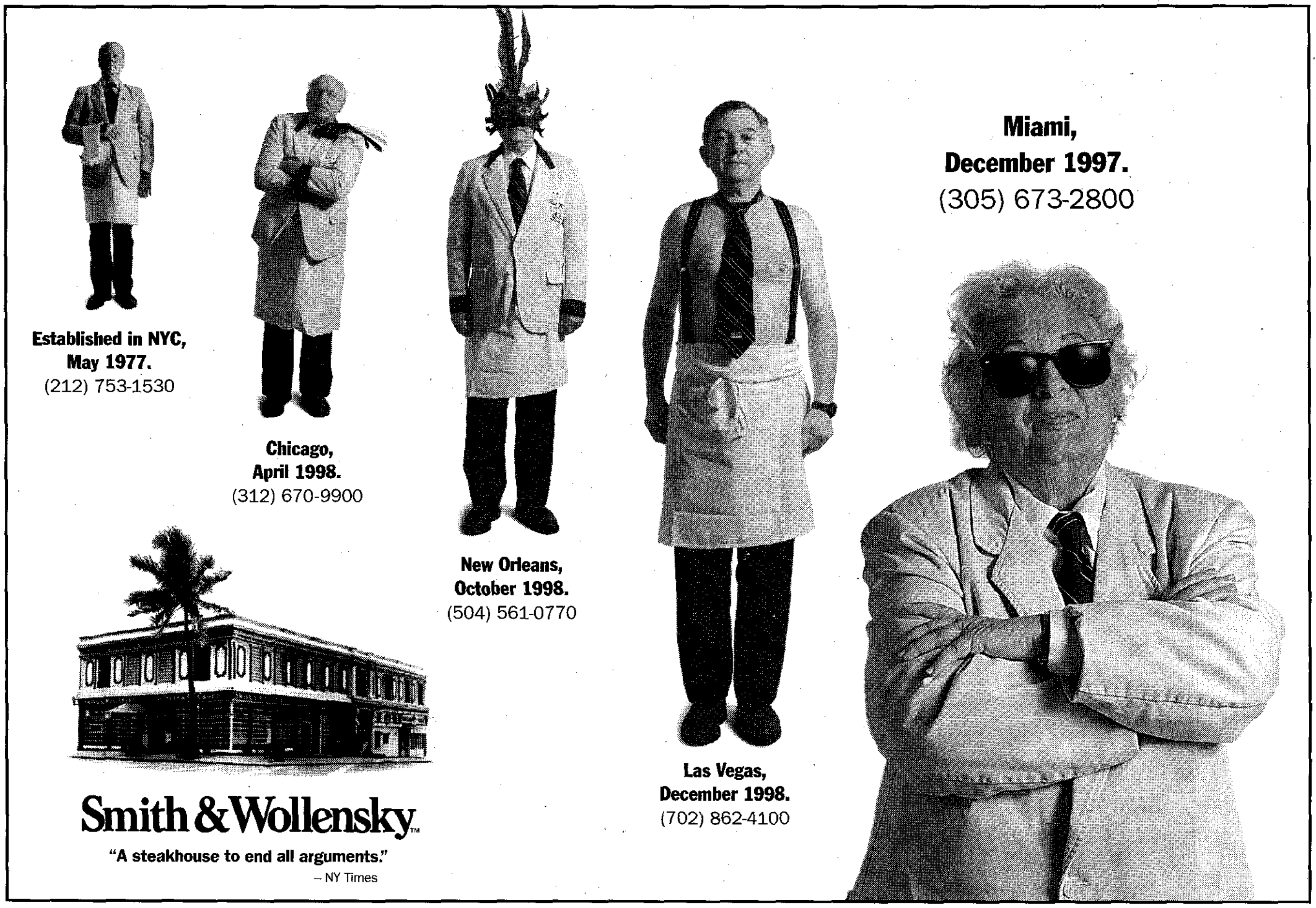


AL FRESCO ON LINCOLN ROAD

The recent $18.5 million renovation of Lincoln Road, with its fabled history and tropical Deco character, has also been a boost to South Beach's cultural offerings and provides hours of diversion for New Yorkers and other intellectually curious visitors. In fact, with so much activity and commerce, Lincoln Road has become the cultural soul of South Beach.

Originally Miami's most exclusive street of shops with stores like Saks and I. Magnin, this kicky pedestrian mall is still a mambo-tropical dream of fashionable boutiques, home stores, specialty shops, and al fresco cafés enhanced by lush subtropical plants, reflecting pools, stone fountains, and charming outside seating. But there is a new level of depth and diversions with art galleries, artisan workshops, performance studios, book stores, small cutting-edge theaters, and

BALL AT THE WARSAW BALLROOM



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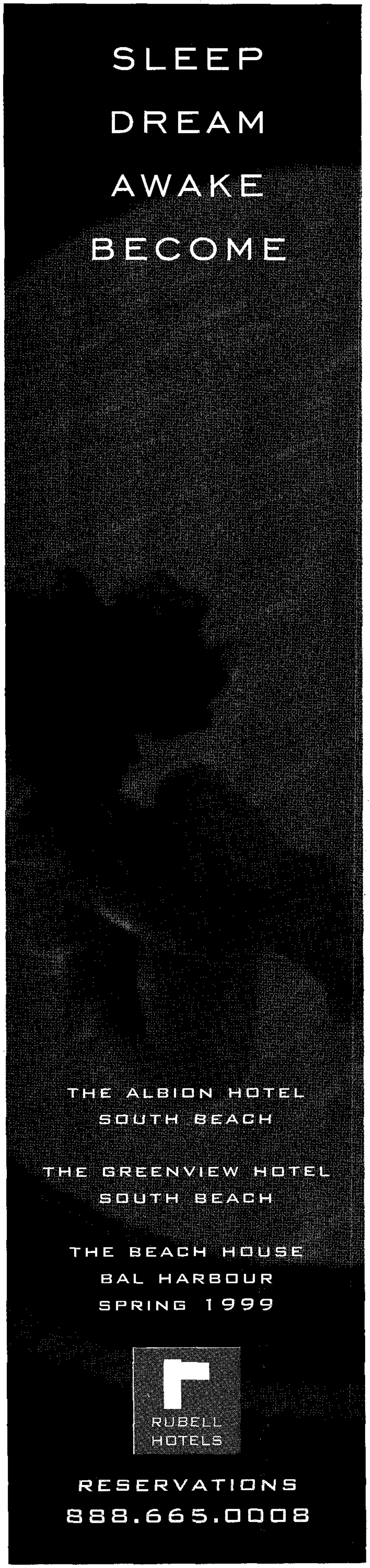
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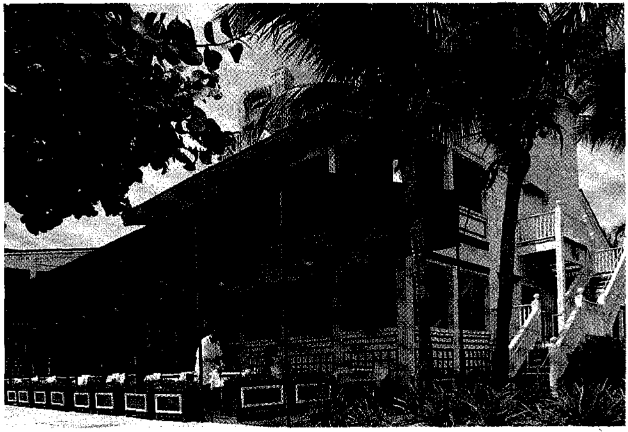


HOT DISH

SMITH & WOLLENSKY

(1 Washington Ave. in South Pointe Park, Miami Beach, 305-673-2800)

Smith & Wollensky is "a steakhouse to end all arguments", as New Yorkers well know. Now, South Beach diners can enjoy the classic fare with a water view at the juncture where the Port of Miami meets the Atlantic Ocean. This slice of nautical heaven is where the 600-seat upscale steakhouse has made South Beach home. Huge picture windows open to a world of masterful ships and unobstructed views of the sea are set against the twinkling skyline.

Gloria Estefan recently celebrated her birthday here, and actors Robert DeNiro, Matt Dillion, and others like to gab at the bar before trying one of more than 400 selections of wine. House specialties include Maryland crab-cakes with ratatouille, prime cuts of signature dry-aged beef, lusty "drunken" donuts (fried beignet-style), or Bronx-imported cheesecake.

Inside is the familiar turn-of-the-century casual elegance with polished hardwood floors, marble, mahogany, leather, brass and elegant glass. There is also a romantic 30-seat Cigar Bar.

Owner Alan Stillman's early American collection of sailing ships, weather vanes, and carved ducks add to the plucky ambience. "Not only is Miami the New York of the south," marvels Stillman of his first location outside of Manhattan, "but it is absolutely the international city of the next century. Where else is there to be?"

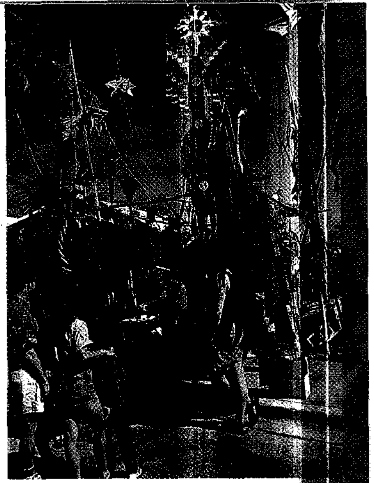
SHOPPING THE STRIP

commercial enterprises like South American TV and recording companies, Barry Diller's Silver King network, featuring live television broadcasts, and Broadcast Video International.

Michael Tilson Thomas' acclaimed New World Symphony and Edward Villella's award-winning Miami City Ballet, have illustrative spaces on Lincoln Road, although by June of next year, the ballet will move to the evolving "cultural campus" being constructed a few blocks north at 21st-23rd streets and the ocean. "The Bass Museum of Art is expanding, a library with theater is being built, and the New World Symphony owns a hotel in the developing cultural campus," continues Levine. "Together with the Performing Arts Center going up in Miami near the Causeway, things are happening so quickly it's mind boggling."

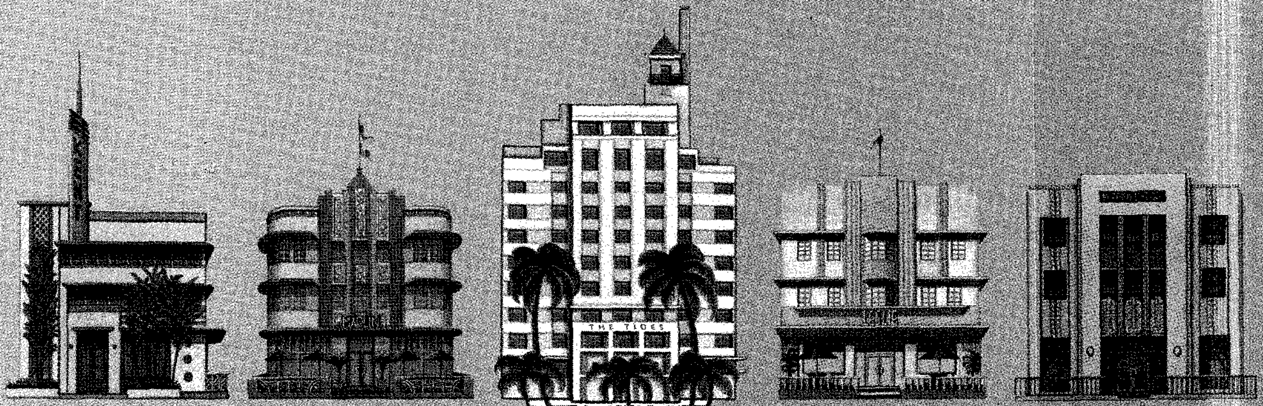
It's such creative synergy that makes things work. The best news is that cultural, fashionable, and entertainment activity can be combined, and much of South Beach's eclectic menu is in walking distance of each other. "Have dinner on Lincoln Road, stick your head in a couple of shops, meander down to the Jackie Gleason or Colony Theater, then have a nightcap at one of the great clubs," says Michael Aller, Miami Beach Tourism and Convention Director.

Even South Beach shopping has its own cachet. Street level storefronts reek of urban retail. Coupled with the strict preservation guidelines set up for the area in general, the ubiquitous shopping mall mentality has remained far, far away. Block after block of Collins and Washington avenues and Ocean Drive look like SoHo, with Betsey Johnson, Cynthia Rowley, and dozens of other designer boutiques. Island Outpost Boutique sells funky clothing and home furnishings from around the world;



OCEAN DRIVE KITE SHOP

BOOGIE NIGHTS



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MIAMI BEACH CULTURAL EVENTS
November - December Calendar

LINCOLN THEATER
541 Lincoln Rd., 305-673-3331
New World Symphony
Mozart in Concert–Nov. 12-15
Family Concert–Jan. 17

BASS MUSEUM
2121 Park Ave., 305-673-7530
Mestre Didi: Sacred Brazilian Sculpture
–Nov.1- 29
Maxim Cantor-Russian Expressionist
Painting–Dec. 10-Feb. 21
Liza Lou's America-Dazzling Lifesize Beaded
Installation–Dec. 10-Feb. 99

THE WOLFSONIAN/FIU
1001 Washington Ave., 305-535-2602
Main Street Five Five-and-Dimes/The
Architectural Heritage of S.H. Kress &Co.
–Nov. 18-Feb. 99

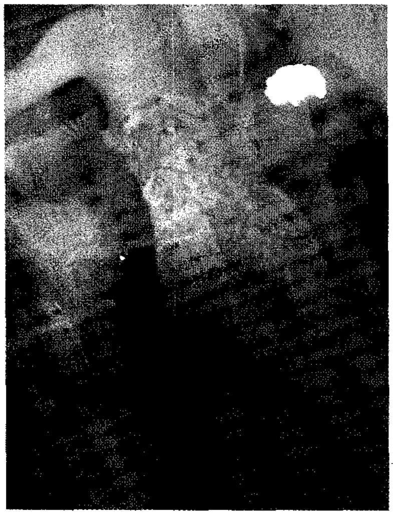
JACKIE GLEASON THEATER OF
THE PERFORMING ARTS
1700 Washington Ave., 305-673-7300
Miami City Ballet
Tchaikovsky, Bizet, Auber, Sousa
–Nov. 6- 8
George Balanchine's The Nutcracker
–Dec. 17-22
Florida Philharmonic Latin Pops–Nov. 13
Shirley Bassey–Nov. 23
Ravi Shankar–Jan. 2

SANFORD L. ZIFF
JEWISH MUSEUM OF FLORIDA
301 Washington Ave., 305-672-5044
Stalin's Forgotten Zion: Birobidzhan & The
Making of a Soviet Jewish Homeland
–Oct. 8-Jan. 6

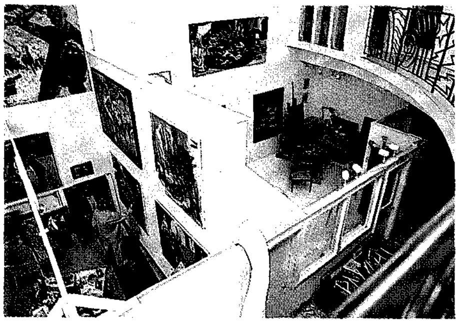
COLONY THEATER
1040 Lincoln Rd., 305-674-1040
Florida/Brazil Festival–Nov.13-14
Brasileiro-Profissao-Esperanca–Nov. 17
Manhattan Nights in Miami Cabaret
Series–Dec. 4-5
Miami Jewish Film Festival–Dec. 12-17
Holy Body Tattoo–Dec. 18-19

AREA HOTLINES

Arts & Entertainment Hotline
–305-557-5600
Ticket Madness–Half-price tickets for
same-day show–305-460-3118



THE NIGHTLIFE SCENE HEATS UP

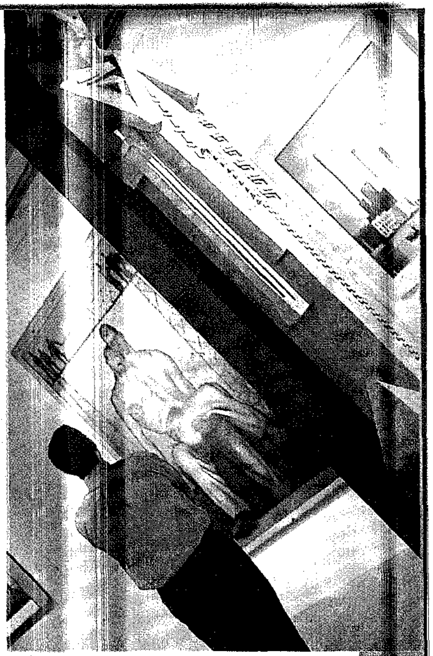


CREATIVE SPACE: SOUTH BEACH ARTISTS' STUDIOS

and other shops carry everything from Balinese lacquerware to Indian linens, Italian sofas, French armoires, Mexican candles, and South American lanterns. Espanola Way, a tiny cobblestone street which intersects Washington Avenue just south of 14th Street, offers coffee bars, shops with wonderful antiques, housewares, vintage clothing boutiques, and a working youth hostel.

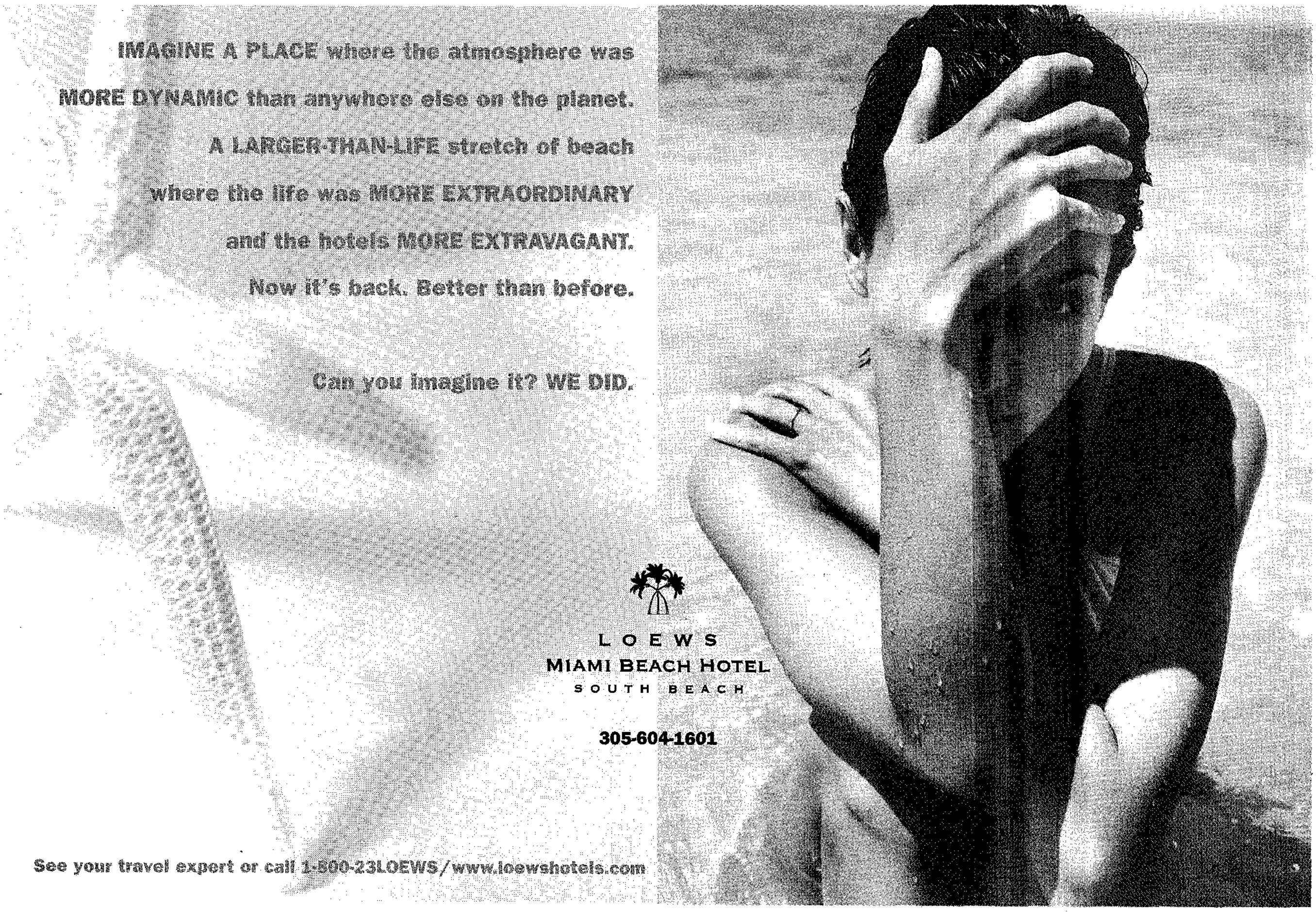
At night, cafés, clubs, cigar bars, and throbbing dance palaces are a festival of eccentricities and themes thrown together in imaginative ways that combine Berlin with Bermuda, Rio with Rabat. Fashion nights feature top designers and their friends who jet down for long weekends which begin on Wednesday and end Monday morning. Gay clubs, an important part of the mix, are thriving as are those in Paris and Munich.

High-octane habitues like loud music, great dance floors, and snooty VIP rooms flowing with champagne and caviar. Any night in South Beach is like New Year's Eve with people dressed in tuxes, gowns, Armani suits, Diesel jeans, Prada lace, Versace bathing attire, and Betsey Johnson spandex bustiers. The sexier you dress, the easier the entry. (Remember Studio 54?).



THE WOLFSONIAN MUSEUM

Despite the upscaling of South Beach, the offbeat, hip, fashionably foreign backdrop is what gives the nocturnal scene its allure. Once you've become part of it, any place else is just another sand dune.



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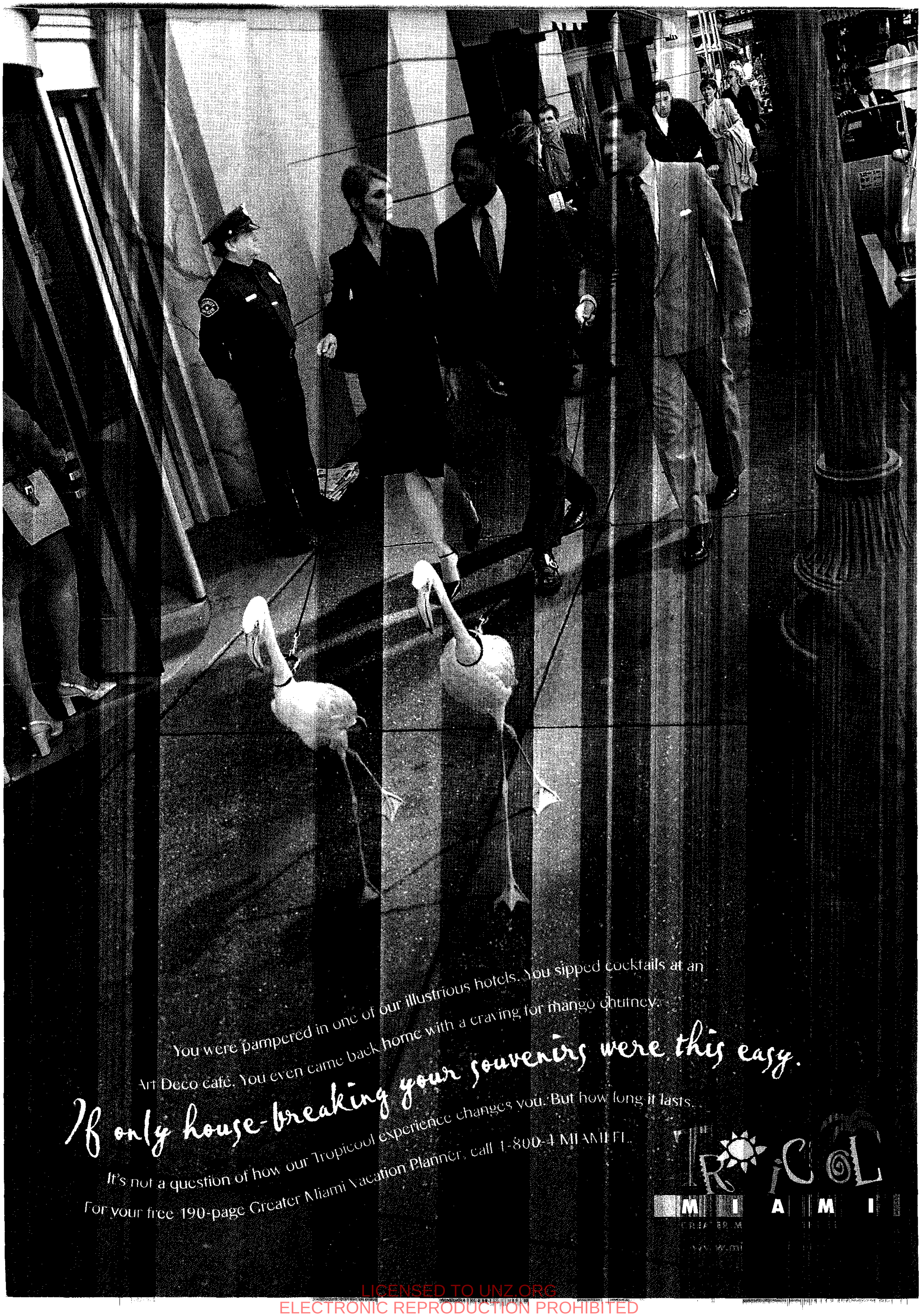
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Szalavitz *continued from page 24*

Why haven't I done this before?"

But then it started to "dampen [her] sexual ardor," and she had to lower her dose. "I kept thinking of that movie *Charly* from the book *Flowers for Algernon.* He was retarded, and they gave him a drug which turned him into a genius. He falls in love, but then they realize it's only temporary, and he goes back to being retarded. I feel like that is me."

"IT HAPPENS WITH ALL ANTIDEPRESSANTS," says Dr. Norman Sussman, clinical professor of psychiatry at NYU and director of psychopharmacology at Bellevue, "but it seems more common with SSRIs. With the drugs before Prozac, there was such a high rate of dropout. SSRIs have revolutionized the treatment of depression, and they may be victims of their own success."

Every psychopharmacologist seems to have different theories about the poop-out and strategies for dealing with it. "Psychopharmacology is like the Wild West right now," says Sussman. "Most of the studies which need to be done aren't being funded." As a result, doctors rely on anecdote and trial and error.

"Some friends of mine who are psychiatrists say that using medication now is like deer-hunting with a howitzer," says Simon. "It does the job, but it's sort of messy and not very precise."

These stories are at odds with popular wisdom and with media accounts of the power of Prozac and its cousins. The introduction of the serotonin drugs was seen as increasing precision in psychiatry, targeting the key chemical involved in depression. But the simple serotonin theory of depression was never the whole story. Researchers now believe that the therapeutic response to the SSRIs may be related not just to increases in serotonin but to the response of related systems. And scientists now say that more precision may not always be better—in fact, it may be the very specificity of the SSRIs that leads to the fade-out. "The body is set up to fight back against any disturbance, to return to its original levels," says Dr. Huda Akil, president of the American College of Neuropharmacology and professor of neurosciences at the University of Michigan, "and when there is a single effect rather than an impact on two to three systems, it's easier to combat."

THERE APPEAR TO BE SEVERAL DIFFERENT drug-fadeout phenomena, which respond to different kinds of treatment. According to Dr. Michael Liebowitz, director of the Anxiety Disorders Clinic at Columbia University, "Some people are very sensitive to external events. They take a big hit, a big disappointment or death, and that overrides the medications and they fall back into depression."

That seemed to be the case for Vanessa, whose relapse was preceded by a traumatic breakup. "The Zoloft seemed to stop giving me a sense of calm," she says. "I didn't have that floor anymore."

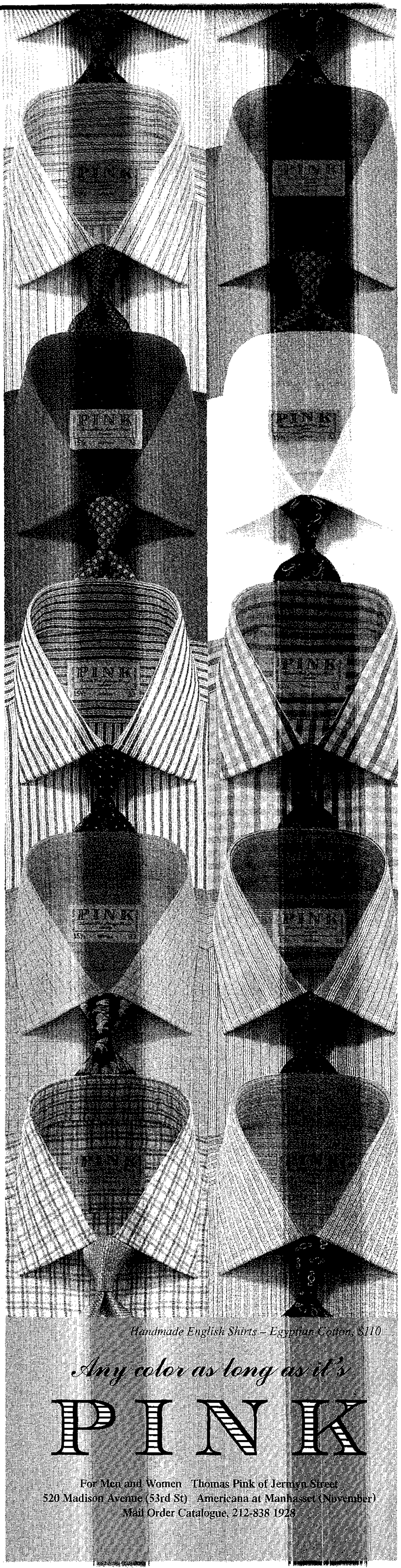
"Antidepressants aren't happy pills," says Jesse Rosenthal, chief psychopharmacologist at Beth Israel Medical Center. "If you gave the Jews in Auschwitz Prozac, they would still be unhappy." Getting emotional aid from a self-help organization like the Mood Disorders Support Group or additional professional therapy can help tide people over during periods when medication fails. This is why medication combined with therapy and other support is considered the state-of-the-art treatment for depression.

In addition, says Rosenthal, "when people are severely depressed, there's a huge contrast between that and feeling well." In such a situation, simply feeling normal can feel euphoric—but once you get used to it, you may believe that the drug has "worn off."

Psychopharmacologists treat this type of problem by switching patients to or adding antidepressants like Effexor or Wellbutrin, which stimulate the release of dopamine. Some also add stimulants like Ritalin or Dexedrine, which also help activate that chemical.

Simply rotating drugs can be effective as well. And some doctors have found that adding anti-seizure medications like Neurontin can work, although, again, no one really knows why. Dr. Lee Dante, a psychiatrist in private practice outside Philadelphia, discovered that adding the opiate-blocking drug naltrexone (ReVia), currently used in the treatment of heroin and alcohol addiction, can help. "I tried it with hundreds of patients with a great deal of success," says Dante, although there has not yet been a proper double-blind controlled study.

If it's true that naltrexone works, says Dr. Akil, "implied in that would be the notion that SSRIs up-regulate [increase] the body's level of endogenous opiates." Which raises an interesting question: Is the calm that heroin addicts seek similar to the long-term effects of antidepressants? Are we demonizing one group of self-medicators while selling prescriptions to another? The fact that Prozac doesn't produce *(continued on page 100)*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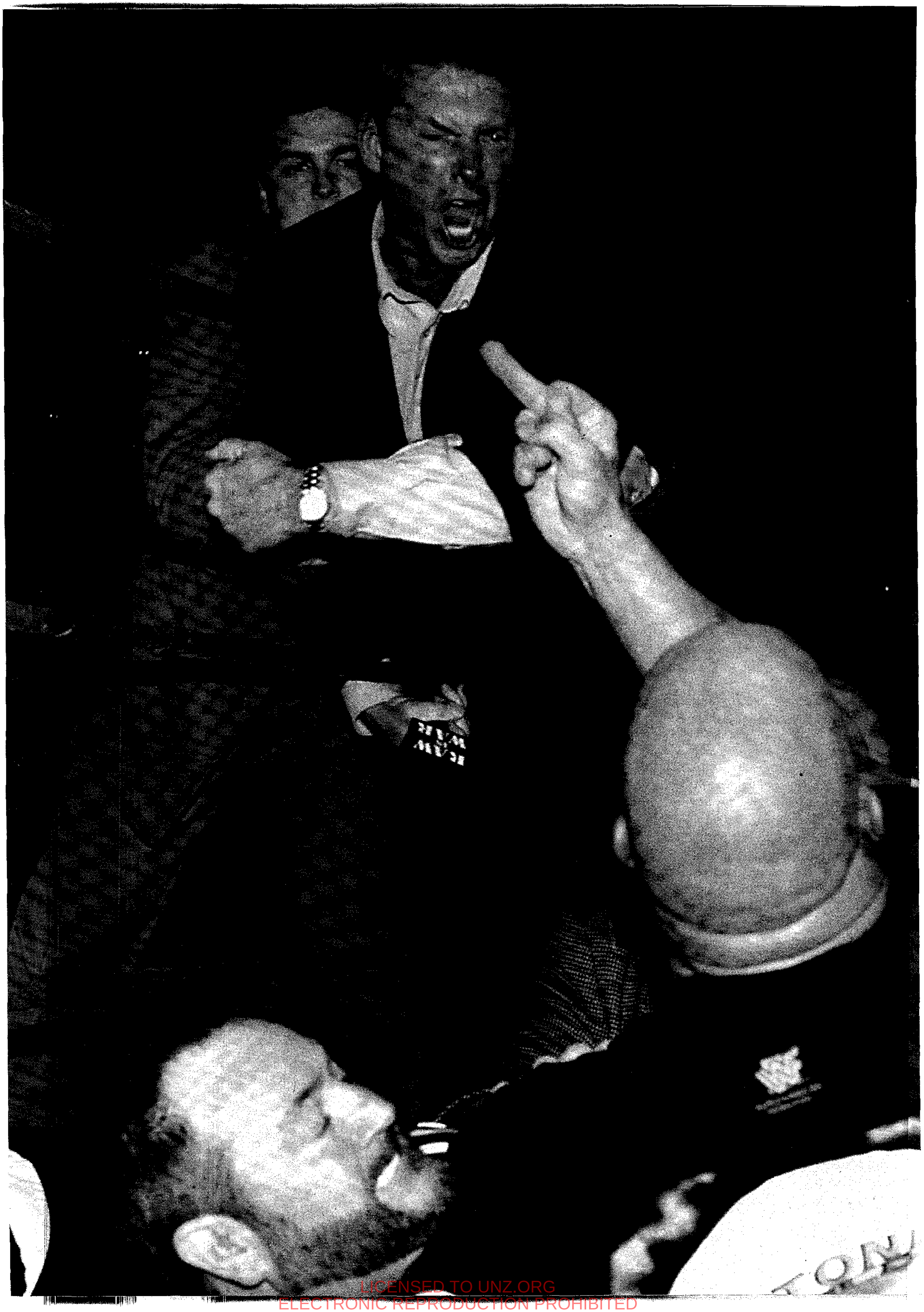


On TV, World Wrestling Federation CEO **Vince McMahon** is a conniving, manipulative, thoroughly evil CEO, hated by millions across the country. But the reality (whatever that is) is even stranger.

BEYOND FAKE

AMILTON, ONTARIO, IS A CITY OF SOME 350,000 people that, with its strip malls, fast food, and overweight children, feels just like America—but off. NATION OF MASTURBATION, reads a hand-scrawled sign. Hordes of fans standing in line outside Hamilton's Copps Coliseum on a Sunday evening were clad in the cryptically encoded T-shirts of the World Wrestling Federation, on which they'd spent up to $40. AUSTIN: 3:16, said one, bearing chapter and verse from superstar wrestler Stone Cold Steve Austin's "bible," the citation reading, "I just whipped your ass."

Small boys held up posters that said: SUCK IT.

The WWF was in town for its *Sunday Night Heat* show, which is broadcast live in the States and eventually reaches 110 countries, in eight languages. The buzz in the crowd was about what might happen tonight in the ongoing agon between beloved, neo-Nazi-esque Steve Austin (that was the name of the Six Million Dollar Man) and his evil boss, and WWF owner Vince McMahon—in real life rumored to be a $200 million man. ("That's what my motorcycle's worth," says Vince.)

"Vince McMahon is gay!"

"He's an idiot!"

"He's not fair!" said Matt Ferraro, Greg Gilbin, and Geoff White, all 13.

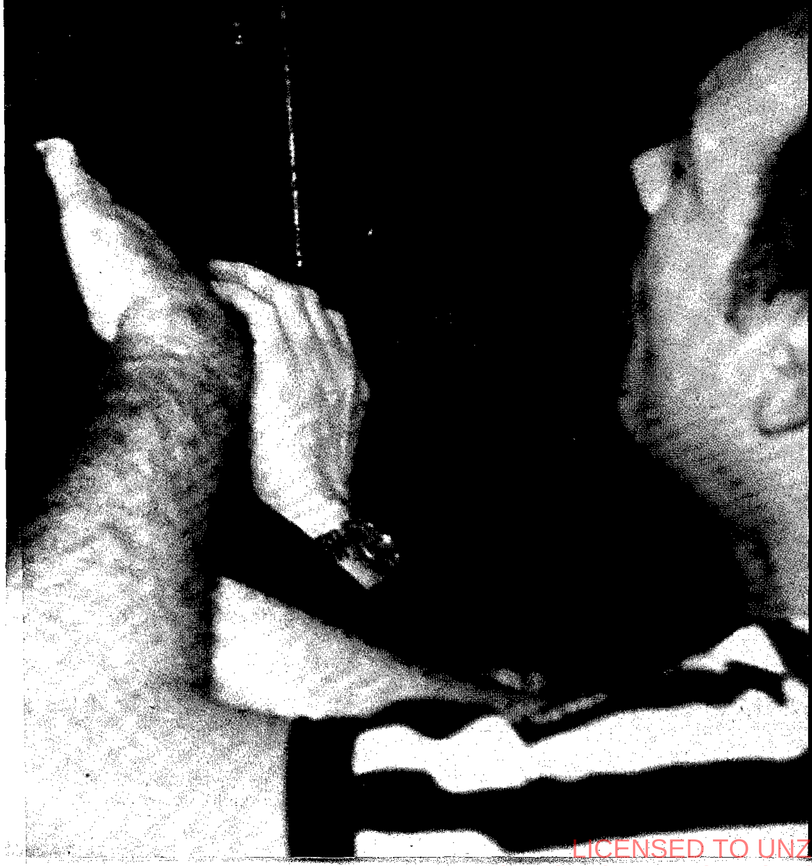
"He's the biggest con man I've ever seen!"

"He hates Stone Cold because he's not the kind of wrestler Vince McMahon *wants* him to be—all dressed up in a tie and suit," Matt said.

"Vince is *corporate,*" Greg explained.

Another fan, Mike Malecki, who was 17 and had peroxided hair, stood nearby, listening, grinning. "Vince McMahon is a genius," he said. "He's the P. T. Barnum of our era."

A WWF EVENT BEGINS WITH THE EXPLOSION OF $15,000 worth of pyrotechnics. Fiery rockets scream in the air; giant booms jar the sternum. A



Stone Cold Steve Austin flips his "archenemy" McMahon his trademark symbol. But Austin, says Vince, "is really playing the part of Vince McMahon."

Wagnerian heavy-metal-hip-hop score seems to guarantee the approach of the apocalypse, and looming TV screens flash images of bald-headed, boot-stomping Steve Austin marching through streets that have been set ablaze. The WWF has a new attitude, which the corporate offices call "Attitude."

Backstage at Copps, Vince McMahon was going over his lines. "You really gotta be pissed here," one of his writers, Vince Russo (also editor of *WWF* magazine, circulation 475,000), was telling him.

McMahon—or "Mr. McMahon," as his villainous persona is known—nodded. With his perfect pompadour (he once told the New York *Times,* "I work around my barber's schedule") and pumped torso ("It's no big deal that at one point I took steroids," he told me), he's an odd and somewhat intimidating presence, part Jerry Lee Lewis, part hit man. He is 53; wears perfectly tailored Armani suits; has small, hard eyes.

"We're all just little boys here," Vince said, attempting a twinkle. "It's just a blast to go out and be a kid in a certain environment."

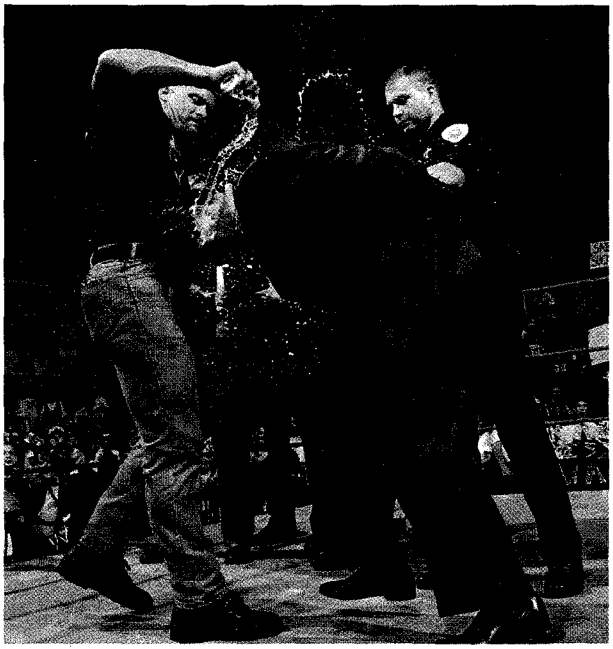
Out in the arena, a wrestler named Val Venis was cupping his crotch and gyrating all over the ring as the mammoth TV screens showed dangly, foot-long hot dogs being placed in buns. Venis, so his storyline goes, has seduced away Teri, the "wife" of "preacher" wrestler Dustin Runnels—formerly a slithering drag-queen type called Goldust—with his sexual prowess, of which Val is very proud. "I came, I saw, and I came again!" is his tag line.

"We're storytellers," Vince explained. "This is a soap opera, performed by the greatest actors and athletes in the world. I'd like to say that it's the highest form of entertainment." Vince's deep, southern, Sergeant Friday voice went soft. "I immediately fell in love with it from the first contact."

Vincent Kennedy McMahon is a third-generation promoter; his father, Vincent James, was a legendary character out of Damon Runyon whose Capital Wrestling events headlined Madison Square Garden hundreds of times. Those were the days—the forties, fifties—when pro wrestling was attended by men in hats and still pretended to be real, and its good guys ("babyfaces") and bad guys ("heels") power-slammed each other on television in black and white. Today, McMahon's WWF characters project more the psycho, gang member, serial killer. One, Al Snow, totes a dismembered mannequin head (female), which he mutters to amorously. And then there is Vince himself.

The crowd in Hamilton was now looking up at images of Vince intercut with footage of Mussolini. *"VINCE SUCKS!"*

In the past six months, McMahon has become perhaps the biggest star in pro wrestling—though not as a wrestler, but as himself. His war with Stone Cold Steve Austin has made the WWF's *Monday Night Raw* show (broadcast live on the USA Network) the No. 1–rated program on cable. "The WWF—and wrestling in general—is hotter than it's ever been," says Dave Meltzer, a wrestling pundit and publisher of the *Wrestling Observer Newsletter.* Celebrities are back in the act. Dennis Rodman and Jay Leno have wrestled on TV with the WCW. Mike Tyson refereed for the WWF in March, Anthony Mason and Jason Williams sat ringside at Madison Square Garden in August at the WWF's Summerslam. The WWF's Fatal Fourway October 25 at the Garden promises to draw a new crop of stars hoping to look in-the-know.



Stone Cold Steve Austin douses Vince last May. "I'm not, uh, very respectful to authority figures," says Austin.

In Hamilton, Vince was now ready to make his entrance, his face full of amusement and cunning as he listened to the fans howling for his blood. "It doesn't bother me when they boo," he said. "It means they care."

"FUCK YOU!"

The fans explode with delighted rage when they see Vince McMahon and his "bodyguards" step into the ring. *"You suck, Vince!" "Boo!"* Vince, puffed up, stiff-necked, never breaks out of character. If pro wrestling, as Andy Warhol said, "is America," then McMahon is everything America loves to hate and perhaps wants to be: the rich boss with the "Corvette collection," the "many beautiful homes" he boasts of.

VINCE IS SEXY!—a woman in her thirties with blonde pigtails tied up in yarn flapped a sign at a WWF-TV camera. The WWF does everything in-house, from its makeup lady to its satellite transmission; everything in the $500-million-a-year company is controlled by Vince.

Vince took up a microphone and surveyed the Canadian crowd, his fleshy lips trembling. "Everyone knows I am a man of my word," he said.

"BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT!"

"And," Vince boomed, "I will strip Stone Cold Steve Austin of the WWF title!" The fans went crazy.

Just then, and there's always a "just then" in a WWF story line—openly called a "story line" since 1982, when Vince decided to admit that the sport was fake (the WWF calls it "sports entertainment"), thereby releasing his company from costly licensing fees and drug testing by state athletic commissions—just then, Stone Cold Steve Austin, disguised as a cameraman, flung his 250-pound body from the steel cage suspended over the ring, and landed on Vince, "punching" at his face as Vince squirmed beneath him like a piece of bacon frying, his shiny, two-tone loafers kicking.

"AUSTIN! AUSTIN!"

Redneck renegade Steve Austin has been assaulting Vince at least once during almost every show, going back to the spring, when their boss-employee warfare started pushing the WWF ahead in the ratings against its competitor, Ted Turner's World Champion Wrestling—something that delights McMahon no end. (Vince and Ted have a personal rivalry that McMahon has also manipulated into a story line, wrestling-style; for a while, the WWF had a corn-cob-pipe-smokin' country-bumpkin character called "Billionaire Ted." "Ted and I do *not* get along," Vince says.)

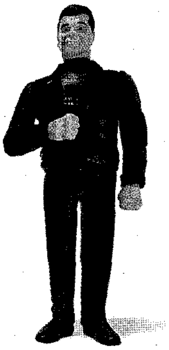
With TV viewership up more than 50 percent (10 million viewers per week), the WWF is bigger now even than it was

"EVERYBODY WOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO PUNC

Photographs: preceding page, David McLain/Titansports Inc.; this page, Rich Freeda/Titansports Inc.; opposite page, top, Henry DiRocco/Titansports Inc., bottom, Steve Wisbauer.

Young fans express their deepest feelings in Anaheim, California. The slogan they spell out is used often in official WWF paraphernalia.

in the eighties, when McMahon made wrestling huge the first time around, by spiriting it away from UHF, cheesy sets, and bad lighting to NBC, CBS, and the spectacle of rock and roll. Vince, the unhippest of men, and yet one of the great manufacturers of hip, got then-megastar Cyndi Lauper to "manage" the WWF's Captain Lou Albano; he hired Aretha Franklin to sing "America the Beautiful" at his first Wrestlemania extravaganza in 1985. Vince—in a move that could make you think that if pro wrestling has become entertainment culture's heart of darkness, then he truly is Kurtz—persuaded Muhammad Ali to jump into the ring at the event and take swings at taunting wrestlers who dipped and dodged away. Bruno Sammartino, wrestling's world champion for most of the years between 1963 and 1977—the pre-Vince years—says, "McMahon made wrestling trash."



But Wrestlemania I was around the time people first started calling Vince McMahon a genius—of who-knows-what, but certainly crass salesmanship. In 1987, Wrestlemania III (at which the main event was Hulk Hogan vs. Andre the Giant) pulled 90,173 people into the Pontiac Silverdome, setting the world record for the largest indoor audience attendance (a statistic WWF employees repeat like a mantra). Hulk Hogan was the WWF's biggest star then, and with his take-your-vitamins, say-no-to-drugs message for kids, he was the perfect action figure (WWF sales of which soared) for the Reagan era.

"Hogan couldn't wrestle his way out of a wet paper bag," says Bruno Sammartino.

And then came the fall. In 1993, the U.S. Attorney in Brooklyn charged McMahon and the WWF's parent company, Titan Sports, Inc., with conspiring to provide WWF wrestlers with anabolic steroids between 1985 and 1991. Vince was personally charged with possession and intent to distribute and faced up to five years in prison. ("And you know where they would have put me," he told me ominously, "in a cell with someone just like me"; he allows he is "truculent by nature.") Ex-wrestlers like Superstar Billy Graham were making the talk-show rounds, saying the WWF was filthy with steroid abuse and that "the Hulkster" himself had shot up so many times he had a scar the size of a tennis ball on one hip.

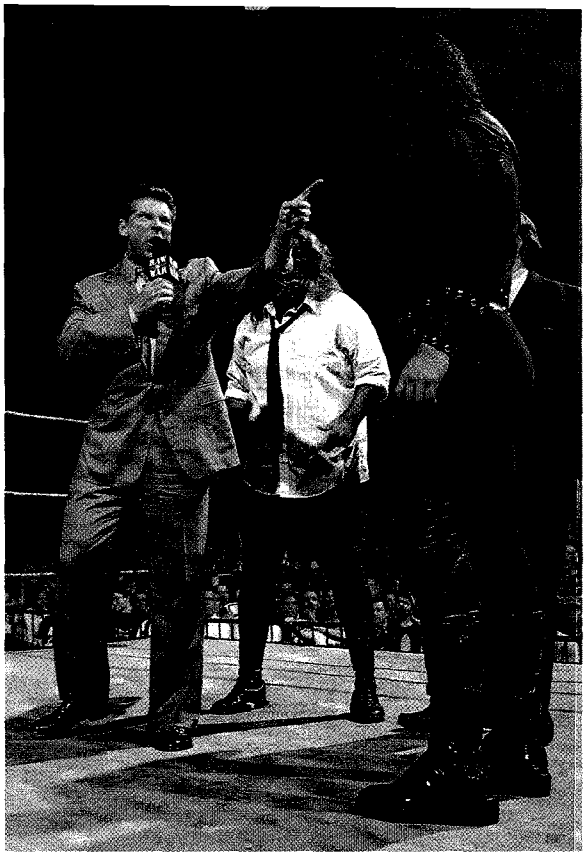
Without offering steroid abuse as a reason, the WWF put Hogan (now a star again with the WCW) temporarily out to pasture. By the time of Vince's trial in 1996, the WWF's first wave was already well over—live attendance had dwindled, TV viewership was down. To make matters worse, a sex scandal involving a ring boy and a high-level WWF executive (not Vince, but a crony) had broken; and Vince himself had been accused of sexual harassment by a female employee. People were saying the WWF was going under, and McMahon was finished.

How they underestimated him. "The government plays to win," Vince says, "and so do I." McMahon pleaded innocent to all six charges against him and came off with a single conviction, "conspiracy to defraud the FDA." It still irks him. "I defy anyone to tell you what that means," he

EIR BOSS IN THE MOUTH," SAYS STEVE AUSTIN.

says impatiently. "What am I, a doctor?" Some believe the case against him could have been won, but "the Feds blew it, and McMahon had good lawyers," says Phil Mushnick, sportswriter for the New York *Post,* whose reporting on George Zahorian, a doctor with WWF connections who was convicted of steroid distribution, brought on the government investigation of Vince and his corporation.

"There's still steroid use throughout wrestling," says Dave Meltzer. A WWF wrestler, Brian Pillman, died of a heart attack just last fall; he had been a steroid abuser. Vince invited Pillman's widow, Melanie, on the air the night after his death. He held a microphone to her lips as she mourned for the cameras.



Vince enlisted Kane (in red) and his brother, the Undertaker, to protect him from Steve Austin. Of course, they failed.

AND NOW MCMAHON IS BACK. IN September, Titan Sports acquired the Debbie Reynolds hotel-casino in Las Vegas. Vince gets a certain gleam in his eye when he talks about the plans for the new venue, "Stone Cold betting chips, Undertaker tattoo parlor—the Sable lingerie shop!" (The Undertaker is the WWF's gothic, Frankensteinian wrestler; Sable—or "Sable Bomb"—its scrappy silicone blonde.) The WWF is also hunting for a spot in Manhattan to erect its first, Planet Hollywood–style "Wrestlemania Café." "There is just so much you can do with this company," says Vince, "and I feel like we're just beginning."

It does seem strange that McMahon's rebirth as a corporate player is coincidental with a WWF story line—its most popular ever—capitalizing on an image of him as a vicious corporate monster. Vince insists that the real theme of his life has actually been the one that's being played out in the husky persona of Stone Cold Steve Austin—a "wild man" who fights dirty and would rather bash in your head with a metal folding chair than take a meeting. "After you really get to know me," Vince says, "you'll see that Stone Cold is really playing the part of Vince McMahon."

"I'm a man running wild, heading for the top. . . . Along the way you're going to see a lot of men drop," go the lyrics to a song Vince once wrote for a record label he was trying out.

Near the end of the show in Hamilton, Stone Cold Steve Austin's body, in black boots and bathing suit, lay sprawled facedown on the mat—the Undertaker and his "brother" the mute Kane, had whipped him jointly after Vince had fixed the match with some last-minute, low-down rules.

"You who just got your jollies from what Steve Austin just did to me," McMahon growled triumphantly at the crowd in Hamilton, "he who laughs last laughs longest!"

And then, to the horror of the fans, Vince leaned down and literally stripped Stone Cold of the title belt the rebel wrestler had fashioned for himself. "Look at it—it has a skull on it!" Vince shouted with disgust, shaking it at the crowd.

"FUCK YOU, VINCE!" "Unfair!"

"It's mine! It's mine!" Vince screamed, waving the belt and dashing from the arena, with the suddenly revived Steve Austin in hot and sweaty pursuit.

Outside—filmed on cue for the WWF cameras—Vince jumped into an awaiting white stretch limo and sped away. The USA Network cut to *Pacific Blue,* a cute-cops-on-bikes show set in California, with a lot of skin.

Minutes later, as the disappointed Canadians were leaving the Copps arena, upsetting trash cans, McMahon reappeared through a side entrance, still holding the title belt. "We had to take the long way around—they caught us, they were beating on the car!" He laughed, and for a moment he did indeed look like the 12-year-old boy he claims to be, deep down. His "bodyguards"—most of them old friends who've seen Vince through a lot of ups and downs—rocked back on their heels, smiling at him.

"Oh, you can bet they'll be watching tomorrow night to find out who's the new champ," Vince said, tossing Stone Cold's belt to one of his minions.

"Here," he said with a little sneer, "take this."

THE CORPORATE HEADQUARters of Titan Sports, in Stamford, Connecticut, is a $10 million mirrored monolith which the WWF announcers refer to as Titan Tower ("The folks up at Titan Tower won't like what Stone Cold's up to now at all!," etc.). The building flies a gigantic black WWF flag, which, with its "edgy" new ATTITUDE logo, looks a lot like the Jolly Roger.

Here, 300 employees do "Mr. McMahon's" bidding, creating and overseeing the WWF live events, merchandising (clothing, action figures, video games), pay-per-view, home video, new media. "The model is Disney," says president of new media Shane McMahon, Vince's 28-year-old son and the future, fourth-generation successor to the empire. Inside the office complex, the framed pictures everywhere of "product" show freakish men in fluorescent tights.

Vince was casual in slacks and eating a Power Bar in his office when I came to see him. I was followed by Jay Andronaco, head of the WWF's media relations, a man who would later trail me on the road with the WWF to make sure I didn't stray out of his sight even on trips to the ladies' room. Here in Vince's office, Andronaco pointedly set a small tape recorder in the middle of Vince's wide glass conference table; they would be taping me, too. "As much as you will learn about our business," Vince said mildly, "I'll learn a lot, too; I always do. I'll learn a lot about you."

Later, the *Post*'s Phil Mushrick told me he believed Vince had had detectives shadow him after Mushnick began writing stories about steroid use in the WWF, and Vince had brought a civil suit against him. "He hired Fairfax Partners, old FBI

"THIS MR. MCMAHON CHARACTER," SAYS

Photographs: this page, Rich Freeda/Titansports Inc; opposite page, top, Steve Wisbauer; bottom, Tom Buchanan/Titansports Inc.

agents,” Mushnick said. “I walked right up to one and asked, ‘What does Vince think he’s digging for?’ ” Vince eventually dropped his suit. And in 1995, *The Village Voice* published a piece about a “fixer,” Marty Bergman (husband of Vince’s trial lawyer, Laura Brevetti), who had attempted to taint one of the main witnesses against McMahon—his former secretary Emily Feinberg—by posing as a producer from *A Current Affair* and offering her money (Feinberg refused).

Vince munched his Power Bar. “This character that is on television,” he began, “this Mr. McMahon character—oh, my God. Some of the things I have said and have done. He’s the most reprehensible individual on the planet. He’s a horrible human being . . . uncaring, a powermonger, manipulative, very manipulative, always trying to get what I want and being very clever about it. Art imitating life and vice versa.” Vince’s juggling of pronouns—*he* and *I*—seemed interesting.

Vince shook his head, smiling. “It’s fun,” he added, “because some of it’s true, you know what I mean?”

Dave Meltzer likes to call the trend in pro wrestling toward meta–story lines “dual reality”: “You acknowledge that the matches are arranged,” he says, “but the money angle is that the internal machinations and backstage things you pretend the viewer is let in on are ‘real.’ They want you to believe all that is real.”

The key angle with Vince seems to be that a lot of his faked real is real. “It’s ironic that I now play an authority figure,” Vince said in Connecticut, “although it’s easy for me to. I know all the right buttons to push because I’ve been there, on the flip side of it.”

Then he started talking about his dad.

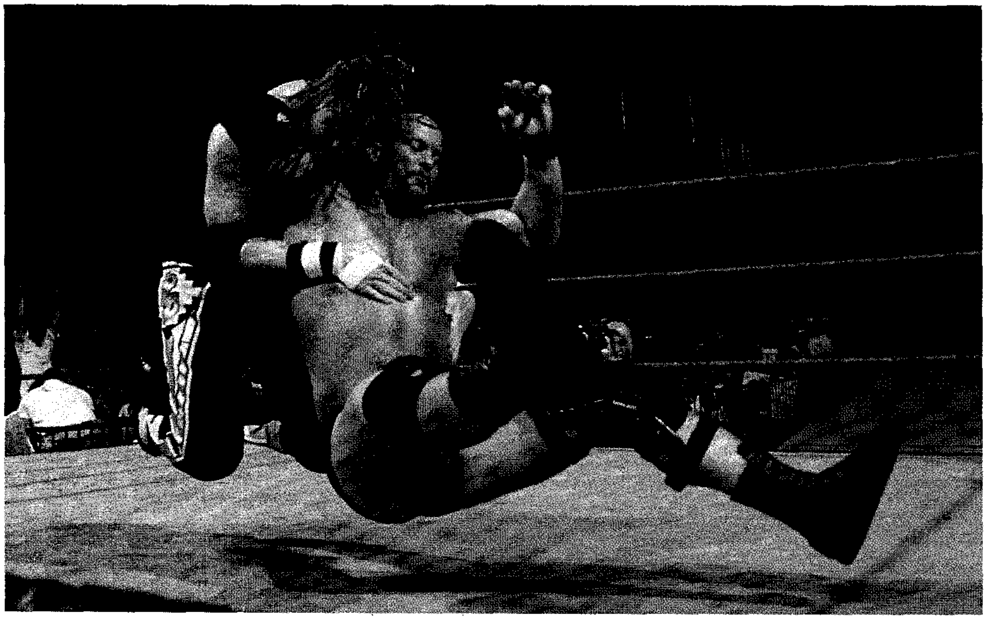
Vincent K. didn’t meet Vincent J. (Vince stresses he is “*not* a junior”) until he was 12 years old, when the elder McMahon was already a figure of national prominence. “It was one of those things. My mom was married five times,” Vince said. “It just didn’t happen for us.” He grew up with his mother in Pinehurst, North Carolina, and describes his childhood as rough, but adds, “There are just no excuses for anything. I read about some guy who has excuses for his behavior,” Vince said, “because he comes from a broken home or he was beaten or was sexually abused or got into the wrong crowd or whatever the case may be—all of which have occurred in my lifetime. But those are no excuses.”

He said, “It was very late” when he and his father met. Vincent J.’s wife, Juanita, brokered a meeting between the long-lost children, Vince and his older brother, Rod (who’s now in the steel business in Texas); Vincent J. was not the engineer of the reunion. “I saw my dad and I just immediately fell in love with him,” said Vince, depicting wrestling boss Vincent J. as “big and handsome,” with a tendency to jingle a handful of change while lost in thought. “He would take me to shows at the old U-Line arena in Washington, and I remember the crowd response and these larger-than-life individuals. The passion was just so strong, I just knew that I wanted to do that as soon as I saw it.

“Of course, I wanted to be a wrestler,” Vince said. “My dad always knew that I wanted to be in the business from the first exposure. The summer of ’59, I was 14 years old, and my favorite wrestler was naturally a villainous type, Doctor Jerry Graham. He had peroxided hair and wore a red river-boat-gambler-type shirt. He had a 1959 blood-red Cadillac convertible.

“Washington, D.C., that summer of ’59, I’d sneak out of my dad’s office and go riding around town with the good doctor—and, oh, my God—he would light cigars with hundred-dollar bills, run red lights, curse anybody he wanted to curse. And I just thought he was the coolest guy. He was a wild man, he would do anything he wanted to do. So my dad was very upset when he found out I was sneaking around town with Jerry Graham, because he didn’t think he was a very good influence on me.

“That same summer, at a place right outside of Atlantic City while my dad was away, I talked my stepmom into peroxiding my hair, and of course when my dad got back he blew his stack. That same summer, Dr. Jerry Graham gave me my first set of weights, called Healthways. I had the red shirt, red pants, and also I bought the red shoes. “I think my dad was probably a little afraid.”



Stone Cold Steve Austin (foreground) punishes a hapless opponent.

And for years, Vincent J. wouldn’t hear of his son joining the family business; he was “balking all this line.” Every Sunday over dinners with his father in Gatorsburg, Maryland (where Vince had moved with his young wife, Linda, to “be near my dad”), he continued to make his pitch: Let me in. Meanwhile, Vince was supporting his new family (Linda and Shane; a daughter, Stephanie, came later) at jobs he despised—as a salesman for the Maryland Cup Corporation, the Victor Concomitor adding-machine company, and, as if to tell everyone he really did feel like he was in prison, even breaking rocks at a quarry. “It

MAHON. “HE’S A HORRIBLE HUMAN BEING.”

IN THE FAST LANE, MCMAHON SAYS, “YOU JUS

was an honest day’s pay,” he says—as well as what Vince would later use to such effect in the arenas, great imagery.

Not to be outdone in that area, perhaps, in 1972 his father finally sent 27-year-old Vince up to Bangor, Maine, the outermost point of his “territory.” (The old wrestling bosses operated within these strictly prescribed areas; Vincent J.’s territory was the biggest and most lucrative, the whole Northeast.) Bangor was wrestling exile. Vince said, “He told me, ‘If you don’t make it, don’t ever ask me again.’ ”

But Vince did make it. Not only that, but after he came onboard as a television announcer for Capital Wrestling (in the shows of the seventies, he’s swimming in his suit and seems to fear the athletes he’s interviewing will attack him), he then proved to be an innovator in TV production techniques (nobody had ever seen wrestling in slo-mo before), which helped his dad’s business grow. “And it was really good,” said Vince. “It was making more money than it had ever made, and so my dad was thinking it just can’t get any better than this—and he was looking to get out.” In 1980, “my dad was retiring, and it scared me to death.”

At first, Vincent J. refused, however, to sell his business to his son—who, despite his success as a company man, was himself going through bankruptcy. “I’d, uh, gotten in with some bad accounting people, I’d gotten into the cement-block-building business, the construction business, the quarter-horse business . . .” And yet Vince somehow managed to raise the money he needed for the purchase (in ways that are not entirely clear from his own account—something about a “guru” and a “real sharp guy”).

But his dad nevertheless gave him a rather punishing deal: “If I didn’t pay them the next quarterly payment, then they got to keep the money and get the business back. I really don’t believe any of us thought I was gonna make that last payment,” says Vince, “or even second payment, but I did it by using mirrors.” And then, in a move that changed pro wrestling forever, Vince commenced invading the territories, buying out local leagues, and making his (formerly named) Worldwide Wrestling Federation national, a monopoly, and the first pro-wrestling conglomerate.

“My dad’s phone started ringing, but he didn’t really have any control then—now he was working for me. I got so tired of hearing threats on my life. I said to one guy, ‘If you wanna blow me away, you’re way far behind; somebody might beat you to it.’ ”

“I’M STONE COLD STEVE Austin, like Vince McMahon says, a corporate nightmare. I don’t dress up a whole lot. Sometimes my language is a little offensive. I drink a few beers on TV. I’m not a yes man. I do what I want, when and how I want. I’m not, uh, very respectful to authority figures.”

In Detroit’s Joe Louis Stadium, hours before the WWF’s *Monday Night Raw*, Stone Cold Steve Austin (Steve Williams is his real name) was sitting straddled on a bleacher after just having eaten a ham dinner in a backstage cafeteria with the other wrestlers. He was wearing his signature leather vest (it says HELL YEAH!) and a baseball cap that read AUSTIN. His shaved head was smooth as shoe leather. His icy-blue eyes glittered under long, blond lashes.

He was giving his take on the appeal of his character: “I think every now and then everybody would like to be able to punch their boss in the mouth, go out there and drive a truck into a building, sitting on top of it drinking beer—everybody likes to see that.”

But before all that got worked into his story line (wrestlers typically share creative control of their characters with Vince and his writers), Austin was no big sensation. He joined the WWF three years ago as The Ringmaster, billed as a technical whiz, and he always got booed. Until one day, Austin started “saying a lot of Clint Eastwood stuff into the microphone, and the fans just started cheering me instead of booing me. Especially when I flipped people off on TV. And Vince didn’t really like that.

“The real Vince is not the Vince in the ring,” said Austin. “There is a parallel there; not as much as you see on TV. But I’ve certainly had my, uh, warnings about flipping people off and things like ’at.

“But I gotta be me out there. And there’s not been a whole lot Vince can do about it.”

Among the many, many Stone Cold Steve Austin products now being marketed by the WWF is a black foam hand with a finger being “flipped” ($10).

Austin says he got the idea for the name Stone Cold after reading a book about serial killers. “And it’s kinda worked out.”

“THREE TIMES IN ONE WEEK, STEVE Austin brutally attacked me. . . .” Vince was bellowing, chastising the fuming Undertaker and Kane in front of the 20,000 fans packed into Joe Lewis Stadium in Detroit; the mammoth wrestlers had been roped into an arrangement, supposedly, to protect Vince from Stone Cold Steve Austin. But Austin had managed that night to drive a Zamboni into the arena, to the edge of the ring, leap from it, and, again, give Vince another “beating.”

“But you didn’t live up to your end of the deal. . . .” Vince hissed, face contorted. “*So I’m not going to live up to mine!*”

Vince had promised to award one of the victors against Austin the title belt. But instead, Vince gave the brothers the double finger; the Austinian reference ignited the fans—“*Noooo!*” Just then, Kane and the Undertaker started pummeling Vince, tossing him out of the ring and dumping a set of heavy metal steps on him.

Now, for one psychotic moment, Vince had truly “become” Stone Cold Steve Austin—fighting and losing to the same adversaries Austin had fought and lost to the night before in Ontario.

“Paramedics” rushed in.

Minutes later, backstage, as the home viewers were shown an ad for *Bride of Chucky*, Vince readied himself on a stretcher, cutting up with the camera crew, his greasy pompadour somehow unmussed. The cameras started rolling; Vince was hefted into an ambulance, twisting in pain.

“Don’t drop him!” someone yelled.

The fans in the arena watched the action on their giant TV screens. Vince was really hurt?! “*Yeah!*”

“That’s one way to get the boss outta here,” joked one wrestler standing nearby, watching Vince being driven away in the ambulance.

Before there was Stone Cold–mania, or a “Mr. McMahon,” for that matter, there was Bret Hart, a long-haired, sweet-faced Canadian wrestler who stood for decency and integrity and, up until late 1997, was Vince’s main draw. Vince, not “himself then,” wore standard-issue tuxes, posing as a slicker version of his longtime announcer role. He didn’t yet try to let the fans in on the fact

Photographs: this page, Steve Wisbauer (2); opposite page, David McLain/Titansports Inc.

IDN'T THINK ABOUT THE PEOPLE BEING HURT."

that he was the owner of the WWF. He wasn't yet a star.

"I thought of Vince McMahon as a father," Hart says in an upcoming A&E documentary, *Hitman Hart,* scheduled to air in December. Hart felt such a sense of loyalty to McMahon and the company that had made him (he'd been with the WWF fourteen years), in fact, in early 1997, he turned down a $9 million offer from the WCW, like a true corporate soldier. But Vince, who was losing his ratings war with Ted Turner, started taking the WWF in a direction with which Hart was uncomfortable—upping the heat on story lines with racist and homophobic overtones and characters who seemed like escapees from lunatic asylums. (In this, Vince was actually going in a direction the WCW had already played with, but doing it harder.)

Hart balked. He was a traditionalist, born into a wrestling family; his own father, Stuart, had owned a Canadian wrestling territory that had, in fact, been bought out by McMahon during his westward expansion of the eighties.

"Something strange was happening," Hart says. "The guys the American fans are supposed to hate were becoming the heroes."

With Vince's okay, Hart actually started telling the fans—at events, from the ring—that he didn't "respect" their shifting moral center; he wanted them to "examine themselves" for cheering bad guys like the up-and-coming Stone Cold Steve Austin; he criticized them for not caring enough about America's poverty, racism—health care! A whole new level of reality was entering pro wrestling—reality reality—which, within the context of wrestling, felt doubly weird.

The fans waved signs at Hart: IF YOU DON'T LOVE AMERICA THEN LEAVE IT.

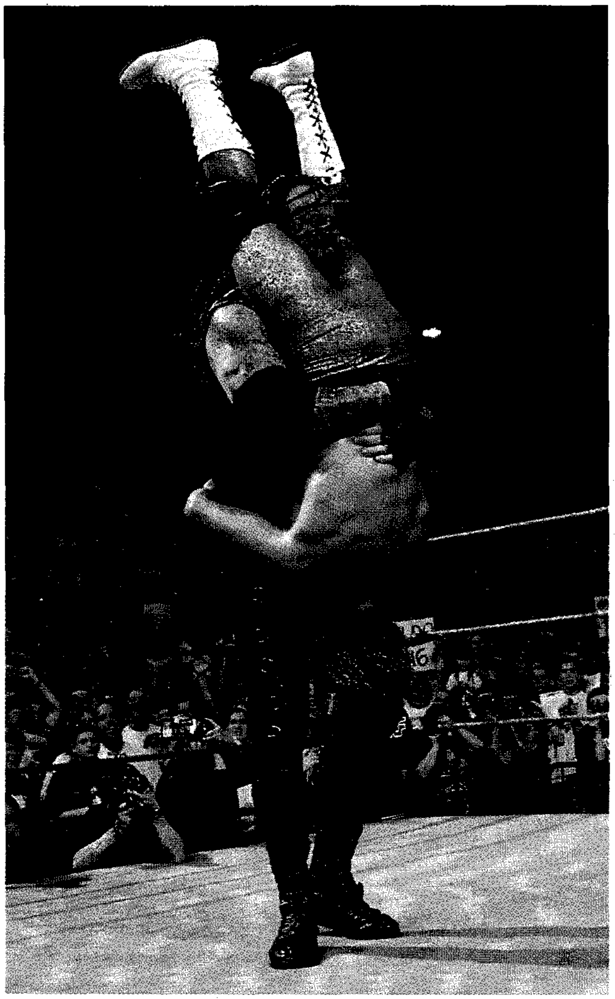
Vince liked the energy; he encouraged Hart to call the U.S.A. "a giant toilet bowl." Overnight, Bret Hart became a "heel." But the Canadian fans still loved their Hitman; for a country that has always felt trapped in the awkward position of having to base its identity on not caring about national identity, in contrast to its blustering next-door neighbor, Hart was probably the closest thing there'd ever been to a nationalist hero in Canada's pop culture.

In late 1997, Vince let Bret Hart know that now would be a good time for him to leave the WWF; shattered, Hart brokered another, substantial offer from the WCW. And then Vince asked Hart to go out by losing his title belt in, of all places, Montreal. "Vince asked me to lose in Canada. That would have been like committing suicide," Hart says—meaning emotionally; plus, it could also affect his contract negotiations with the WCW, because it would make him look like such a jerk with the fans. But Vince said okay, we'll do it your way—you can go out on a disqualification.

Hart's opponent on November 9, 1997, at Montreal's Molson Center stadium was the cocky, pretty-boy wrestler Shawn Michaels, whom Vince had been pushing as his next big star. Michaels had Hart in Hart's own signature move—a "sharpshooter"—but he was not pinned when, Hart says, he heard someone say to the ref, "Ring the bell."

"It looked so bad on TV, it was not a professional-wrestling finish," says Meltzer. "It looked like mob thievery. This was the biggest pro-wrestling story ever."

The people smelled a fix, and they hated Vince for it. "He was getting booed," says Meltzer. "And he decided to go with the flow."



The Undertaker, six feet ten and 320 pounds, plants a victim. He and Kane recently "beat" Vince so badly he went to the "hospital."

"WHEN YOU'RE ON THAT FAST TRACK," VINCE told me that day up at Titan Tower, "you just didn't think about the other people who were being hurt.

"I'm not like a lot of men. You'll find me to be more sensitive and things of that nature than most guys."

It's hard to know what's real anymore about Vince McMahon. "There's nothing real about him," says Meltzer. But that's made Vince's wrestling show realer than it's ever been. And that, too, is part of McMahon's art. "Whether anybody likes it or not, I'm tellin' you—HE'S IN CONTROL OF THIS ENTIRE SITUATION!!!" said his own *WWF* magazine recently. "It's a human chess game, and . . . before you know it . . . CHECKMATE!"

ON THE LAST *MONDAY NIGHT RAW* show, live from the Nassau Coliseum, Vince came down the ramp to the ring in a wheelchair (he was temporarily "crippled" by the Undertaker and Kane); storm trooper–like bodyguards and two snapping German shepherds protected him as he faced off with Stone Cold Steve Austin, who could do little besides stand there. No beating up on Vince today.

"Kill him! Kill him!" urged the fans.

"You violated me, Austin, you violated me!" moaned Vince (referring to a previous "assault" by Austin in Vince's hospital room, where Austin had bashed an enema tube at Vince's behind). "What you did to my rectal area! But let me tell you something, as much humiliation as I have suffered, you're gonna suffer more. . . . I will fire your ass!"

"You stupid bastard," shouted Stone Cold, "you ain't got the balls to fire Stone Cold Steve Austin!"

"I don't have the balls?" said Vince McMahon. "I've got balls the size of grapefruits! And . . . you're gonna be picking the seeds out of your *teeth*!"

The crowd went wild; in an era when nothing shocks, Vince was shocking them. *"Vince! . . . Vince! . . . Vince!"* Now the fans were actually cheering for McMahon. ■

LADIES MAN

AS A KID, RICHARD LAGRAVENESE HAUNTED BROADWAY THEATERS AND PORED OVER NEIL SIMON SCRIPTS. BUT THE STRONG WOMEN'S VOICES IN HIS SCREENPLAYS ARE THE ONES HE HEARD AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE IN BENSONHURST. BY EMILY LISTFIELD

RICHARD LAGRAVENESE SITS IN THE expensively neutral restaurant in the Four Seasons Hotel wearing expensively neutral clothes, playing with his goatee. Carefully thought-out sunglasses with diminutive oval lenses sit waiting by his side. He has clearly mastered the look of one of Hollywood's most successful screenwriters. Only his high-pitched giggle and unusually open conversation betray him. The son of a New York City cabbie, he has conquered the game but is not quite of it.

LaGravenese, 38, has gained a reputation for adapting some of the sappiest best-sellers in recent years, including *The Horse Whisperer* and *The Bridges of Madison County,* and making them unexpectedly palatable. Though he's on the A list for doctoring saccharine tearjerkers, his original scripts tend to be far grittier examinations of the underbelly of romance. Writing them, LaGravenese says, is "much more cathartic. You can say everything you feel like saying." He has proven remarkably skillful at alternating scripts for directors like Clint Eastwood, Robert Redford, and Barbra Streisand (*The Mirror Has Two Faces*) with original screenplays, including *The Ref* and *Unstrung Heroes.* This month, that balancing act reaches its culmination. LaGravenese co-wrote the screenplay for Oprah Winfrey's version of the Toni Morrison Pulitzer Prize winner *Beloved* (see Stanley Crouch's review, page 80), and he makes his directorial debut with his original screenplay *Living Out Loud* (starring Danny DeVito and Holly Hunter), which opened the Hamptons Film Festival last week and will be released theatrically on October 30.

What makes LaGravenese so rare and in demand is his ability for, if not his obsession with, writing strong female characters. LaGravenese's women are almost always past their first, if not their second, bloom. They see their men for what they are and are not willing to play cute for them. Most telling, they tend to drive the story rather than simply react to it. For that reason, actresses like Meryl Streep, Kristin Scott Thomas, Mercedes Ruehl, and Holly Hunter have shone in his scripts. "He's one of the few male writers of our generation who writes knowingly, sympathetically, and humorously of women," says Ruehl, who won an Academy Award for her performance in LaGravenese's *The Fisher King.* "He doesn't have that hatred and fear that so many men have."

"I've always been interested in older women," LaGravenese says, "even when I was a kid. My sisters are ten and seven years older than me; my mother had me late in life. I've always been more comfortable around women than men. You're sitting there as a boy, and you're hearing all the women caucus about what assholes men are and how they have no idea what's going on. You realize this is where the power is. Then you grow up and become a man, and it's an odd conflict." LaGravenese grew up to marry a woman seven years his senior and to write the voices he had heard around the kitchen table.

In *Living Out Loud,* Holly Hunter plays a divorced woman recently dumped by her husband, a Fifth Avenue doctor, for a younger woman. The script (something like *The First Wives Club* on truth serum, or LSD) is dark, smart, and affecting. Hunter appears whittled away by her own neuroses. She lives alone, bitter, angry, and slightly nuts. "I'm too old to live in the outer boroughs," she mutters to herself when she hears she might be forced out of her glossy co-op.

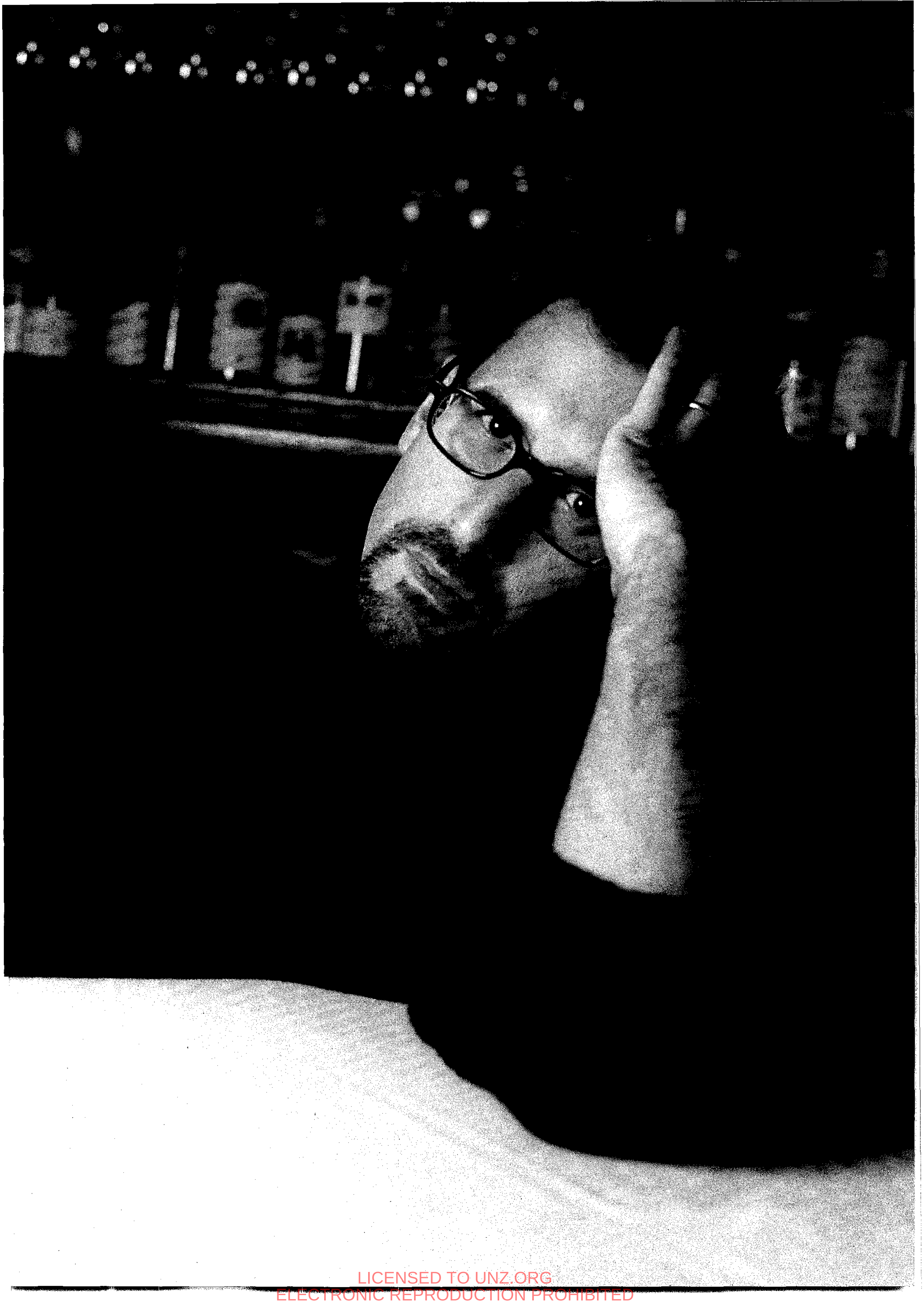
She meets the elevator man in her building, played by a subdued Danny DeVito, who's just lost his daughter to cancer. Both lonely, they begin to see each other. LaGravenese is too smart to have these two walk off into the urban sunset together, but he does capture the shared moment of two people who want most to be "seen" (as in understood).

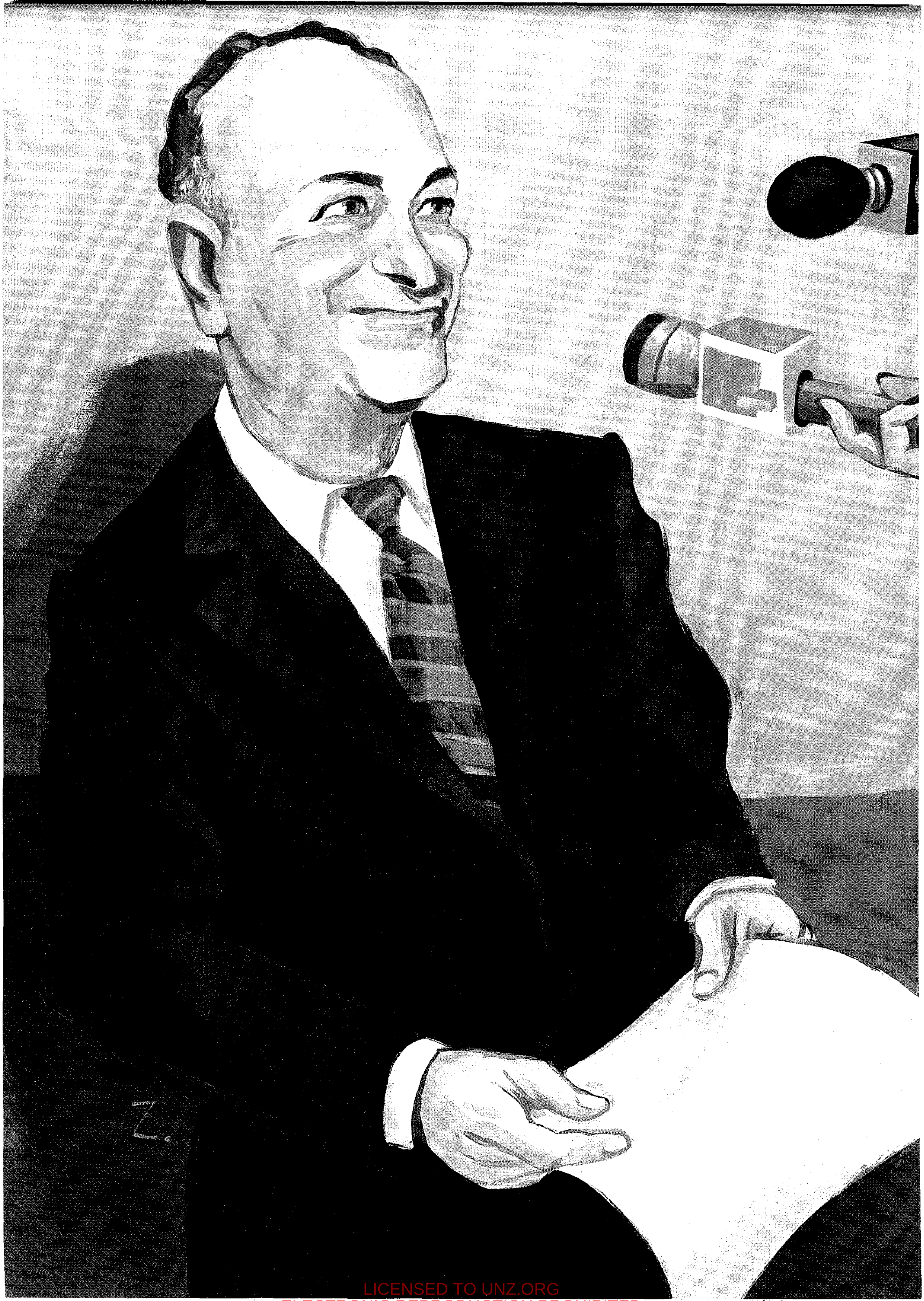
Knowing how to write about women didn't make directing them any easier. "Making this movie made me face how I idealize women and tend to give my power over to them in a way that's unfair to them and to me," LaGravenese says. "Then I start resenting them, and then I start punishing them." That process led to an admittedly "challenging" relationship with Hunter, who declined to comment for this article. "It brought out all my strengths and my weaknesses," he says. "I've never been into telling people what to do." LaGravenese found that he took to decision-making quickly, and carried the new behavior home. "It created some problems in my marriage," he jokes.

LAGRAVENESE GREW UP IN BENSONHURST, feeling misplaced in a world that prized athletics. "There was a lot of loneliness and isolation," he remembers. "I couldn't wait to get out. I used to tell my mom I was going around the block, when I was 12, and I'd get on the train and come to Manhattan. I'd walk up and down the theater district and stand in the doorways. Then I realized you could buy a ticket, so I'd go to standing room almost every week." Movies also played a big part in LaGravenese's childhood. After his mother took him to see *The Odd Couple* when it opened at Radio City Music Hall, LaGravenese studied Neil Simon's script in his public-school library. After a two-year stint at Emerson College in Boston, he turned to screenwriting. His first original outing, *The Fisher King,* a grim tale of lost city souls and the promise of redemption, won him an Academy Award nomination. LaGravenese finished it during a writers' strike in Hollywood, and it was sold a week after the strike ended. "I remember a producer at Disney saying to me, 'We had thought when the writers were left to their own devices they would have come up with unusual things, and you couldn't believe how many cop movies we got,' " LaGravenese says. "They were writing for the marketplace."

At the time, his wife, Ann, was supporting them with her job as bill coordinator at National Video, a *(continued on page 92)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KATHARINA ORNE





The Democrats' Assault Weapon

After the Senate-race fiasco of 1992, New York Democrats had to find a better way to take on Al D'Amato. They found it in Brady Bill author Chuck Schumer, favored son of Sheepshead Bay, who has a potent House record *and* the will to scrap with the Fonz.

By Michael Tomasky

ILLUSTRATION BY ZOHAR LAZAR

CHUCK SCHUMER, FRESH OUT OF HARVARD LAW SCHOOL, RETURNED HOME FROM Cambridge to Sheepshead Bay in early June 1974, not entirely sure of his next move. He had sailed through Harvard Law, just as he had through Harvard undergraduate, just as he had through Madison High School, where he was class valedictorian. When he came back to Brooklyn, he figured that he'd "be a lawyer and do politics as an avocation." Then he saw that the assemblyman from his district, Steve Solarz, was vacating his seat to run for Congress. • The Brooklyn Democratic machine, headed by Meade Esposito, had a candidate in one Jerry Cohen, a lawyer who commanded the Jewish War Veterans of America—"a big deal," Schumer says, in those heavily Jewish and even-then-aging precincts. Th[illegible]formers had their candidate, too: [illegible] Schwartz, who ran a printing busines[illegible] had been involved in the local peace [illegible]ment, had waited his turn and was ru[illegible] as the antiwar candidate (the fact th[illegible] New York State Assembly's impact o[illegible]eign policy was somewhat remote never prevented the war from being an issue)

Cohen and Schwartz were both well known in the neighborhood. They were set to face each other in the September primary, with the winner virtually assured of victory in November. Any normal young man with liberal inclinations trying to break into reform politics would have sized this landscape up, backed Schwartz, and bided his time until another opening came along. Chuck Schumer, 23 years old and with nothing like a political base in the district, sized it up and decided to run.

"None of us were supporting him, including me," says Mel Miller, a reformer who became Speaker of the Assembly in the eighties. "He was a cocky kid when he came up. A little on the pushy side, and some of the old-timers didn't like that."

"I went in to my local barber the first day I campaigned," Schumer recalls, "and I said, 'Hey, Frankie, would you put up a poster in the window?' And he said, 'Sure, kid.' Then he said, 'Kid, I've never told you this. I'm not only the local barber, I'm the local bookie, and you're the 50-to-1 underdog. How would you like to bet on yourself?' "

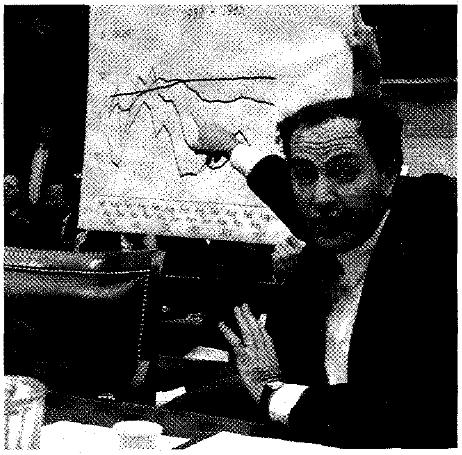
Schumer won, of course. He was the beneficiary of endorsements from Solarz, who at the time considered Schumer something of a protégé, and from his Harvard Law professor Archibald Cox, who happened to have been investigating Richard Nixon, but basically, he just plain outworked the others. As anyone who knows him will tell you, he outworks pretty much everybody. Democratic congressman Sam Gejdenson of Connecticut is Schumer's roommate—they share the first-floor bedroom in a Capitol Hill townhouse owned by California Democrat George Miller, where the three of them and Illinois senator Dick Durbin live during legislative sessions (Leon Panetta was a roommate when he was in Congress). "Chuck works harder than anyone I know here, even years ago," Gejdenson says. "The rest of us got home at eight or nine, maybe even seven, but if he ever got back to the house before ten at night, we were surprised."

For a year or more, Democrats have been describing the kind of person they needed to nominate this year if they wanted a chance to unseat Al D'Amato. They didn't need someone with impeccable liberal credentials. They didn't need someone who's warm and cuddly. No, they'd say, at bottom, we need someone who's not afraid of going toe-to-toe with D'Amato, someone who's just as smart and tough and relentless and driven and ambitious. Have they ever found their man.

TO THE EXTENT THAT CHUCK SCHUMER IS capable of relaxing, he did manage a fairly leisurely afternoon for himself two Saturdays ago in Washington. He was there to cast some votes, since the Congress that hardly worked all year had decided to pack six months' worth of votes into two maddening weeks—and since D'Amato had been hammering him for having missed dozens of votes this year. So we sat in the members' dining room in the House wing of the Capitol, Schumer, an aide, Schumer's 9-year-old daughter, Alison—"Aliwitz," he likes to call her—and I, lingering over a lunch that was interrupted two or three times so he could vote.

"My [paternal] grandfather was really my idol," he said. "He was sort of a street urchin. He only graduated from the second grade. And one day he went into the Labor Temple, and he heard Will and Ariel Durant speaking and became enthralled. He was self-educated. Sort of very much part of the labor movement and all that. Very interested in current events, world affairs. I would talk with him for hours about current events."

Schumer says he also had those discussions with his parents, though the main lessons he learned from them seem more personal than political. His father, Abe, was an exterminator (as Chuck was himself, part-time, during high school), and his mother, Selma, was a housewife. "My dad hated his work," Schumer says. "That influenced me. I never cared much about making money, but I always cared about having a job that was fulfilling and interesting. And from my mother, who was very idealistic, a job that would make the world a better place. She always stressed to me, 'Do something good, you don't have to make money.' "



THREE BIG THUMBS UP: Schumer (opposite, with Jim and Sarah Brady) celebrating passage of the Brady Bill in 1993; in 1986 (above), speaking out on credit-card interest rates; and (opposite, top) as an assemblyman in 1979, en route to Studio 54.

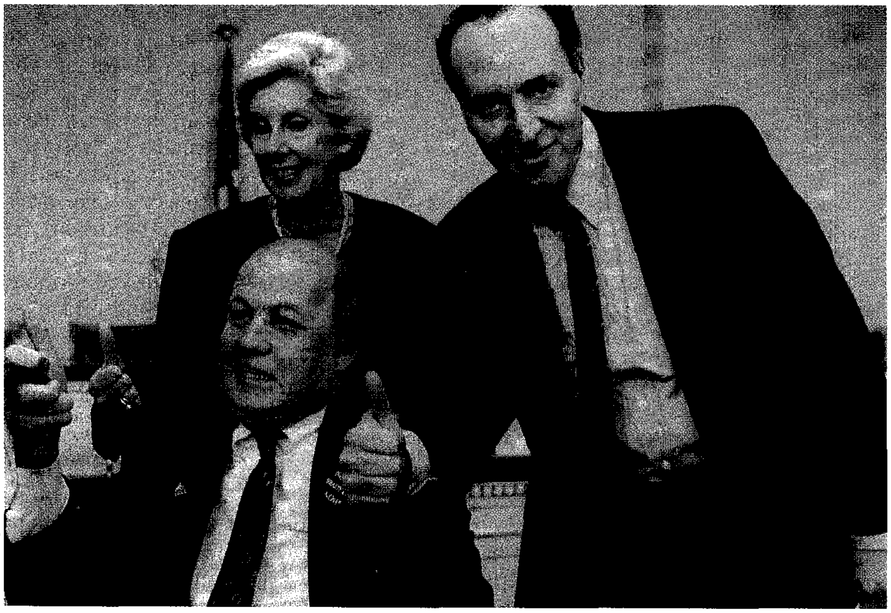
At Madison High School, he was interested in neither money nor politics. His love affair with the latter didn't start until he got to Harvard. "I tried out for the freshman basketball team because the one guy in my high school who had gone there before me said, 'Try out for the freshman team; they're much worse than Madison, you'll make it, you'll make friends.' So I did, and I was cut that day. And a guy knocked on my door that night

Photograph from AP/Wide World.

and said, 'How would you like to join the Harvard Young Democrats? We're working for Eugene McCarthy against the war.' I said sure. I loved it."

He spent a summer working for the National Committee for an Effective Congress, a liberal public-interest and lobbying group. "When he walked in the door I knew he'd be a candidate," says Russell Hemenway, NCEC national director. "He had that look." He spent another one working in Rhode Island on the Senate campaign of Claiborne Pell. That experience was notable mostly for the fact that the clubhouse Dems in that state of notoriously salty politics introduced him, in emphatic fashion, to the Rusty Nail: "I didn't know what it was. It's half scotch and half Drambuie, and I had about six of them to show them I could . . ." Hang with them? *Chuckeleh?* You have only to spend three minutes with Schumer to see that he's no more a drinker than Ken Starr is a Dylanologist.

"He was a **cocky kid** when he came up, a little on the pushy side," says Mel Miller.



To say he hit the ground running when he got to the Assembly would be an understatement. Sprinting, more like it. Stanley Fink of Brooklyn was the Speaker then, and he eventually gave Schumer the chairmanship of the Assembly's Oversight Committee. Oversight committees monitor things like whether state agencies and contractors are performing the work assigned them, and they're precisely as active or moribund as the person who heads them. Schumer went after asphalt companies overcharging the state, and landlords who let their buildings go into foreclosure by not paying taxes and then bought them back on the cheap. "He took this committee that was somewhat dormant," says Miller, "and he just ran with it. A lot of activity, and of course a lot of attention. Chuck was never shy."

Never, indeed. Many jokes are told in which the punch line involves Schumer meeting up with a television camera. Old Assembly colleagues chuckle over the time he was mugged in the late seventies—and it made B1 of the *Times.* "That's Chuck," people say; but the jokes underlie a more serious point, which has to do with the motivation behind all this furious activity. Without question, he has accomplished much good: In the Assembly, he passed a bill that for the first time permitted tenants to sublet their apartments. The congressional legislation for which he's almost single-handedly responsible, the gun-control bill and the assault-weapons ban, probably have saved "thousands of lives," as President Clinton noted last Monday when he spoke for Schumer at the Hilton.

But some people have always wondered how much he was motivated by his civic vision and how much by pursuit of his own greater glory. People don't register this as quite the criticism it may seem at first blush; no one thinks he's a sellout, no one can offer evidence that he is not a man of his word. And everyone is impressed by —forget impressed; steamrolled by—his capacity for work. Michael Pesce, a former Brooklyn assemblyman who's now a judge, remembers Schumer often insisting that the two of them drive back and forth from Brooklyn to Albany every day—three and a half hours each way—so they could make the legislative sessions during the day and the neighborhood meetings at night.

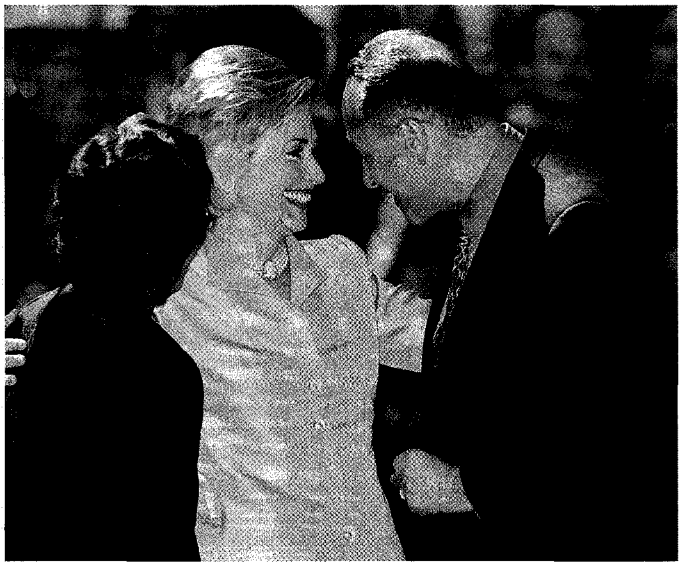
The energy level isn't at issue. Rather, it's the question of where it comes from: What drives him, what's at his moral core? He has never waved a banner planted in the firm and singular soil of, say, the civil-rights movement, or of any movement. He was not a party regular; because he ran against Schwartz, he was not even, exactly, a reformer. He was not really a sixties child; he was too young to be, like his Assembly predecessor and later rival Solarz, a member of the famous House class of '74, the young, fire-breathing, post-Nixon liberals. And while he can explain his positions, and talk both policy and street politics as sharply as anyone in New York, he does not talk about himself with commanding eloquence. "I'm not an ideologue," he says. "I was against the war, but I disliked those who took over buildings, because I always felt you worked through the system, you worked with democracy. I sort of marched to—it's not my own drum, because I'm not a nonconformist, but I try to do what . . . my mother always taught me, do the right thing. And that's what I try to do. I do have a strong internal gyroscope. And that helps direct you. . . ."

Directed he has always been. "When he first got to Albany," Pesce says, "I thought, *Hey, this guy's going places.*" Pesce pauses and laughs: "So did he." He was not always polite about getting there. Solarz supported Schumer in that first race, but years later, when both were in Congress, they became mortal enemies over redistricting—one or the other was going to lose his district, and Schumer, who maintained better relations with his old Albany colleagues, pulled the right strings and won out.

Photographs: top to bottom, Fred W. McDarrah; Wilfredo Lee/AP/Wide World.

But Pesce and Miller and others who remark on the man's ambition also note that without it, he'd still be plying the thruway between Brooklyn and Albany. "In order to take that last step," says Miller, "to get above getting elected to one office and staying in the same position for 120 years, you're going to do some things to rub people the wrong way. It's not always nice. It's not always pretty. But if you're going to achieve in politics, you have to separate yourself. Maybe he was a little more ambitious than most, but the other side of the ledger is, find me another person who works as hard. Other people don't. And then jealousy enters into it—you know, you pick up the newspaper and see his name and not yours. So . . . pushy? Brusque? Direct? I don't know. He couldn't run against Al D'Amato if he weren't some of these things."

"I'm not an ideologue," Schumer insists. "I do have a strong internal gyroscope."



NEW YORK, NEW YORK, A HILL OF A TOWN: The Schumers with the First Lady last month.

He sure hasn't done what he's done for the money; he left the Assembly and got elected to Congress in 1980, but he's made just his legislator's salary all these years. And while he and his wife, Iris Weinshall, have a comfortable combined income —she's a deputy commissioner in the city's Department of Administrative Services —they really don't own anything of value beyond their large Prospect Park West apartment, which they bought in the early eighties for $150,000, a lot of money to him at the time ("Iris said, 'You always reach for real estate,' and she was right"). A Harvard legal education usually produces more creature comforts than that. To Ed Rogowsky, a CUNY professor who's known Schumer since that 1974 race, the man has by now earned the right not to be second-guessed. "How do you split the hair between the selfish impulse to advance and the social impulse to do good?" Rogowsky asks. "I don't know for sure, but he has done both. Always. He never went out and pursued a second career. I used to see him in Park Slope, going to all these community meetings, even after he was in Congress, running here and there. The small chores were never beneath him."

Even his political views, which some liberals have criticized as tailored to the times, seem, once you know him, genuine and honestly arrived at. While philosophically liberal, he is, by temperament, a moderate, careful, pretty normal middle-class guy who neatly fits the mold of Clinton Democrat. The combination has served him well in Washington—it took some doing, after all, for a New York City Democrat to pass a gun-control bill one year (the Brady Bill, 1993) and an assault-weapons ban the next. "Chuck was very smart about the way he did it," says Massachusetts Democrat Barney Frank, "because he didn't rely on the usual liberal thing of 'Gun control is our anti-crime policy.' He combined it with other things, more cops on the street, that liberals normally wouldn't do. A lot of people try to take on the NRA, but Chuck did it thoughtfully and intelligently, and that was the difference."

And he did it without making what might have been a fatal compromise. The assault-weapons ban was part of an omnibus crime bill. Democratic leadership, wary about opposition from rural Democrats, wanted him to take the ban out of the bill for fear it wouldn't pass. The White House even called and leaned on him. "It was a Thursday," he remembers. "So I leave the Capitol on Friday morning, shaken, thinking maybe I'm doing the wrong thing, et cetera. But I had stuck to my guns. I get on the airplane, and it's been all over the news. And I get a standing ovation. The only time it ever happened on the shuttle. Right then and there, I knew."

THE PRIMARY RACE, WHICH WAS SUPPOSED to be nasty and close, was polite—and a joke. Mark Green couldn't match Schumer's money (he's been aggressive about that, too), and Geraldine Ferraro didn't seem to hunger for victory the way Schumer did. By primary day, all the experts assumed Schumer would win, but no one thought he'd win the way he did (51 percent, to Ferraro's 26 and Green's 19).

And now, the Fonz. Like all races involving D'Amato, this one is bitter and dirty and down-to-the-wire. D'Amato is controlling the agenda, slightly, as incumbents are capable of doing. But Schumer keeps dancing just out of target range. D'Amato opened with his usual "too liberal"; when that didn't play, he tried the inevitable kiddie-porn vote (when they haul that one out, you know they're in trouble); when *that* didn't fly, he went with the missed votes. It's been a reasonably effective hit, but to have lasting impact, attack ads have to play into some already-held notion about the attackee. Nobody who knows the first thing about Schumer thinks he ducks work.

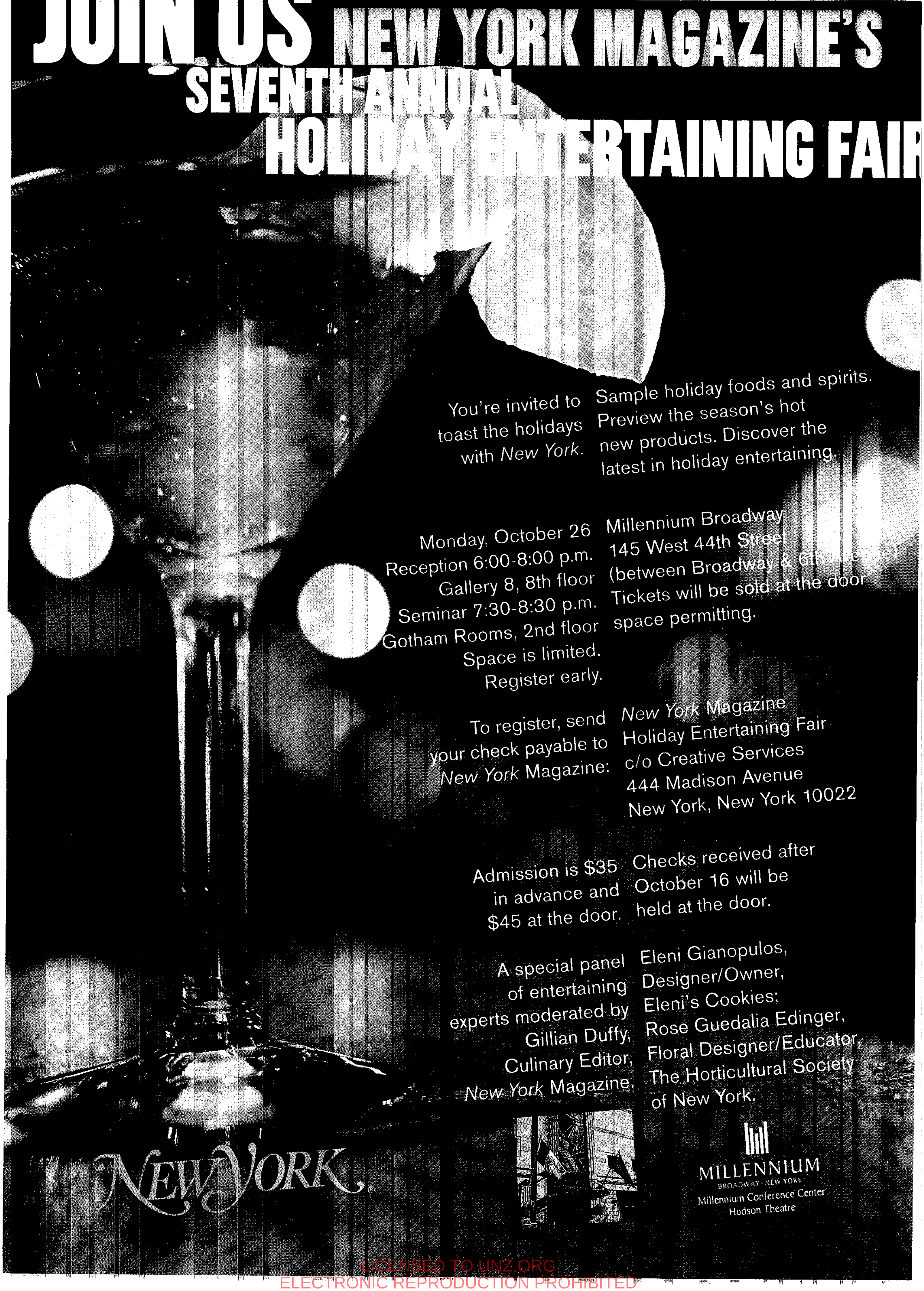
How many people know the first thing about Schumer, however, is another question. And therein lies the trap D'Amato is trying to set, and which Schumer may yet fall into. D'Amato and his media guru, Arthur Finkelstein, want a bloodbath—a race in which voters see two politicians throwing mud at each other is a race that favors D'Amato. Schumer has to answer D'Amato's attacks effectively *and* present a positive image of himself to an electorate that doesn't know him all that well. Doing both at once isn't easy.

Still, Schumer's in a strong position. By this time in 1992, when D'Amato was running against Bob Abrams, the following had happened: the implosive primary; Abrams's calling D'Amato a "fascist"; D'Amato's responding with his tears for the cameras and his attack ads; Ferraro's refusing to march with Abrams at the Columbus Day parade. Schumer hasn't made that kind of silly mistake; D'Amato hasn't attacked with his usual effectiveness; Ferraro marched with Schumer and answered her vigorous applause by pointing to her old opponent and saying, "Vote for *him!*" (And she and Green both attended the Clinton fund-raiser.) The stars are rather differently aligned this time.

D'Amato probably has a late surprise in store—he's got two weeks to save an eighteen-year career, and there's no limit to what he might pull under those circumstances. But Schumer understands this, and probably has a surprise of his own. "I haven't had a day of regret about this race," he says, "and I haven't had a day when I thought I'd lose." Still the cocky kid of 1974? He may have reason to be. ■

Next week, New York *looks at Senator Alfonse D'Amato.*

Photograph by Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma.



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Seminar 7:30-8:30 p.m.
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Space is limited.
Register early.

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A special panel of entertaining experts moderated by Gillian Duffy, Culinary Editor, *New York* Magazine.

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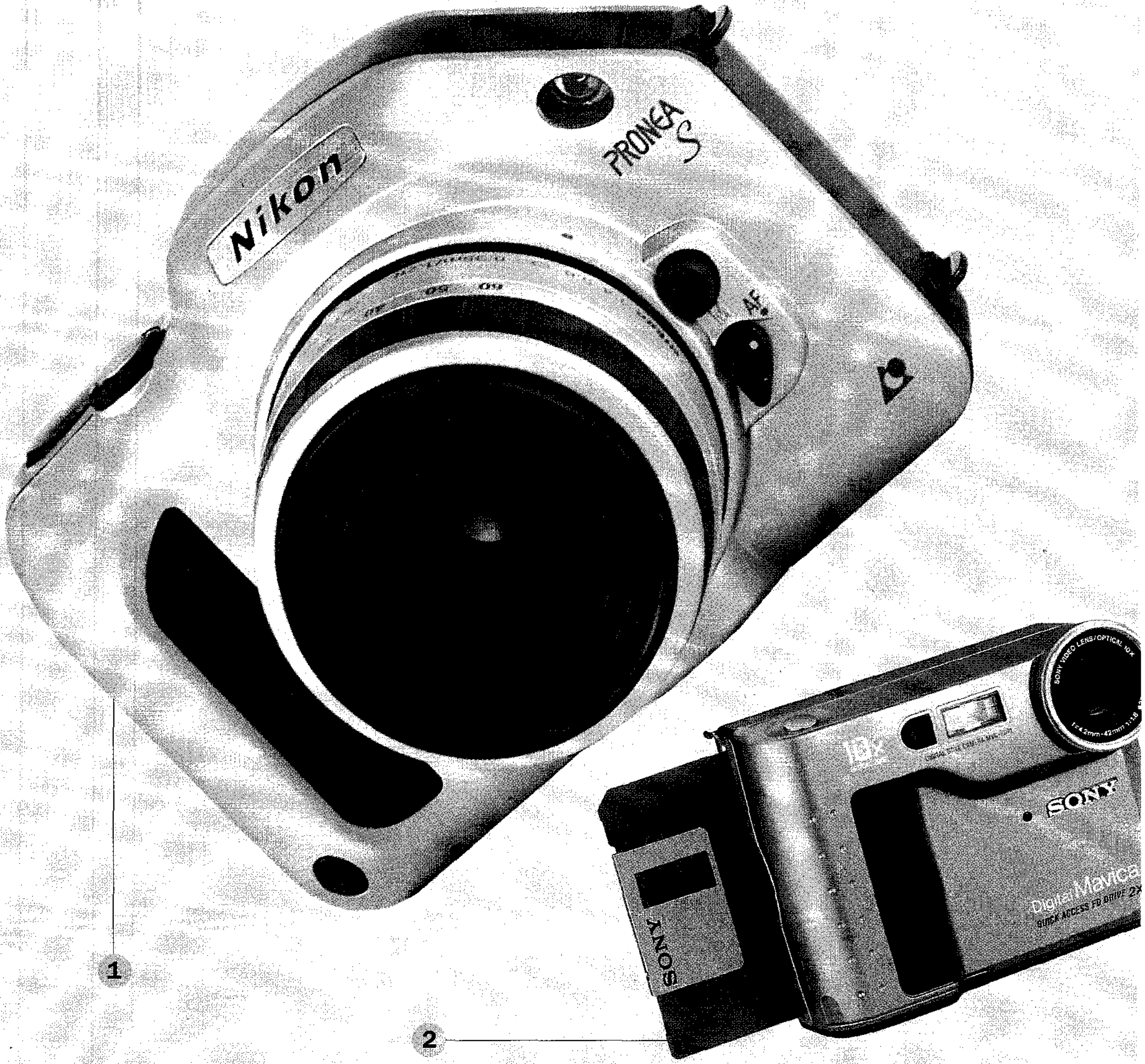
PLEASURE PRINCIPLE



CALL IT THE iMAC EFFECT—HIGH-TECH COMPANIES, HAVING ONCE AGAIN DISCOVERED THAT SEXY SELLS, ARE DESIGNING PRODUCTS THAT ARE EVERY BIT AS SMART AS THEIR BRETHREN BUT EASIER ON THE EYES.

1 HOLD ME

Pick up Nikon's new Advanced Photo System camera, the **Pronea S**, and you won't be able to put it down; its frankly adorable 16-ounce metal body is ergonomically designed to snuggle up in your grip. And the Pronea's a versatile little guy (thanks to the very nature of the APS format, which uses a negative slightly smaller than 35-mm. and comes in a drop-in-load cartridge)—one knob lets you adjust for portraits, landscapes, close-ups, or night shots, while another allows you to switch between classic, wide, and panoramic formats, all on the same roll. But even more impressive than its clever autofocus system and intelligent flash is that the Pronea delivers SLR-quality photographs with point-and-shoot ease. ($430; available late October at J&R, 238-9100, and Westside Camera, 877-8760.)

2 SLIP A DISK

Every ten or twenty minutes or so, another manufacturer introduces yet another digital camera. The cyberphoto market is red hot, and no wonder—never again pay for film-developing charges? What's not to like? Sony, already a market leader in the digital-photography realm, continues to push the envelope with its smartly designed, compact **Mavica** cameras (VMC-FD71 shown). Unlike any other such products on the market—which require you to either record images on special memory cards and/or download photos to your PC using special cables (good luck finding a spare port)—these cameras treat a standard 3½-inch PC

MPUS
us Epic
80
OLYMPUS LENS
ZOOM 38-80 mm

3

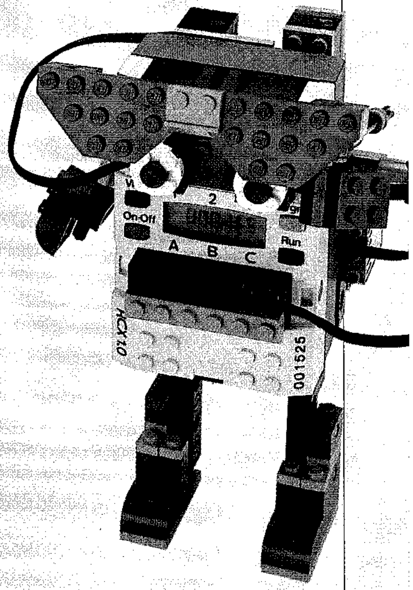
4

TOY STORY

Building blocks even Bill Gates could love.

THE LEGOS I REMEMBER WERE brightly colored, knobby plastic blocks that could be turned into boxy approximations of cars, planes, pirate ships, and the like. Their simplicity encouraged invention; I would sit for hours building bizarre vehicles and structures, the fruits of a 6-year-old imagination. But toys have come a long way since then. And I guess it was inevitable that even building blocks would enter the high-tech age. The result: Lego MindStorms (*$200, F.A.O. Schwarz, Toys 'R' Us*)—the raw materials for building simple robotic devices and surely the first building blocks to require a Windows PC, a Pentium processor, and sixteen megabytes of RAM.

When I read that Lego MindStorms were designed in conjunction with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I wondered if I was about to be outsmarted by little pieces of plastic. I shouldn't have worried. The CD-ROM tutorial (a must for anyone who doesn't already have a degree in robotics) took me through the basic steps of building my robot and programming it (via infrared transmitter) to respond to input from its touch, light, and temperature sensors—all very *Mission: Impossible*. The tutorial, thankfully, was extremely supportive, if slightly patronizing, calling me "brilliant" and "amazing" after I succeeded at very basic tasks. After I completed the tutorial and moved on into the "Challenges" mode, however, I ran into trouble: My robot suddenly developed a mind of its own. It veered in random directions and slammed into stationary objects, shedding parts in the process. But after an hour of fiddling, I created a robot that would move erratically until it struck an object, then back up and continue on its sinuous course. Not terribly exciting, but a victory nonetheless.



These are grown-up Legos, but from the moment I ripped open the parts bags, I felt a twinge of pure, unadulterated little-kid excitement. The complexity of MindStorms, while occasionally frustrating, stimulates the same industriousness as the Legos of yore; it is possible to build some truly impressive robots, wild contraptions with flailing arms and claws, even ones that play basketball or hockey. At this rate, it's only a matter of time before someone designs a toy that actually *is* smarter than I am. NICK MEYER

---

floppy disk as film. The Mavicas are equipped with high-resolution autofocus lenses, built-in zoom and 2½-inch color LCD viewfinders. ($599–$799; J&R, 238-9100.)

3 SMALL-MINDED

The diminutive styling of the **Olympus Stylus Epic Zoom** never fails to amaze, from the surprisingly long motor-driven retractable zoom lens to the all-in-one-case design (slide it open and the camera's on and ready to shoot; slide it shut and it's off). Last year's Epic held the title of world's smallest 35-mm. camera. This year's Epic 80 Zoom is also shockingly small; you can comfortably fit it in your shirt pocket (the only smaller cameras are APS models). Put one in your handbag or briefcase and give your StarTac phone some company. ($325; call 800-622-6372 for stores.)

4 YOU'RE SO VAIN

Now that Internet culture has fully embraced "real time" exhibitionism with streaming-video live chat, maybe the videophone can finally come into its own. This slightly musty concept (if memory serves, Ma Bell began cranking up the hype the *last* time a president was up for impeachment) gets fresh styling and unprecedented ease of use with the **8x8 ViaTV Desktop Videophone**. You don't need a computer; you just plug it in like a regular phone and chat away with anyone who has his own ViaTV unit or any other compatible videophone (ViaTV subscribes to the international H.324 standard)

▶

in full, if jerky, living color. ($649.99; all CompUSA stores.)

5 PERFECT MATE

In the dating world, **Loewe** (pronounced "loo-va") **televisions** are what you would call keepers. The European imports are good-looking (clean, modern edges; black, platinum, midnight-blue, silver, or champagne finishes) *and* smart (some models can convert standard 4:3 programs into widescreen 16:9 formats for a movie-theater experience; all employ progressive scanning for sharper, flicker-free images. But most important, they have a future: Not only are Loewe televisions PC- and DVD-compatible, but they're fully prepared for the dawn of HDTV. ($3,500–$5,000; available next month, all Harvey Electronics locations.)

6 WINDOWS (CE) SHOPPING

Hands-down the most beautifully designed Windows CE (a stripped-down version of the Microsoft standard) device we've seen yet. With its real keyboard and 9.4-inch screen, the **Vadem Clio** is way more useful that your basic palm-size PC and better-equipped (modem for Internet access, "Instant On"), too. Just 3 pounds with its 12-hour battery. ($999; available December; visit www.vadem.com for stores.)

7 SHINE ON

Before DVD takes over the world, the **JVC Super VHS Hi-Fi Stereo VCR** (model HR-S9500U) makes one hell of an eloquent argument for sticking to tape; you won't find a higher-performance VCR. The Super VHS format means you get remarkable video clarity and the ability to slow tapes to virtually snow-free super-slo-mo. And the sleek, shiny case looks so sophisticated you might take pause before popping, say, *Godzilla* in this deck. ($500; B&H Photo, 800-947-9920.)

8 VERY CATCHY

Hewlett-Packard's **CapShare** is—get this—a handheld scanner that lets you copy and store up to 50 pages—a business letter, a passage from a book, a contract—and later upload them to your PC for e-mailing or e-faxing to your home office (HP is marketing the CapShare to the "mobile professional"). All this packed into an incredibly light (less than a pound), rechargeable unit. The coolest feature is the infrared port; point it at an HP JetSend-equipped printer and you can instantaneously print a copy of the document you just scanned. ($699; available December, call 888-447-0139 for stores.)

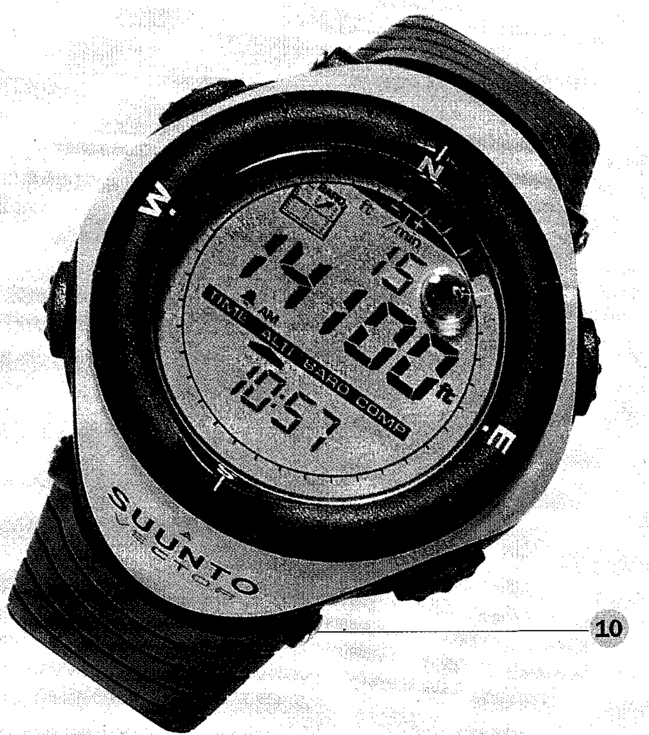
9 LOOP GURU

The **Pioneer X-Ray Loopmaster** is the portable CD player you'll want to give to anybody who watches *Felicity, Dawson's Creek,* or anything else on the WB network. It's, you know, *really* cute, earnest as hell (a printed legend reads DEDICATED TO THE TRUE LOVERS OF MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSE!), not too complicated (pop the CD and hit PLAY), and utterly transparent (you can see through the plastic case to the Loopmaster's guts). That said, we're fans of both the WB network and this clever bit of pop product design. ($99.99; available November at 39th Street Music, 840-3285.)

10 ARMED AND READY

The **Suunto Vector** not only one-ups other sports watches with its water-resistant scuba-esque styling and its pretensions (it's a "wristop computer," darling, not a mere *watch*) but also delivers the brainy goods with a feature set that presupposes that you're a really exciting, adventurous person. Stopwatch, barometer, thermometer, digital compass, altimeter—what more do you want? ($199; Paragon Sporting Goods, 255-8036.)

SIMON DUMENCO WITH STEPHANIE SAULMON AND ANGIE MAXIMO



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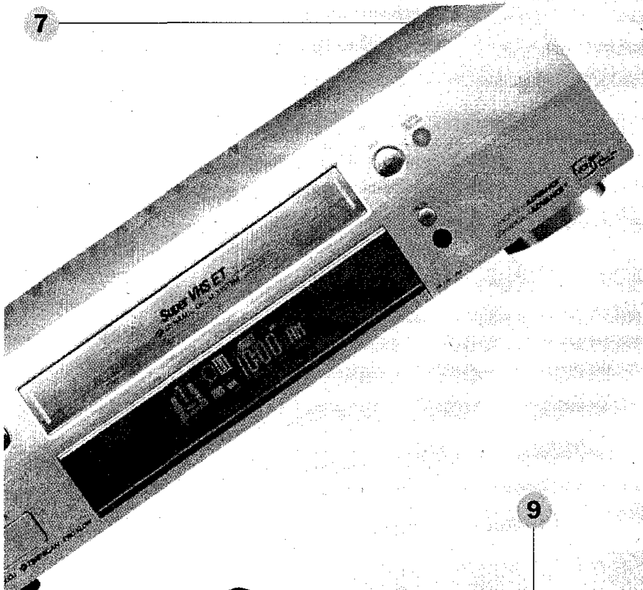


7

Loopmaster
DEDICATED TO THE TRUE LOVERS OF MUSIC IN THE

9

TESTDRIVE

TV IS GOOD

No, really (thanks to Time Warner's new cable boxes).

I'LL JUST COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY it: Few things in life provide me with greater mirth than curling up with a nice warm mug of cable television. So you can imagine my elation when the technician from Time Warner showed up at my Upper West Side apartment with an advanced-analog-converter (AAC) box—a device I was sure would deliver me unto a new age of gloriously mind-numbing viewing.

Since 1996, TWC has been furiously digging up most neighborhoods to install increased-bandwidth fiber-optic cable (call 674-9100 to find out when your neighborhood is getting upgraded), which is just a Mr. Fancypants way of saying Cool TV. From this Mount Olympus of media comes our Prometheus, the AAC. Until now, the history of cable and us has been a simple and boring one: Choose a channel, watch it. Now when I turn on the TV, the bottom of the screen tells me what the channel is, the name of the program that is currently on, when it started, when it concludes, and what program follows. By pressing a button on the included universal remote, I get a plot synopsis and cast information. Painful memories of the times when I would turn on the television and *not know what I was watching* (!) are just that—memories. Another button puts a full schedule grid on my screen.

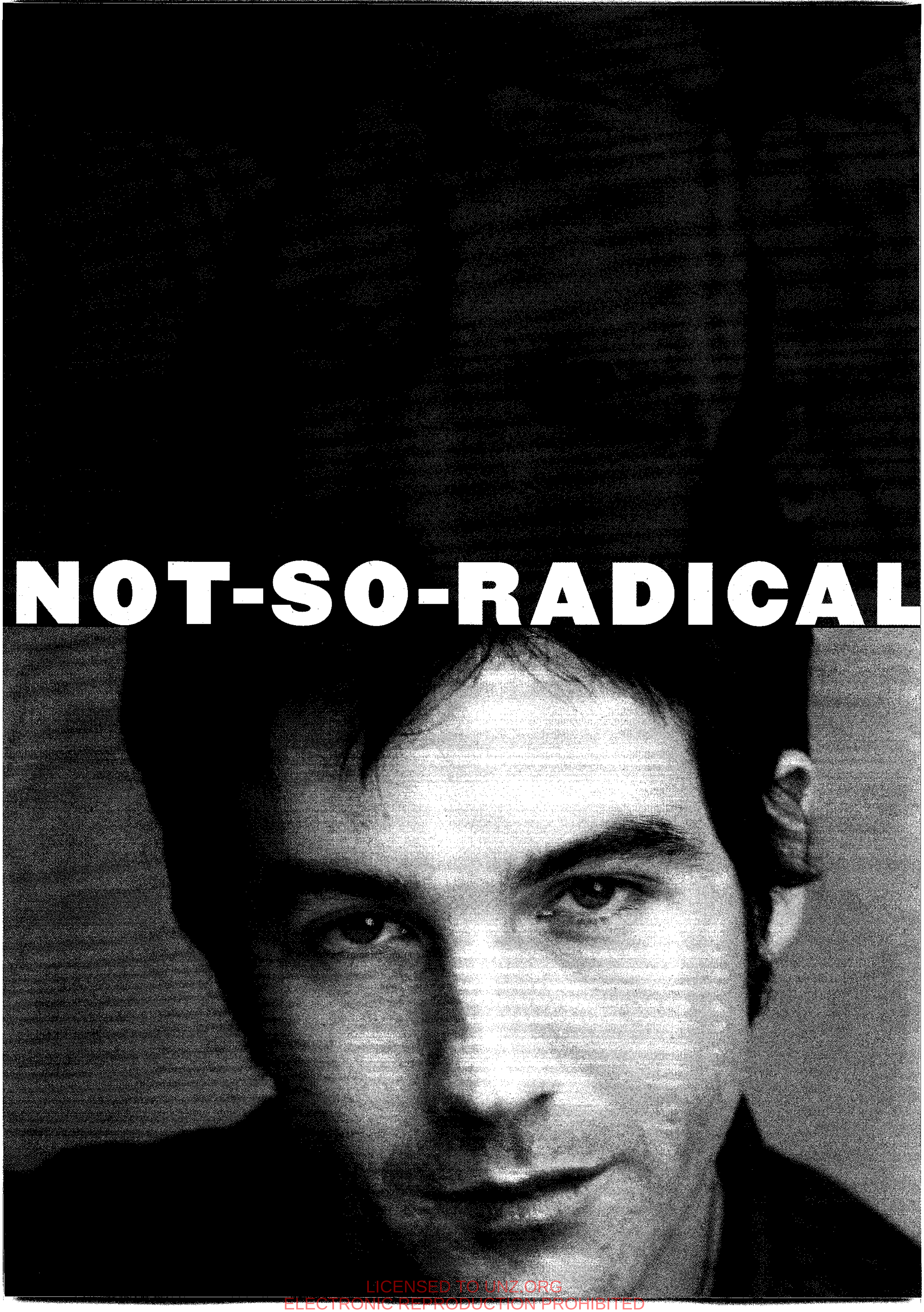
As if that weren't enough to make me tear up, I can also program the new converter (I've come to call it the Crack Pipe) to automatically tune to shows I have programmed for the upcoming day, week, or month. No more worrying about the onerous task of turning the channel; now I can simply wallow in industrial-strength sloth.

All of this, mind you, is simply an intermediate step to TWC's digital-cable service, which has been given the Robert Ludlum–ish name the Pegasus Program. Pegasus will add things like video-on-demand, interactive shopping and games, weather reports, and sports scores. And by the way, none of what is currently available costs more than your previous service.

And let us lift our voices to Heaven, and let us say, Amen.

SAM GROBART

NOT-SO-RADICAL



SHEIK

DUNCAN SHEIK MAY HAVE A HOT NEW ALBUM, A CLOSETFUL OF HELMUT LANG, AN ENORMOUS TRIBECA LOFT, AND A POSSE OF FANCY FRIENDS. BUT HE STILL FEELS YOUR PAIN.

BY ZEV BOROW

A GRAY AFTERNOON IN TRIBECA FINDS DUNCAN Sheik reclining in one of the several nifty chairs strewn about his expansive, expensive loft, pondering the fact that a significant number of people wouldn't mind at all if his new record were to be a massive flop.

"To a certain extent, I understand that sentiment," says the 28-year-old singer-songwriter whose self-titled debut album produced last year's ubiquitous radio hits "She Runs Away" and "Barely Breathing"—now the fourth-longest-charting single in the history of *Billboard*'s Hot 100. He laughs, a bit delicately. "But I think those are people who only think of me as the guy whose song was on the radio way, way, way too much."

Well, not exactly. A quick glance at the details of Sheik's life is enough to make even the most beneficent among us slightly surly. After all, Duncan Sheik (his real name) is not only rich, well-connected, good-looking, and sort of famous; he's also managed the neat trick of seeming earnestly alternative at the same time.

Born to a middle-class family in New Jersey, and raised in Hilton Head, South Carolina, Sheik came of age among Manhattan's prep-and-Ivy elite. He went to boarding school at Andover, then college at Brown, where he played guitar in Lisa Loeb's college band and took up with a jet-set group of the sons and daughters of New York's rich and famous: Tracee Ross, daughter of Diana Ross; Alex von Fürstenberg, son of Diane and Prince Egon von Fürstenberg; Alexandra Miller, daughter of duty-free magnate Robert Miller. After graduating in 1992, he recorded a song with the younger Ross, who passed it on to her mother's lawyer, John Frankenheimer, which eventually led to a lucrative contract with Atlantic Records. His first record—a collection of unabashedly romantic love songs—was recorded in a French château and quickly became a critically acclaimed Top 40 smash. Teenage girls wistfully hummed it on the way to school. *The Village Voice* described it as "chardonnay-smooth" and "sexy as a well-cut Prada coat," meaning both as compliments.

Soon after, Sheik moved to New York, settling in a TriBeCa loft that features a private elevator, a baby grand, a hand-carved four-poster bed, and a small recording studio. A practicing Buddhist since his college days, he spent his days chanting before a homemade shrine and his nights escorting a succession of exceedingly attractive young women to a succession of exceedingly hip downtown clubs. An obsessive clotheshorse with a proletarian heart, he dressed fashionably, but not *too* fashionably, taking care to temper his Helmut Lang ensembles with a pair of Adidas sneakers, scuffed just right. For many, the contrast between his wispy introspection and his "Page Six" predilections seemed a bit hypocritical. Inevitably, the backlash was on.

SHEIK'S HOPING TO MAKE A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT IMPRESSION WITH his second album, *Humming*, which hit stores last week: "I would like to change people's opinions of me," he says. "I'm certainly not looking for the same type of mass success as the last one. I mean, I remember meeting Meredith Brooks at the time 'Bitch' and 'Barely Breathing' were both constantly on the radio. I told her neither of our songs were good enough to be played this much. *She* got offended; I was like, 'Enough is enough.' "

Still, it's unfair to dismiss him as a merely pop product. While his debut was flush with orchestrated ballads of melancholia that went straight for the angsty heart, it could also fit easily alongside the tortured, more esoteric work of artists like Brian Wilson and Nick Drake. Not exactly bankable foundations for a nineties megahit, and not so dissable among critics and other rock-credsters. Musically, *Humming* retains many of the elements of his previous album but backs off from some of the introspective Lord Byron lyrics in favor of more universal concerns. The first single, "Bite Your Tongue," which he performed on this season's premiere of *Beverly Hills 90210,* even includes a gleeful line about burning the self-help section of his local bookstore.

"I think this record is much more representative of my overall personality," he says. "A new record full of I-love-you or I-hate-you-because-you-don't-love-me had no appeal. That's, frankly, what a lot of the *first* record was. Now I'm thinking about other things."

He says that the change in content owes much to what he's been listening to since his last record was released—that and beer commercials. "I'm blown away by Radiohead and Björk," he says. "And I can simply no longer abide ads that say: 'Why ask why? Don't worry about being totally unhappy; just drink beer.' " He pauses. "Besides, since the first record came out, I've never been in a relationship where the girl didn't say, 'How could you have said those things about someone?' You don't understand how many fights that's started."

Not that all the conflict has completely dulled Sheik's amorous impulses. Though avowedly unattached, he admits he's currently embroiled in a drama of unrequited love. "It's driving me a little crazy," he says, launching into a short soliloquy on the nature of relationships, the social implications of a new physics theory, and the often unsettling nature of Western religion. (Oh, yeah, Duncan Sheik is also very smart.) Just then, the phone rings. It's the actress China Chow. "Where are you?" he trills. "I have to call you back." He hangs up and smiles mischievously. "That makes me feel *slightly* better."

Suddenly, as the image of Sheik among his high-profile coterie resurfaces, he responds as if on cue: "I know there is a seeming contradiction between what my art is and what people perceive my friends to be like, but that's the crucial thing; it's perception, not reality. Believe me, I have my issues with my friends about the way they choose to live their lives, and their philosophy about life, but they are still my friends, and always will be."

Still, he says, he's been hanging out more these days with his bandmates, with whom he'll tour the country this fall. He is trying harder to become a part of what he terms the "downtown music community." Later this month, he'll even play a live set of "experimental" music at the Knitting Factory. "The funny thing is, when I go out and do the whole kind of glam-scene thing, I don't have *nearly* as much fun as I should," he insists. "I'm a disaster, can't talk to anyone unless I've been introduced. I was like that at Brown, which is one of the reasons why having a group of friends like I did was so great—they did all the talking for me. But lately it's been great to get into conversations with people about mike stands and guitar rigs. I can't do that with my college friends."

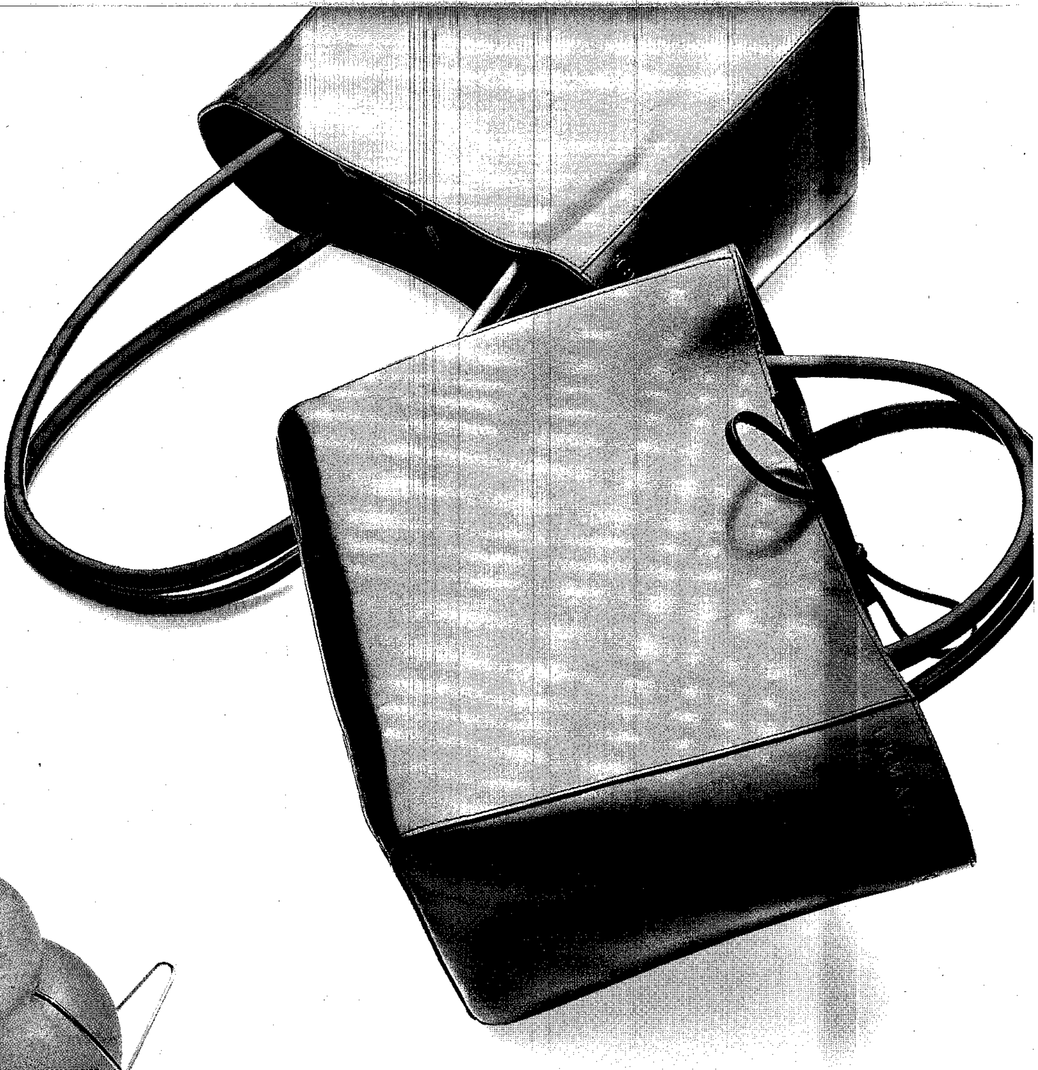
But large portions of both groups might not know quite how to react to what Sheik says could be a future project: musical theater. "I know, I know—it's a kiss of death," he admits. "But I'd love to develop a show. I've always had the idea that the genre could really be done well." He's a big fan of *West Side Story* and *Porgy and Bess.* "At the very least," he sighs, "no one will accuse me of being trendy." ■

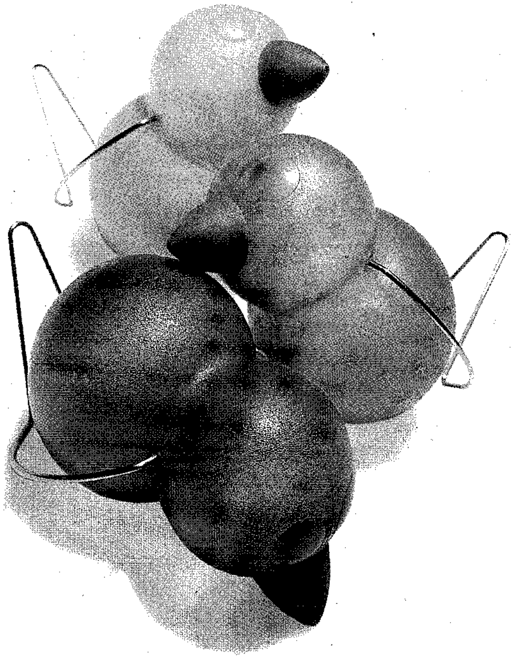
PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTHA CAMARILLO

Armani Interchangeable

Giorgio Armani has devised the perfect tote for the indecisive: It's a shoulder bag and a handbag. His tony leather totable has adjustable straps (interior leather loops hold them in place). Aware of life's minor vexations, he's also made it roomy enough to stash lunch, cell phone, PalmPilot, makeup, extra pair of shoes—all the essentials we need to get us through the day ($145).

A|X ARMANI EXCHANGE/*568 Broadway, at Prince Street, 431-6000; and 645 Fifth Avenue, at 51st Street/980-3037*





Soap Dish

Those versed in things kid-related know that—curiously—they love water, hate soap. Well Koziol (a German company) has come up with Salto, a soap dispenser shaped like a bird that makes washing-up fun: Tilt the nestling's plastic body and out comes a trickle of liquid soap. Salto comes in five jelly-bean colors with suction cups (and screws) for wall mounting ($18).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

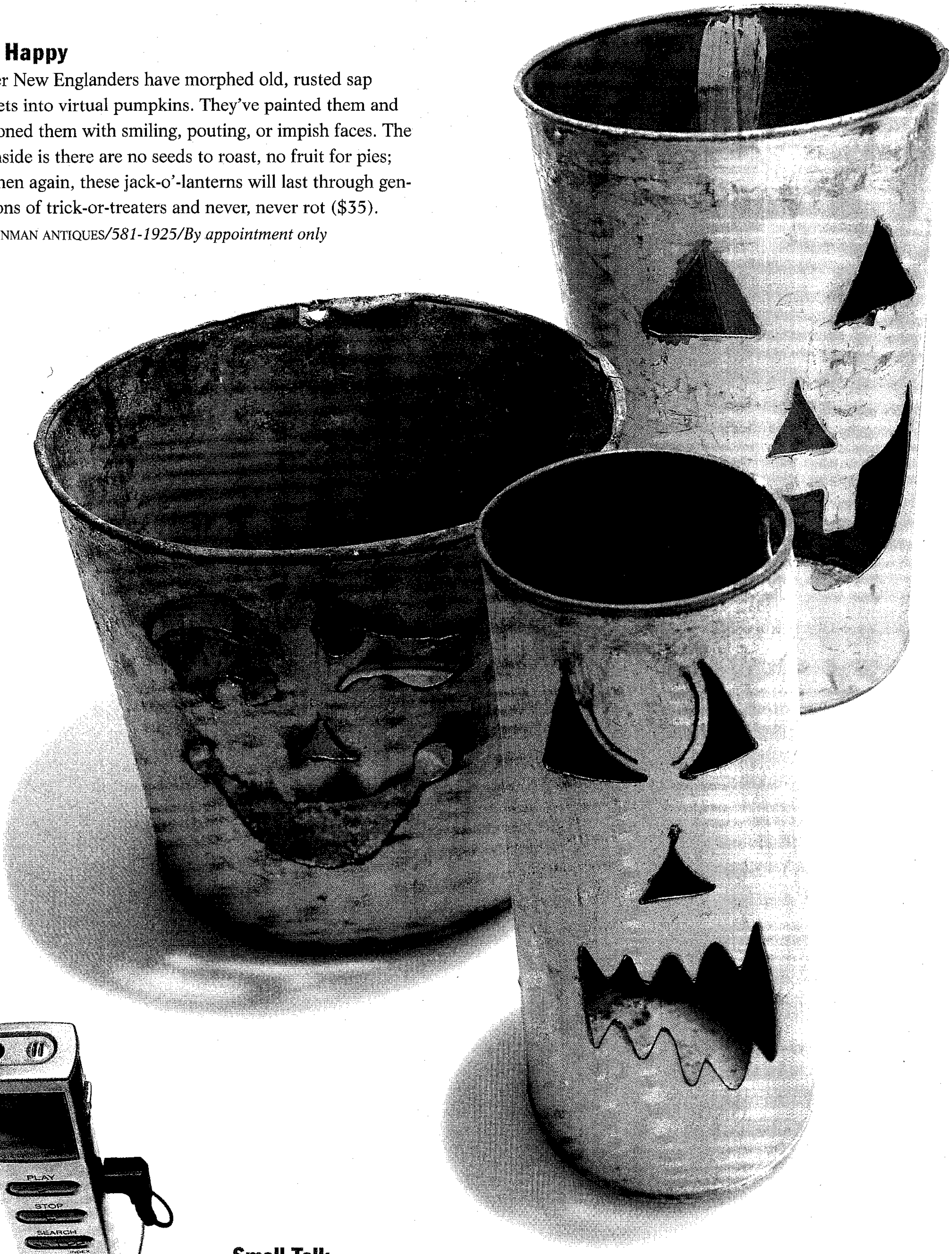
BY CORKY POLLAN

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Michael Grimm (3); Steve Wisbauer.

Sap Happy

Clever New Englanders have morphed old, rusted sap buckets into virtual pumpkins. They've painted them and fashioned them with smiling, pouting, or impish faces. The downside is there are no seeds to roast, no fruit for pies; but then again, these jack-o'-lanterns will last through generations of trick-or-treaters and never, never rot ($35).

THE TINMAN ANTIQUES/*581-1925/By appointment only*



MIC IN
PLAY
STOP
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60

Small Talk

Those original pen-size recorders were terrific for remembering an idea, a birthday, or an appointment as you waited for the subway. But Toshiba's new digital Voice Bar (though not much bigger and still shirt-pocket-size) lets you tape and play back a full 60 minutes of reminders, memos, conversations, lectures, whatever. There's a search-index function for quick and easy access to messages, adjustable volume controls, and an LCD screen ($129; 120-minute Voice Bar, $199.95).

CAPITAL AUDIO AND ELECTRONICS/*120 Duane Street/608-3720*

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Your Ship's Come In

We searched the seven seas for **fall's shore things** *and brought home a chest of treasures: Himalayan shawls, Nova Scotia salmon, and, of course, our* **world traveler's uniform.**

THIS FALL, INTREPID URBAN TOMBOYS are hoarding World War II–era pea coats, sailor pants, and boat-neck sweaters. As usual, fashion's top brass deliver the look in super-luxe fabrics at outrageous prices. Marc Jacobs's wool trousers are $830; Michael Kors's cashmere pea coat is $1,995.

You can also buy these regulation threads on the cheap. **Club Monaco**'s wool pea coat ($159) is just one piece from its bargain-priced nautical-chic collection. But the real fun comes when you make a day's worth of urban exploration out of the hunt. For a terrific overview of rare vintage militarywear, dip into **Kaufman's Army & Navy.** Pick up a pair of snug-fitting sailor pants ($40), and hem them to an inch above the ankle. For a minimalist take on the classic canvas deck shoe, grab a pair of tai chi slippers from **Pearl River Mart** ($5.95). Still need that department-store fix? A three-quarter-sleeve boat-neck **Three Dots** T-shirt ($40) will complete the look. *Kaufman's Army & Navy, 319 W. 42nd St. (757-5670). Three Dots at Barneys New York, 660 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (826-8900). Club Monaco, 160 Fifth Ave., at 21st St. (352-0936). Pearl River Mart, 277 Canal St. (431-4770).*

Language barrier: Pashmina on Mulberry Street.

The shipping news: Surplus style for a balanced budget.

This Week Only

Urban Outfitters' showroom sale is the ultimate teenage shopping thrill: tons of young, trendy sweaters, pants, T's, and more—all for so little money it's tempting to call this a giveaway. These women's samples are from the company's signature lines—Bulldog, Lucie, Co-operative, and Free People. Sizes are mostly 2–8, and everything is $5–$30. *Urban Outfitters, 209 W. 38th St. (302-7166); cash only; Thurs. 10–8, Fri. 9–7; 10/22–10/23.*

Language, a NoLIta shop renowned for its extraordinary collection of pashmina, heralds the onset of the fall chill with a first-time-ever sale of its exquisite wraps. Pashmina wool, culled only from the necks and bellies of Himalayan mountain goats, generates a softer—and pricier—shawl than regular cashmere. Knowing that Hermès and Barneys sell the same stuff for more, Alexandra Von Furstenberg and her friends pick up their pashminas at Language. Now that the most popular styles are 30 to 40 percent off, you can indulge here, too. Double-faced pure pashmina shawls in a wide range of colors were $395, now $240. Pashmina-and-silk blends were $395, now $275. *Language, 238 Mulberry St. (431-5566); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Thurs. till 8, Sun. noon–6.*

Joan's Needle Craft Studio is one of New York's few remaining resources for needlework materials and finishing. This week, hand-painted canvases are reduced by 20 to 50 percent. *Joan's Needle Craft Studio, 240 E. 29th St. (532-7129); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 11–6:45, Sat. till 6; 10/20–10/24.*

Shearling Selection coats are classic Spanish merinos sold in department stores nationwide. At the showroom, prices are about half off retail. Men's and women's sizes XS to L are $695–$1,495. *Shearling Selection, 224 W. 35th St., second floor (268-3844); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 9–5, Sat. 10–3; 10/19–11/30.* ■

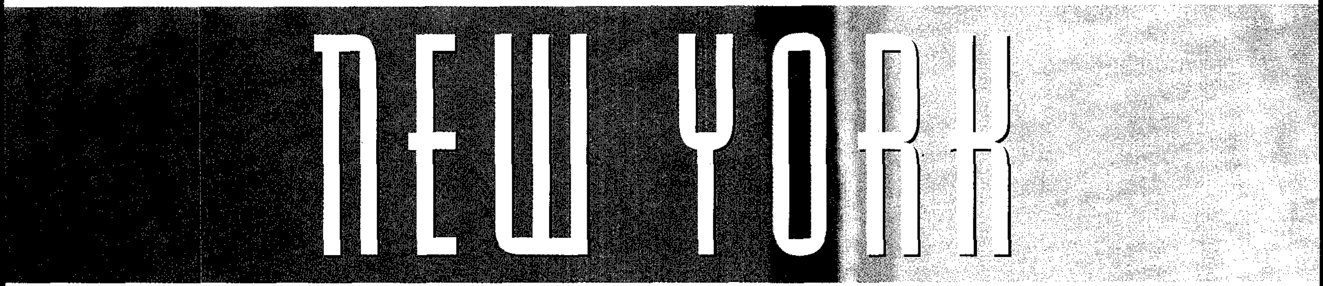
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Herring Aid

OUTRAGED BY THE $25 YOU PAY for a pound of Nova on the Upper West Side? For nearly 100 years, family-run wholesaler **Acme Smoked Fish** has prepared the top-quality sturgeon, salmon, whitefish, and pickled herring offered at Manhattan's best-known gourmet-food shops. On Friday mornings, the Williamsburg warehouse is open to the public, with prices about half what they are elsewhere. And when you can't make it to Acme's bare-bones digs in time for that special occasion, they'll FedEx orders of $100 or more. *Acme Smoked Fish, 30 Gem Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn; call for directions from Manhattan; for mail orders, speak with David Caslow (718-383-8585); cash only; Fridays 8–1.*

Photographs: top, Sang An; bottom, Shyama Patel.

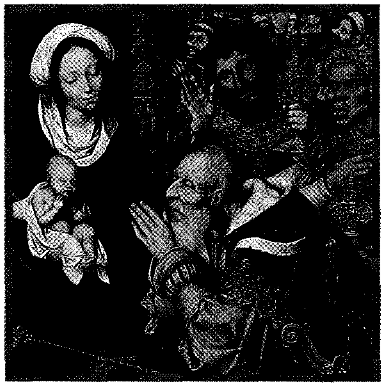


NEW YORK

Museums

With Rothko at the Whitney and Pollock due at the Modern, with jazz at the Guggenheim and Saturday night dancing at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, is it any wonder that museums are a hotter ticket than ever in New York?

This fall, the city with the richest collection of museums on earth will give you untold new reasons to see why culture works as entertainment and edification, and that goes for new and improved institutions beyond the city limits. Degas photos at the Met? Live butterflies and vodou chants at the Museum of Natural History? Who can stay away from New York's museums?

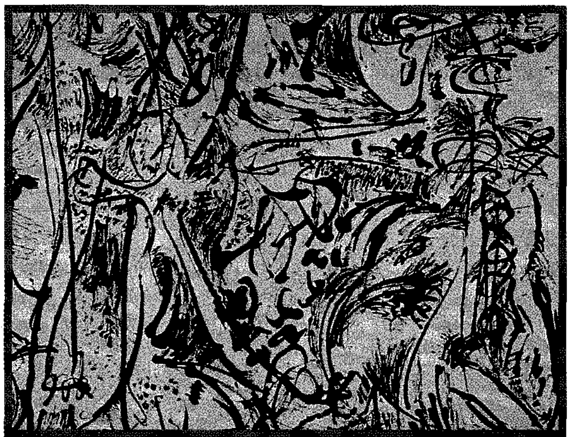


BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN Creative Services Director
CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA Editor
HARRY SEGAL Design Director
DAVID BUTWIN Writer
LORY CONKLIN Research

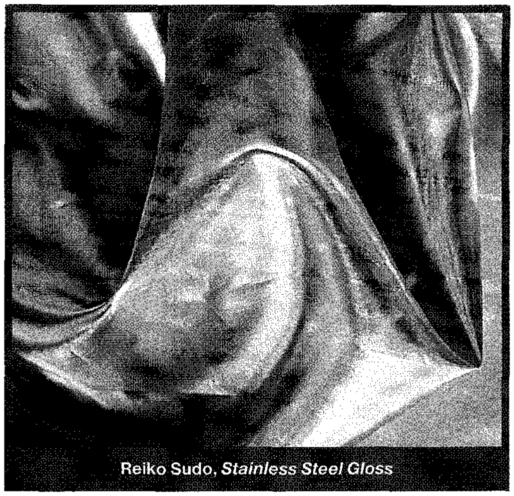
Top photo:Whitney Museum of American Art. Mark Rothko, *Untitled (Red, Black, Orange, Yellow on Yellow)*.
Bottom Photo: The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Quentin Massys, *The Adoration of the Magi*.

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

All roads will lead to MoMA in a few days when the long awaited Jackson Pollock show opens Nov. 1 (through Feb. 2). Any misconceptions of an artist too often characterized as "Jack the Dripper" will be cleared up by this first United States retrospective of his work since a MoMA exhibition in 1967. The 104 paintings, 50-odd works on paper, and three sculptures covering Pollock's entire career, will give new generations a slant on perhaps the most challenging and influential American painter of the 20th century.


Jackson Pollock, *Echo: Number 25, 1951*

"Jackson broke the ice," said Willem de Kooning of the man who heralded the coming of Abstract Expressionism in the late '40s and, more than any other painter, showed that American artists had caught, if not passed, the Europeans. Along with his classic "drip" paintings is a rarely seen 1943 "Mural," his first essay in wall-size work.


Reiko Sudo, *Stainless Steel Gloss*

On the heels of the Pollock opening, a major exhibition of contemporary Japanese textiles will arrive at MoMA Nov. 12 (through Jan. 26). In "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles," you'll see work by 25 of the most influential fiber artists, textile designers, and fashion designers active in Japan, men and women who are creating some of the most dynamic and ingenious artwork. Japanese designers have gone so far as to turn materials like polyester into magical surfaces with great finesse.

Also on view this fall (through Jan. 12) is MoMA's 14th annual New Photography series, featuring the work of Jeanne Dunning, Olafur Eliasson, Rachel Harrison, and Sam Taylor-Wood. From Nov. 19 through Feb. 2, MoMA will mount an exhibition of drawings, posters, paintings, and photographs highlighting Joan Miró's Black and Red Series, a recent landmark acquisition of eight 1938 etchings.

The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., 708-9400. Hours: Saturday to Tuesday and Thursday, 10:30 to 6 (closed Wednesday), Friday 10:30 to 8:30. Fridays 4:30 to 8:30, pay what you wish.

ASIA SOCIETY

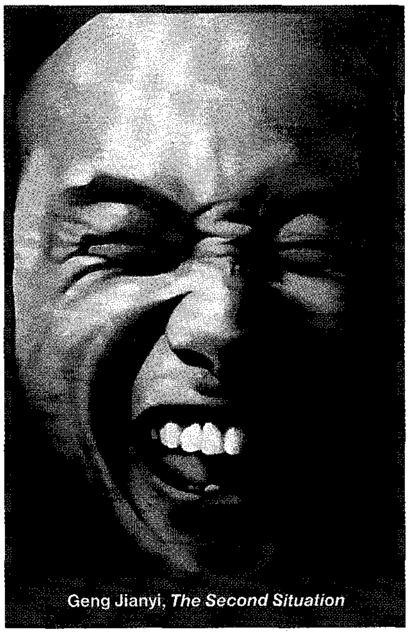
In its recent swing from contemporary to cutting edge, the Asia Society has opened a stunning exhibition, "Inside Out: New Chinese Art."

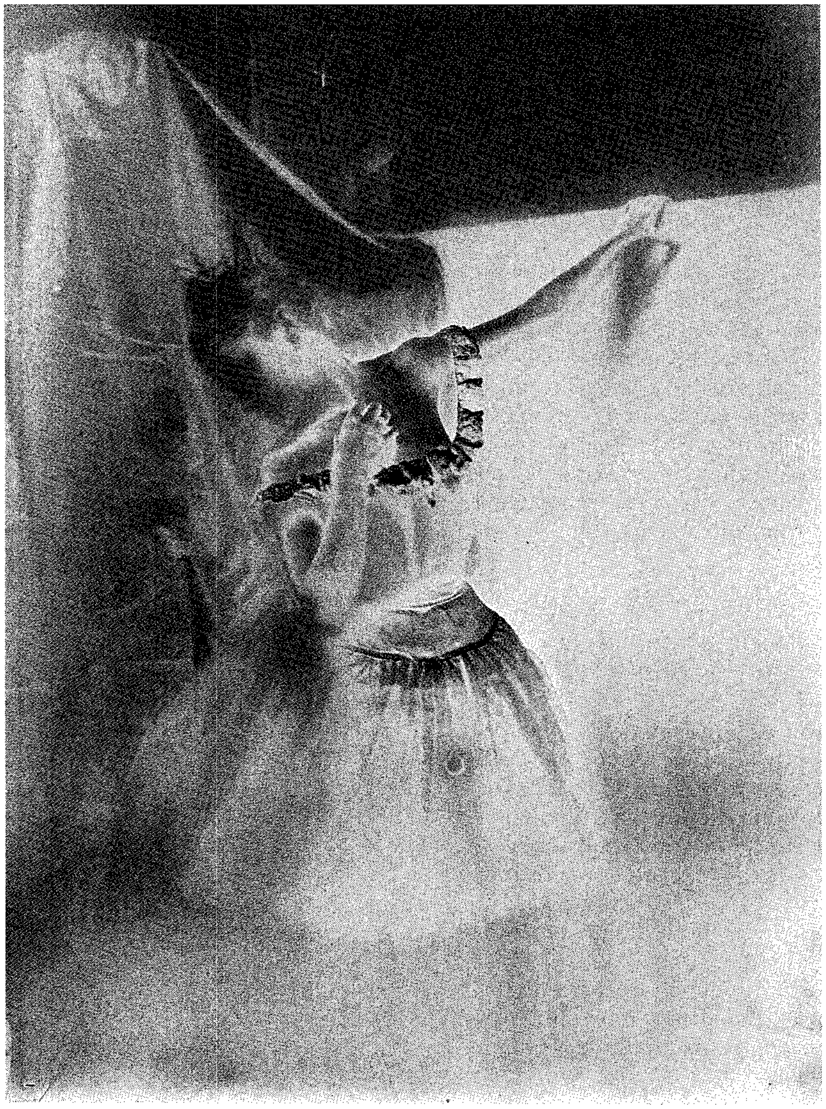
The more than 80 works on display, created since 1985 by artists in China, Hong Kong, Taiwan, and expatriate Chinese, react to the momentous social, economic, and cultural changes in the Chinese world in the late 20th century.

A number of new programs, including performances, symposia, author readings, and screenings are scheduled to coincide with the exhibition. For example, a Teahouse Series throughout the fall will showcase avant-garde performances, referencing the role of the Chinese teahouse as a gathering place for the intellectually and culturally adventurous. On Dec. 5, substance and good fun are sure to arise in the panel discussion, "Between the Sheets: Understanding the U.S.-China Relationship through Popular Culture."

"Inside Out: New Chinese Art" is organized by the Asia Society and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. In New York, it is presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center in Long Island City, through Jan. 3.

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. (at 70th St.), 517-ASIA. Hours: Tuesday-Saturday, 11-6, Thursday, 11-8, Sunday, 12-5.


Geng Jianyi, *The Second Situation*



Edgar Degas,
Dancer (Arm Outstretched),
late 1895 or 1896.
Gelatin dry-plate negative.
Bibliothèque Nationale
de France, Paris

Edgar Degas *Photographer*

October 9, 1998 – January 3, 1999

He is one of the most revered figures of 19th-century painting, yet an entire aspect of his work remains largely unknown. Aetna is pleased to sponsor this extraordinary exhibition of photography by Edgar Degas – works that reveal a hidden facet of the probing vision and restless creativity that produced some of the world's most beloved art.

M

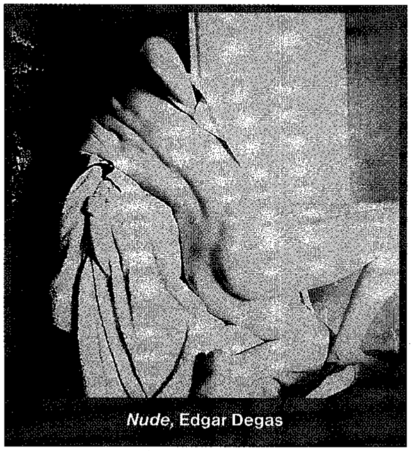
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
Open Friday and Saturday evenings until 9 p.m.
Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street – www.metmuseum.org

Made possible by

Ætna

nized by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The J. Paul Getty Museum, and the Bibliothèque Nationale de France in cooperation with the Musée d'Orsay.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART


Nude, Edgar Degas

Degas the photographer? *Mais oui!* It was in the mid-1890s that the giant of 19th-century painting briefly took up the camera. And, for the first time anywhere, the Met will exhibit all forty of his surviving major photographs from Oct. 9 through Jan. 3.

The extraordinary photographs by Degas are accompanied by a small number of paintings, pastels, and monotypes that shed light on what he was trying to capture by camera. Most of the photos were neither studies of nudes nor dancers but were carried out as independent works of art, nearly all of them figures including self-portraits and the artist's circle. Among the most riveting images are those directly related to his paintings and pastels, such as Nude Drying Herself that served as a basis for a major late canvas, After the Bath, Woman Drying Herself at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

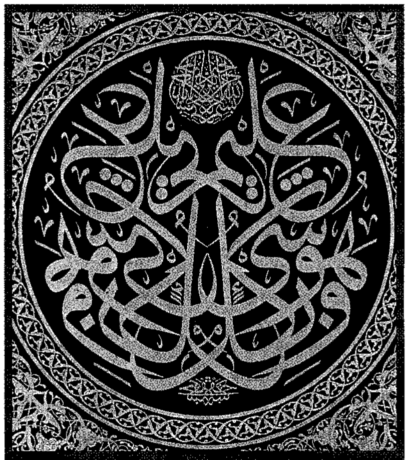
Degas took up the medium, in the summer and fall of 1895, with customary passion and originality, brushing off the standards of the portrait studio and the aesthetics of the "Photo-Club" artist to pursue his own goals. For example, he sought advice on how to make photographs just before nightfall, and at one point he tried to shoot at night—"but the moon moved."

Also this fall (through Jan. 3), the Met will, for the first time, exhibit its superb collection of Netherlandish art, the most comprehensive in the hemisphere. In "From Van Eyck to Bruegel" you will see more than 140 works from the years 1420 to 1560, an epoch of unprecedented and almost unparalleled achievement in Western art. All the seeds of evolution are here—the use of oil as the primary medium for expression, the naturalist depiction of the visible world.

Fall and early winter will also bring to the Met Dutch masters, Ottoman calligraphy, and early Tibetan paintings.

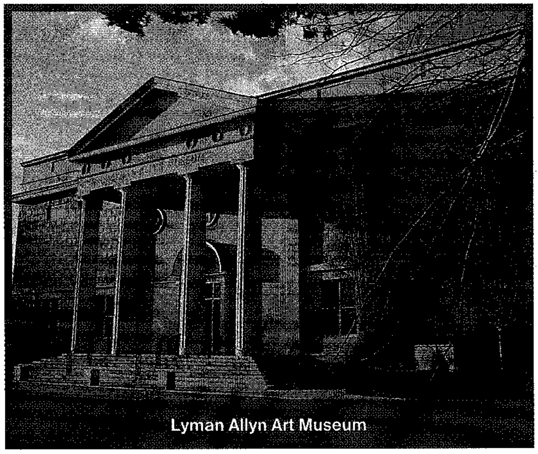
Some 70 priceless pieces of calligraphy from Turkey will be displayed through Dec. 13 in "Letters in Gold: Ottoman Calligraphy from the Sakip Sabanci Collection, Istanbul." Also, through Jan. 17, the Met will stage for the first time 60 of the finest known early paintings from Tibet, dating from the mid-11th to the mid-15th century.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. (at 82nd St.), 535-7710. Hours: Tuesday to Thursday and Sunday, 9:30 to 5:30, Friday and Saturday, 9:30 to 9.


Hasan Riza Efendi, *Levha*

LYMAN ALLYN ART MUSEUM

In its ongoing tilt toward contemporaneity, the Lyman Allyn will exhibit two fine, but overlooked New York artists in separate exhibitions this fall. Opened in 1932 and better known until recent years as a repository for 19th century landscapes and impressionist work, the white-columned Lyman Allyn has leaped forward in its views and sensibilities since the progressive Charles A. Shepard III came on board as director in 1996.


Lyman Allyn Art Museum

One new exhibition, "Stephen Lack: the Edge of Innocence," shows the changing and evolving work of a man born in Canada (and now a resident of Greenwich Village) who was formerly known as a colorist painter dwelling on scenes of '50s suburbs, and has since moved toward a different view of American society. Wendy Mark, also a New Yorker, is a monotype artist turning out her trademark small, one-of-a-kind images ranging from a square inch to 9" by 9", merging from landscapes into abstract subject matter in, "A New Shade of Blue."

The handsome neo-classical Lyman Allyn building stands across the road from the Coast Guard Academy and astride Connecticut College, with which the museum has long been affiliated.

Lyman Allyn Art Museum, 625 Williams St., New London, CT, 860-443-2545. Two to 2½ hours drive from New York, Exit 83 off I-95. Hours: Tuesday to Saturday, 10 to 5, Sunday 1 to 5.

Jackson Pollock

November 1, 1998 — February 2, 1999

"His paintings are like pulsing ropes of linear energy." – Kirk Varnedoe, Chief Curator, Department of Painting and Sculpture

Jackson Pollock. A titan among twentieth-century American painters. His work broke the ice for Abstract Expressionists, and marked a decisive step forward for modern art.

Don't miss this retrospective comprising more than 200 paintings, works on paper, and sculptures. It's the first full survey in the United States of the artist's career since 1967, and the most thorough look at his work *ever.* Catalogue and jazz CD are available.

This exhibition is made possible by NationsBank and BankAmerica. Generous support is also provided by The Henry Luce Foundation, Inc., The David Geffen Foundation, EXOR America (Agnelli Group), the Eugene V. And Clare E. Thaw Charitable Trust, TDI, and the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.

Jackson Pollock working on a painting on glass, November 1950. Frame from a color film by Hans Namuth and Paul Falkenberg.
© 1998 The Museum of Modern Art, New York, and Hans Namuth, Ltd.

MoMA The Museum of Modern Art 11 West 53 Street, New York (212) 708-9400 www.moma.org

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Vodou chants and flocks of live butterflies are filling the venerable halls of the American Museum of Natural History this fall.

An exciting exhibition (to run through Jan. 3), "Sacred Arts of Haitian Vodou," is the most comprehensive ever to explore the arts produced within the Afro-Caribbean religion. The focal point is a full replica of a vodou temple, videos of actual vodou ceremonies, recorded in Haiti and projected on the facade, and within, mannequins in ceremonial dress worshiping around the center pole (poto mitan) while outside three altars have been set up by a Haitian priest. The more than 500 objects on display include sequined flags, sacred bottles, beaded rattles, musical instruments, and art works by several important Haitian artists who drew inspiration from vodou including the great painter Hector Hyppolite (1894-1948).

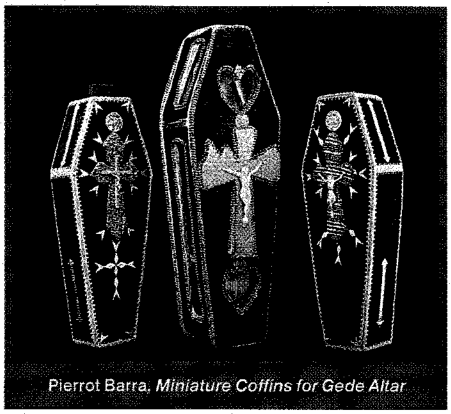

Pierrot Barra, *Miniature Coffins for Gede Altar*

Photo: Susan Einstein

From Nov. 7 through Feb. 28, more than 300 tropical butterflies will invade the Museum of Natural History, free to float and flit through a walk-in vivarium 62 feet long and 21 feet wide (imagine walking a wide alley from home plate to the pitcher's mound). Among the visiting flock, natives of Florida to Costa Rica, are the Swallowtails, Zebra Longwings, and Orange Surphur butterflies. Their temporary home recreates the butterfly habitat, with live flowering plants serving as nectar sources.

If you haven't seen it yet, the Museum's riveting Hall of Biodiversity which opened in May is an astonishing study of the diversity of Earth's living things. The bellwether of this new permanent hall is a recreated rain forest from the Central African Republic, which uses high-resolution imagery, video, sound, and yes, even smell to enwrap you in a habitat of astonishing reality. Animals seem to move through the forest, and lighting effects simulate the atmosphere at different times of day. In this land of make-believe exist more than 160 species of flora and fauna, and half a million leaves, each carefully wrought by hand. Also impressive, the Spectrum of Life is a 100-foot installation tracing 3.5 billion years of evolution with 1,500 mounted specimens and models.

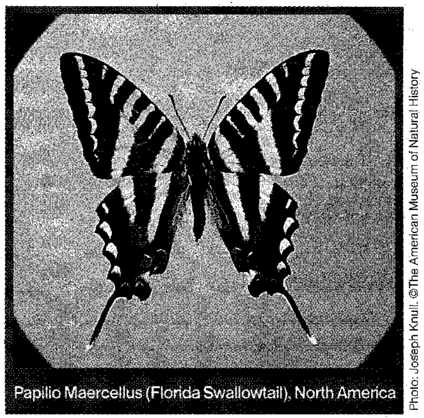

Papilio Maercellus (Florida Swallowtail), North America

Photo: Joseph Knull. ©The American Museum of Natural History

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West (at 79th St.), 769-5100. Hours: Sunday to Thursday, 10 to 5:45, Friday and Saturday, 10 to 8:45.

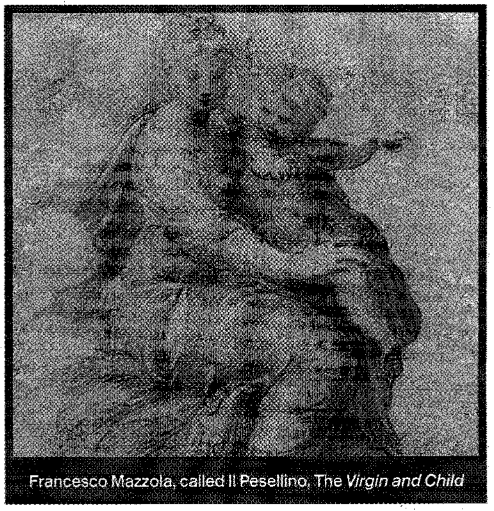
THE MORGAN LIBRARY

Kicking off its 75th anniversary this fall, the Morgan Library has just launched a major exhibition of master drawings from the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums in Russia. This will give many New Yorkers their first look at 120 western European drawings spanning the 15th to 20th centuries that show the depth and richness of Russia's two preeminent museums.

On view are nothing less than the masters of draughtsmanship—particularly Rubens, Greuze, Matisse and Picasso, but also Poussin, Bernini, Daumier, de Chirico, Modigliani, and Delaunay. Among the highlights are two miniatures on vellum by the 15th century Florentine, Pesellino; a cartoon for stained-glass window by Dürer; three sketches by Rembrandt, three works by van Dyck and a pen-and-ink drawing by van Gogh.

To highlight the exhibition in its only stop (through Jan. 10) and to accommodate more visitors, the Library will extend its evening hours on Fridays from 5 to 8 p.m., and during the new hours will present musical performances and lively gallery chats.

Later in this landmark year, the Library will display the renowned private collection of Sir Paul Getty. In "The Wormsley Library: A Personal Selection by Sir Paul Getty, K.B.E.,"


Francesco Mazzola, called Il Pesellino, The *Virgin and Child*

you'll see more than 100 extraordinary pieces Sir Paul has assembled over 25 years—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and historic bookbindings which have been housed in a splendid edifice built by Sir Paul in the English countryside, at Wormsley, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire. Included in the exhibition (Jan. 27 through May 2) are a 13th century Bestiary with wild and witty drawings and volumes of "Poems of Innocence and Experience" colored by William Blake.

Also due in the 75th year will be a new lunchtime lecture series called "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library" that will focus on such works as Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the journals of Thoreau; exhibition-related concerts featuring the work of Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky, another concert recreating an evening in the tradition of Catherine the Great. And there will be a screening of twenty classic films, including such Russian literary masterpieces as "Crime and Punishment," Henri-Georges Clouzot's "Mystery of Picasso," and Jean Cocteau's "Testament of Orpheus."

The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St., 685-0610. Hours: Tuesday to Thursday, 10:30 to 8, Friday, 10:30 to 8, Saturday, 10:30 to 6, Sunday, 12 to 6.

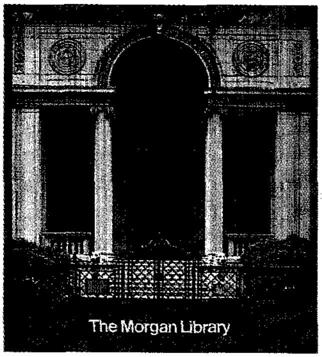
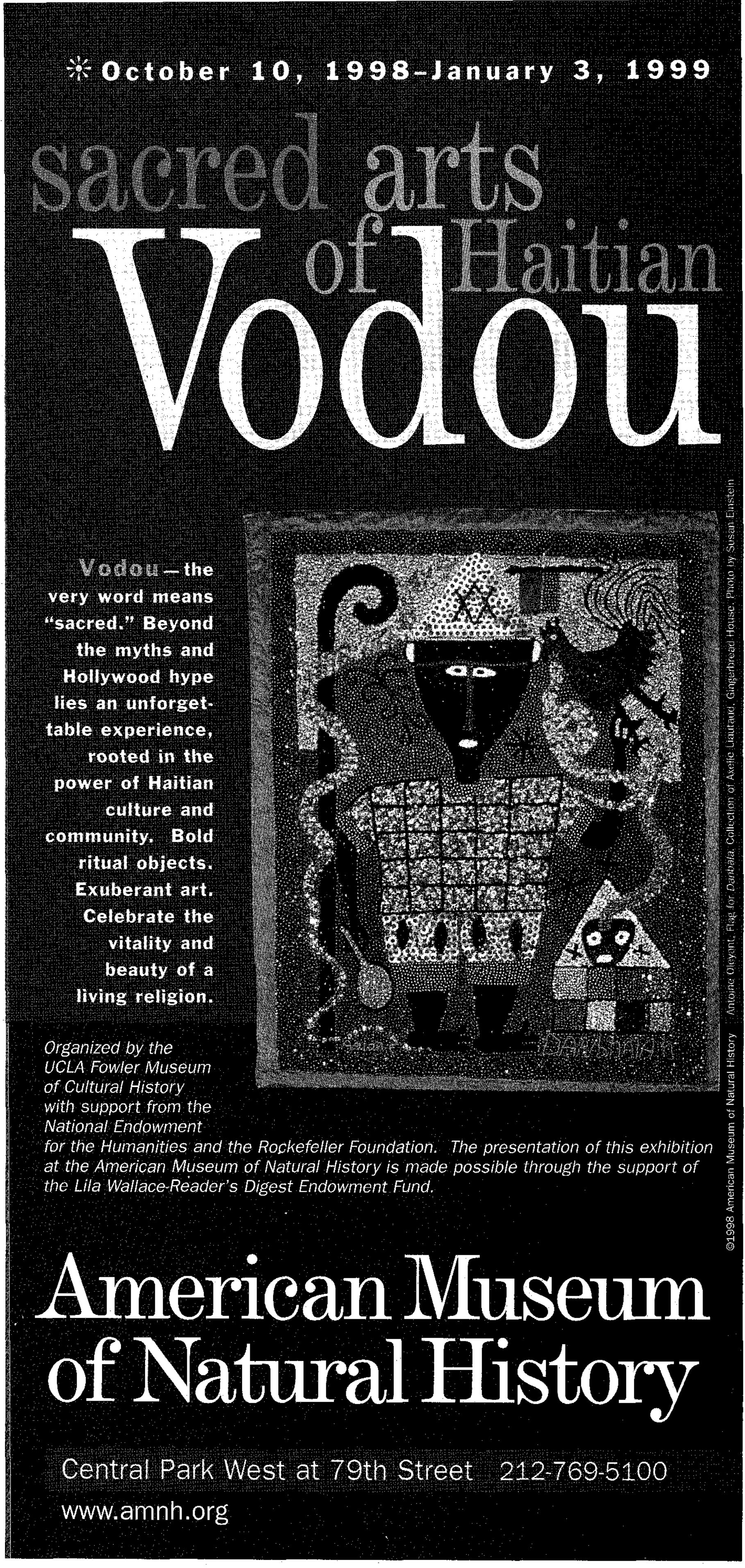


Photo: Todd Eberle


October 10, 1998–January 3, 1999

sacred arts of Haitian Vodou

Vodou—the very word means "sacred." Beyond the myths and Hollywood hype lies an unforgettable experience, rooted in the power of Haitian culture and community. Bold ritual objects. Exuberant art. Celebrate the vitality and beauty of a living religion.

Organized by the UCLA Fowler Museum of Cultural History with support from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Rockefeller Foundation. The presentation of this exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History is made possible through the support of the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Endowment Fund.

American Museum of Natural History

Central Park West at 79th Street 212-769-5100
www.amnh.org

©1998 American Museum of Natural History Antoine Oleyant, Flag for *Danbala*. Collection of Axelle Liautaud, Gingerbread House. Photo by Susan Einstein

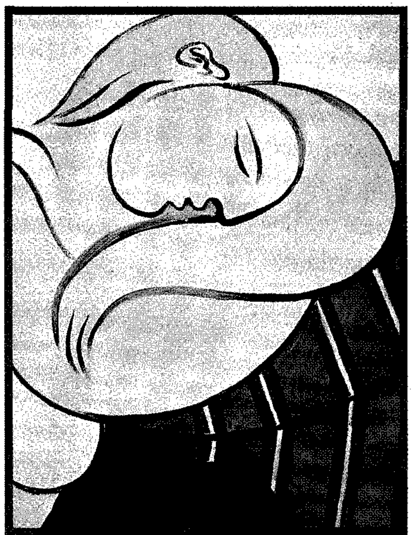
The French have landed at both Guggenheim museums this fall, and whether your thing is le cinema, le jazz hot, Matisse, or Dubuffet, you'll feel you have one foot in Paris, the other in New York. The more things change, the more that the New York and Paris art worlds stay the same.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

The overarching theme at the uptown Guggenheim is French-American union in art, and to that end they have mounted (from Oct. 16 through Jan. 24) a memorable exhibition, "Rendezvous: Masterpieces from Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." These splendid paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by such as Picasso, Max Ernst, Pollock, Joseph Beuys, Yves Klein) explore the relationship between Paris and New York, the two art epicenters of the 20th century, and the holdings of the two landmark museums. The Pompidou Center was able to send so vast a treasure because the museum, opened in 1977, is closed and undergoing major remodeling. You'll see that the two collections are remarkably similar and in many cases overlapping and complementary. With Kandinsky, Chagall, and Duchamp for example, one museum holds the preliminary study for the other's final painting.

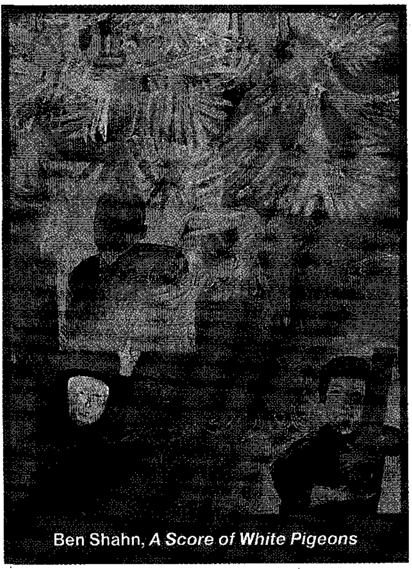
All through this period, and reflecting the trans-Atlantic dialogue of the exhibition, a WorldBeat Jazz series will perform Friday and Saturday evenings in the uptown Guggenheim. Flutist Jamie Baum in October, guitarist Raf Astor in November (and later saxophonist Dan Block and composer and drummer Chuck Zeuren) will fill the lobby and museum's upper reaches with sounds that reflect a bond between musician and trio. The Museum Café, which serves drinks and light refreshments during the performances, will celebrate the "Rendezvous" show with French wine tastings on Nov. 11 and Jan. 13.

Another fine Guggenheim-Pompidou collaboration will fill the three floors of the Guggenheim Museum SoHo. In "Premises: Invested Spaces in Visual Arts, Architecture, and Design from France, 1958-98," you'll see the works of such warhorses as Dubuffet and Le Corbusier but also a younger generation of artists and architects—Absalon and Thomas Hirschhorn, Patrick Berger, and Anne Lacaton—who haven't had a broad reception in the U.S.


Pablo Picasso, *Woman with Yellow Hair*

A highlight of the "Premises" exhibition (Oct. 16 through Jan. 31) is a film series that will explore the seminal period of French cinema from 1958 to 1998 with such classics as Cleo de 5 à 7 by Agnès Varda, Godard's Pierrot le fou, Tati's Playtime, and Rohmer's La Marquise d'O. The movies will be shown in the uptown Guggenheim's recently renovated 280-seat Peter B. Lewis Theater, beneath the museum's famous rotunda.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., 423-3500. Hours: Sunday to Wednesday, 10 to 6, Friday and Saturday, 10 to 8; Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway (at Prince St.), 423-3500, Sunday and Wednesday to Friday 11 to 6, Saturday, 11 to 8.


Ben Shahn, *A Score of White Pigeons*

©Estate of Ben Shahn/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY

THE JEWISH MUSEUM

All the artful beauty and social import of Ben Shahn's painting will be on display Nov. 8 when the Jewish Museum opens an uncommon exhibition, "Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn."

Commemorating the centenary of Shahn's birth, the more than fifty paintings, created between 1936 and 1965, focus mainly on his mature style as it evolved in the wake of World War II's trauma. It was a time when Shahn, disappointed with the limitations of Social Realist expression, turned to allegorical and biblical imagery to express more universal concerns.

Meantime, the Jewish Museum continues to commemorate Israel's 50th anniversary with a contemporary exhibition of Israeli art (through Jan. 3). The 72 works—paintings, photos, installation art, most created since the death of Yitzhak Rabin in 1995—demonstrate the diversity, energy, and creativity of Israeli art as it reflects the complexity of Israel today.

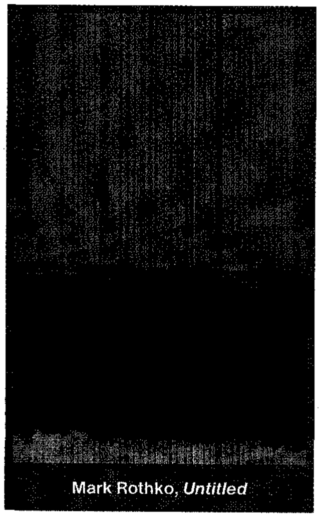
The Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. (at 92nd St.), 423-3200. Hours: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, 11 to 5:45, Tuesday, 11 to 8.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

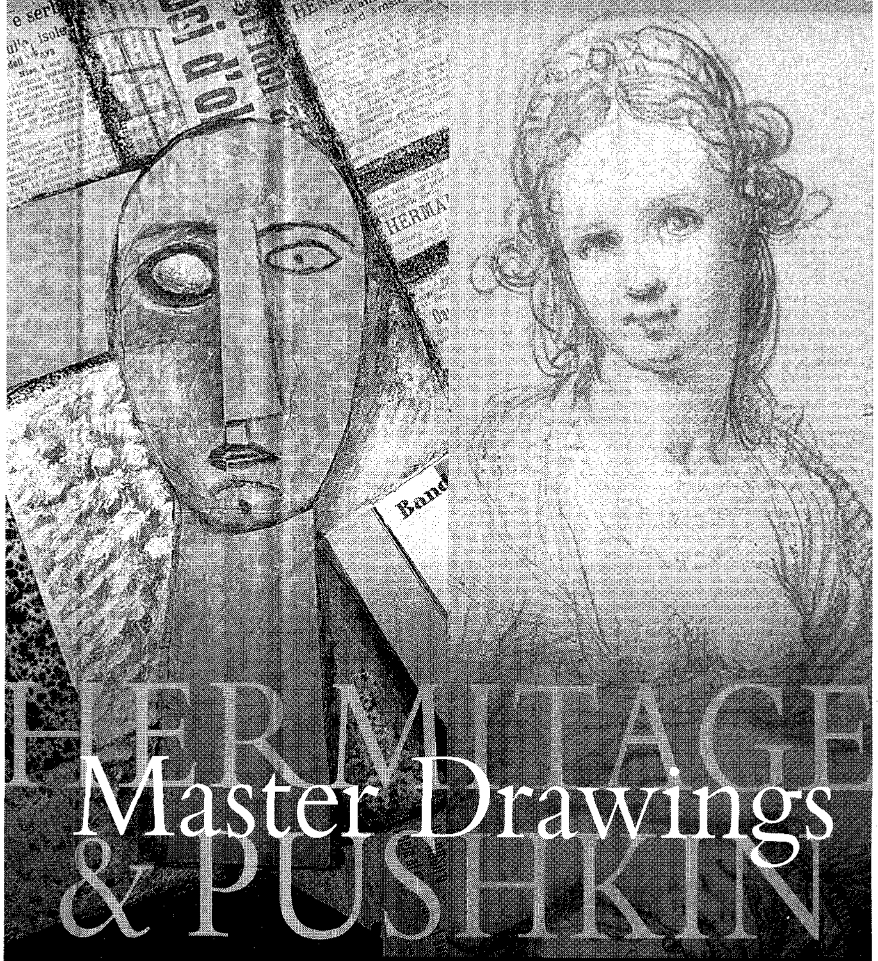
Mark Rothko and Duane Hanson, two American originals, nothing alike but equally evocative, are stirring things up this fall and winter at the Whitney. A comprehensive Rothko retrospective (until Nov. 29) traces the entire career of a man long recognized as a giant in American art, with special emphasis on his Surrealist and classic periods.

Rothko (1903-1970) and the Whitney go back to 1945, the first year in which he was exhibited in a Whitney Annual. A central figure in the development of postwar abstract painting in the United States, Rothko is best known for his unique use of color from ca. 1950 onward, paintings that are considered landmarks in the emerging New York School movement.

From Dec. 17 through March 21, the Whitney will roll out two dozen lifesize (and lifelike) sculptures by Duane Hanson. There is luminosity and at times darkness but also mirth in the work of Hanson



Mark Rothko, *Untitled*



HERMITAGE
Master Drawings
& PUSHKIN

September 25, 1998–January 10, 1999

A landmark presentation of 120 Western European drawings from the 15th through the 20th centuries. Here, in America for the first time, see masterworks—from Rembrandt to Picasso, Rubens to Matisse—from Russia's greatest collections.

Sponsored by J.P. Morgan

with additional support from the National Endowment for the Arts and Fay Elliott and an indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities

The MORGAN Library
29 East 36th Street, NYC 212-685-0610

75 YEARS
An American Masterpiece

New Extended Hours Friday evenings until 8 p.m. Music and drinks in the Garden Court.

Left: Carlo Dalmazzo Carrà (1881–1966), Composition with the Head of a Woman (detail), Pushkin State Museum of Fine Arts, Moscow, Inv. no. 10394 Right: Hendrick Goltzius (1558–1617), A Courtesan (detail), The State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg, Inv. no. 3742

CUE

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway? Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs? Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
How about dinner after the show? Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

CUE - The weekly guide to everything that's worth seeing and doing in the most exciting city in the world. See it every week in

NEW YORK MAGAZINE®

(1925-1996). Wry, humorous but realistic to the core, the Hanson figures are middle America at work and play: Rita the Waitress (1975), Young Shopper (1973), Tourists (1988). The Hanson process, cast from live models, then recreated in bronze or fiberglass resin, also incorporates actual clothing and objects in some cases. One of his last works, completed just before his death in 1996, Man on a Lawn Mower (1995), shows a figure seated on a lawn tractor holding a can of soda.

A third exhibition (until Jan. 3), a comprehensive survey of the late figurative expressionist painter Bob Thompson (1937-1966), displays more than 100 paintings and drawings of an African-American artist and enfant terrible whose work is lately being rediscovered.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison (at 75th St.), 570-3676. Hours: Wednesday, Friday through Sunday, 11 to 6, Thursday, 1 to 8.

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM

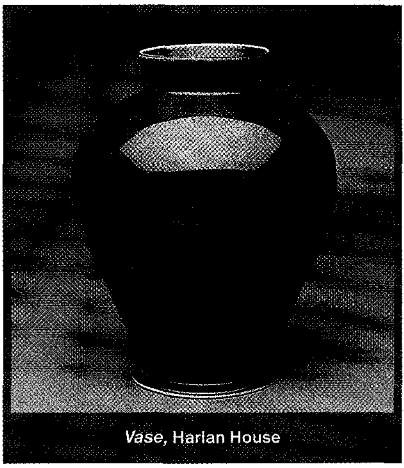
With Halloween on its mind and rare porcelain from Sèvres on the shelves, the American Craft Museum continues to show off a changing, eclectic, and broadening influence on the New York cultural scene.

Even as it mounts such impressive exhibitions as the "Transformation Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977-1996," showing the best of 21 Canadian craftspeople (through Jan. 3), the Craft Museum stresses its role as a hands-on institution, with appeal for families, children, and anyone interested in the wonders of craftmaking.

On Saturday, Oct. 31 from 1 to 3 p.m., children will come in costume and hear a wide array of scary tales told by storyteller Tammy Hall. A team of artists will help kids design and create their own masks and treat bags. As for adults, Jack Lenor Larsen—craftsman, weaver, writer, and craft advocate—will talk about his four decades of work in textile art and design on Nov. 12 from 6 to 7:30 p.m.

Next Jan. 14 (through May 2), a long-awaited exhibition, "Art and Industry: 20th Century Porcelain From Sèvres," will feature a selection of remarkable production works from a place that has set the standard of excellence in ceramic design, production, and craftsmanship for two centuries.

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St., 956-3535. Hours: Tuesday, Wedneday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, 10 to 6, Thursday to 8.

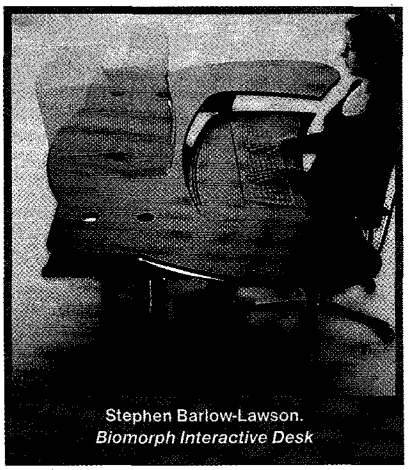


Vase, Harlan House

Photo: Harry Foster

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM

On the heels of a remarkable Disney exhibition which opened earlier this month, the Cooper-Hewitt will mount another major show next month, "Unlimited By Design," one celebrating fantasy, the other function.



Stephen Barlow-Lawson. *Biomorph Interactive Desk*

Photo: Dave Casteel

"Unlimited By Design" (running Nov. 17-March 21) will feature 150 objects of "universal design," a term created by the late architect and industrial designer Ron Mace who wanted things to work for everyone, no matter what their age, ability, or mobility. Some of the best solutions for universal access, including greater safety, comfort, and ease of operation are demonstrated in a series of full-scale interactive environments. This includes work and play spaces, kitchens, bathrooms, as well as hands-on displays of products. So everything from door handles to the preparation of a spaghetti dinner is on view.

Two special lectures will highlight the exhibition, one on Dec. 8, the other on Jan. 19.

Meanwhile an ongoing exhibition, "The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks," will run through Jan. 10, laid out in the Cooper-Hewitt in Disneyland style. In the introductory section, you view the 1930s evolution of Walt Disney's theme park idea, then you move to "Main Street, U.S.A." which displays original models of Disneyland's Main Street, and on to Fantasyland which examines the architecture of fantasy that grew out of the settings of Disney's animated movies.

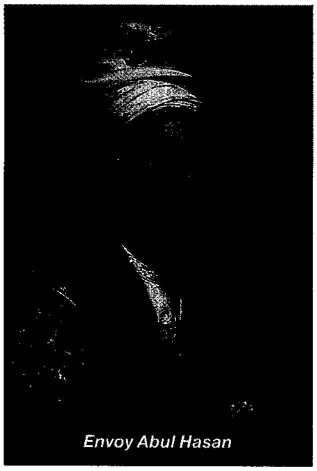
Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91 St., 849-8400. Hours: Tuesday, 10 to 9, Wednesday through Saturday, 10 to 5, Sunday 12 to 5.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART

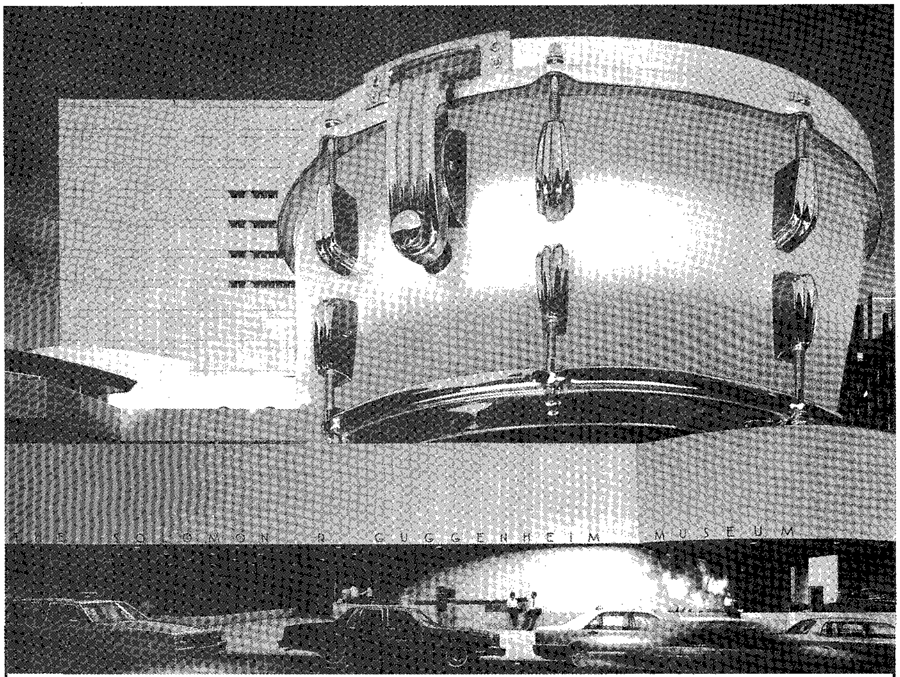
Royal Persian art, Japanese fashion, and Saturday night dancing for patrons are three good reasons to visit the ever-evolving BMA this fall.

In a new series called "First Saturdays" (the first Saturday of each month) the museum will stay open an extra five hours. There will be daytime programs aimed at families. Early evening begins artist-led gallery tours, film, and live performances. At 6 p.m. there will be soft drinks and cocktails served at a cash bar in the Grand Lobby, with live music by small ensembles lasting until 9. From 9 to 11p.m. the dance bands take over, playing everything from salsa to swing.

Plucked from a wide assortment of prominent galleries and museums, the exciting exhibition, "Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch," will run from Oct. 23 through Jan. 24. The 100-odd works, ranging in size from miniatures to a painted ceiling of 9 by 22 feet, open a window onto the imperial and daily life of a vanished culture which lasted from 1785 to 1925.



Envoy Abul Hasan



WORLDBEAT JAZZ

AT THE GUGGENHEIM

Enjoy jazz and cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda, Friday and Saturday nights 5-8pm. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue (at 88th Street). Information: 212 423-3500

Museum of American Folk Art

Tuesday–Sunday 11:30–7:30

Closed Monday

Admission Is Free

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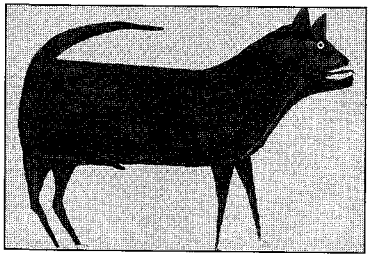
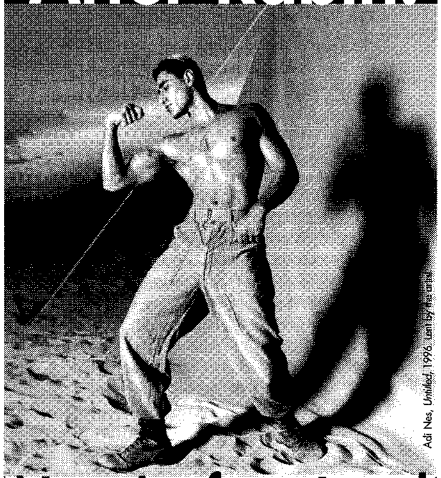
Museum Shop is open 7 days
Monday 11–6:00
Tuesday–Sunday 11–7:30



Columbus Avenue between
65th and 66th Streets NYC
212/595-9533

After Rabin:



Adi Nes, *Untitled,* 1996. Lent by the artist

New Art from Israel

Through January 3, '99

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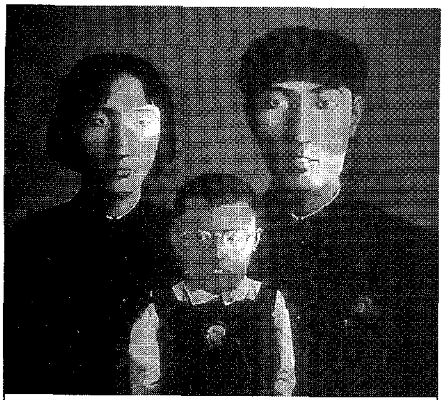
NYC 212.423.3200
www.thejewishmuseum.org
Under the auspices of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America



Zhang Xiaogang, *Bloodline: Family Portrait No. 2*, 1994.

Inside [out]
NEW CHINESE ART

Over the last decade, the Chinese world—China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan—has exploded with artistic energy. A major exhibition, cutting-edge performances, and premieres explore the social and artistic challenges that have ignited this renaissance.

Exhibition

Inside Out: New Chinese Art

Through Jan. 3 Installation, ink, oils, video and performance—remarkable works by Chinese artists grappling with the tensions between modernity and tradition, globalization and local identity. At the Asia Society and P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center.

Performance

Empty Tradition/City of Peonies

Oct. 28-31, 8pm; Nov. 1, 7pm

A world premiere collaboration between Chinese choreographer Yin Mei, installation artist Xu Bing, and Indonesian composer Tony Prabowo. With the New Jakarta Ensemble, vocalist Liu Sola, and martial artist Shi Hengxin of the Shaolin Monastery.

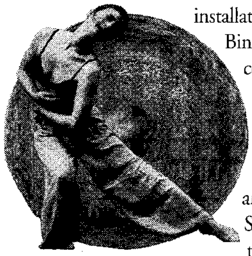


Photo of Yin Mei by Michael Dames.

Inside Out: New Chinese Art is organized by the Asia Society and San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. The exhibition and related programs are funded with major grants from **The Starr Foundation; National Endowment for the Arts;** the **Council for Cultural Affairs, Taiwan; The Rockefeller Foundation;** and **The W.L.S. Spencer Foundation.**

Empty Tradition/City of Peonies is made possible by grants from the **Meet The Composer/International Creative Collaborations Program,** in partnership with the **Ford Foundation; The Starr Foundation; National Endowment for the Arts; The Rockefeller Foundation;** and the **Asian Cultural Council.**

Asia Society

725 Park Avenue at 70th Street
New York City · 212.517.ASIA
www.asiasociety.org

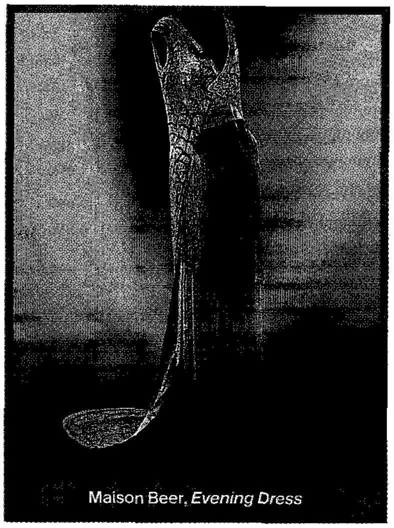
Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel, *Day Ensemble*

The Qajar's major artistic achievement was the flowering of life-size figural painting—an anomaly in a culture that generally forbids human representation.

Opening Nov. 20 (through Feb. 14), a dazzling exhibition, "Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West," will explore the influence of Japanese art and design on western fashion. While it's known that Japanese art influenced avant-garde western painting and decorative arts in the second half of the 19th century, this is the first large-scale show illustrating the impact of Japonism—the assimilation of Japanese aesthetic principals—on fashion. You'll see 19th century Japanese ornamentation and fabric in European and American garments, early 20th century tea gowns and opera coats borrowing from the kimono, the '50s "Noh" coat, and '60s caftans printed with Japanese floral motifs made for rich hippies.

On the winter horizon, the BMA will present 106 photographs of American realist Lewis Wickes Hine (1874-1940) from Dec. 18 through April 4. Hine is best known for his portraits of the working class and rural poor in the first third of the century, but there are also riveting images documenting the construction of the Empire State Building, carried out only after he had lugged his gear to the 100th floor and suspended himself from the girders in a basket.

Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, NY, 718-638-5000. Hours: Wednesday through Friday, 10 to 5, Saturday, 11 to 6, Sunday, 11 to 6. Except first Saturday each month, 11 to 11.

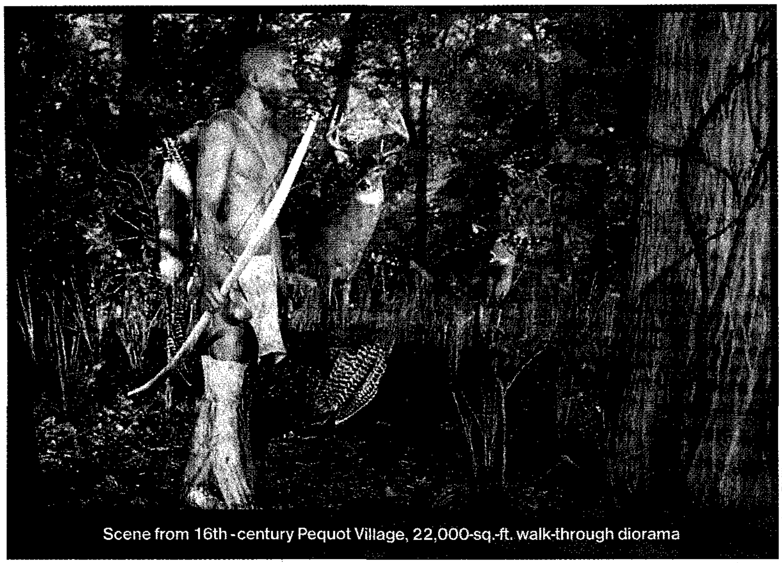


Maison Beer, *Evening Dress*

MASHANTUCKET PEQUOT MUSEUM
AND RESEARCH CENTER

Fresh from an August opening, and an immediate hit with families, the sprawling new museum in southeast Connecticut illustrates some 18,000 years of native and natural history in dramatic walk-through fashion.

The centerpiece of the handsome five-story building, on the Mashantucket Pequot reservation, is a half-acre indoor recreated Pequot village dating back to 1550. There are 13 wigwams (some you can walk through), 50 figures posed in active daily life, and behind it all an ever-changing computerized sound system that registers the cries of overflying geese, warblers, turkeys, gulls, and of course, natives speaking



Scene from 16th-century Pequot Village, 22,000-sq.-ft. walk-through diorama

Photo: Allen Phillips

in Algonquin. Another popular diorama depicts a caribou hunting scene from 11,000 years ago, complete with lifelike hunters, a rushing stream, and the sound of wolves nearby. The restaurant features different native American food each month and the museum shop is abrim with original contemporary Indian arts and crafts.

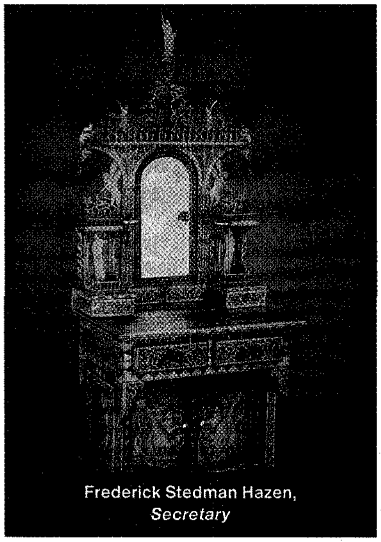
Mashantucket Pequot Museum and Research Center, 110 Pequot Trail, Mashantucket, CT (off Rte. 2, 7 miles from Mystic), 860-396-6800. Hours: Daily 10 to 7.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART

Diversity continues to be the hallmark of the Museum of American Folk Art, right down to the one-of-a-kind items in its cozy gift shop.

This fall (through Jan. 10), the museum will stage the first full-scale study of American folk marquetry, a popular art form in the last half of the 19th century. This centuries-old technique of ornamenting wood surfaces with an overlay of wood veneer pieces in puzzle-like patterns has never been studied and catalogued before, and marquetry makers were unknown. "Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry from the Hirschhorn Foundation" displays marquetry detail in chairs, tables, boxes, clocks, gameboards.

From traditional to contemporary, the museum on Jan. 16 (through May 16) will mount, "Ninety-Nine and a Half Won't Do," the works of Nellie Mae Rowe (1900-1982), a self-taught African-American artist from Vinings, Georgia. Rowe's work includes chewing gum sculpture, whimsical dolls, drawings, installations of found objects, and photo



Frederick Stedman Hazen, *Secretary*

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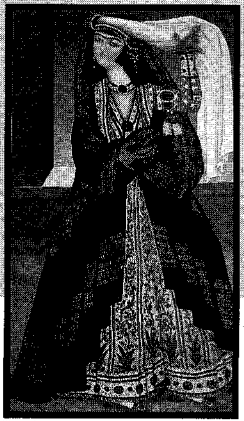
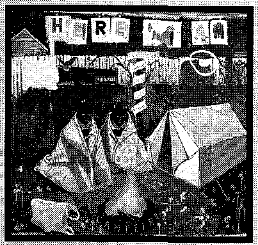
BMA

A provocative commentary. An opulent display. A really nice wardrobe.


Woman with a Veil: the Hashem Khosrovani Collection of Qajar Art, London



Kerry James Marshall, Campfire Girls: Collection of Dick Anderson, Kansas City, MO

Al-Home Gown with Chrysanthemums and Butterflies: Gift of Maxine Hermanos

Royal Persian Paintings
The Qajar Epoch 1785 – 1925
October 23 – January 24
The first major exhibition to explore the opulent visual arts in Persia during this dynasty.

Kerry James Marshall
Mementos
September 11 – November 29
A provocative multimedia commentary on African-American life, by an artist whose work has been featured in The Whitney Biennial and Documenta.

Japonism in Fashion:
Japan Dresses The West
November 20, 1998 – February 14, 1999

Works like these may be worlds and centuries apart, but this fall they come together at one of America's greatest museums: The Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Royal Persian Paintings made possible in part by the National Endowment for the Humanities; and by Massoumeh and Fereydoun Soudavar in memory of their sons, Alireza and Mohammad. Major support: The Hagop Kevorkian Fund, National Endowment for the Arts, The Rockefeller Foundation, the Aryeh family and Hashem Khosrovani. • Kerry James Marshall: Mementos organized by the Renaissance Society at the University of Chicago, where it was sponsored by the SARA LEE FOUNDATION. • Japonism in Fashion co-organized by the Kyoto Costume Institute and Brooklyn Museum of Art in conjunction with the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Promotional support by Wacoal America.

BMA

200 Eastern Pkwy at Prospect Park
Wed-Fri 10am-5pm / Sat 11am-6pm / First Sat each month until 11pm / Sun 11am-6pm
IRT 2 or 3 to Eastern Pkwy/Brooklyn Museum. On-site parking
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Brooklyn Museum of Art

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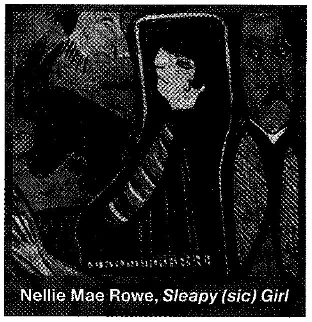
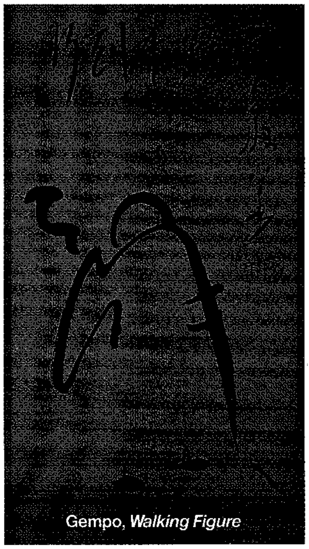

Nellie Mae Rowe, *Sleapy (sic) Girl*

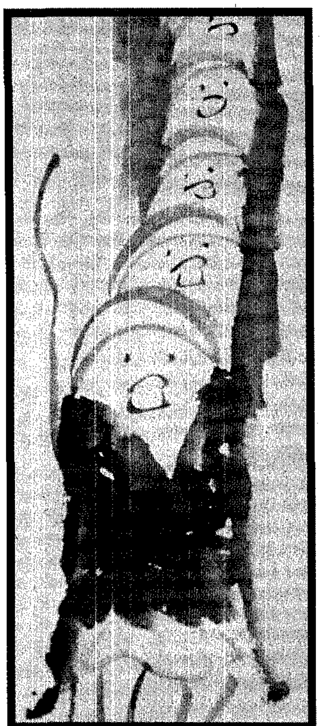
collages. Just in time for the holidays, the museum shop is full of handmade Santas and dolls, fold-up lollipop trees, peppermint cats, and more than 300 ornaments using gourds, oyster shells, and fabrics made by craftspeople across the United States.

Museum of American Folk Art, Eva and Morris Feld Gallery, 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue (bet. 65th and 66th sts.), 595-9533. Hours: Tuesday Sunday, 11:30 to 7:30.

JAPAN SOCIETY

Zen art is alive and well and evolving, and a splendid display by its best Japanese practitioners, will open Nov. 19 at the Japan Society Gallery. In "The Art of Twentieth-Century Zen:


Gempo, *Walking Figure*

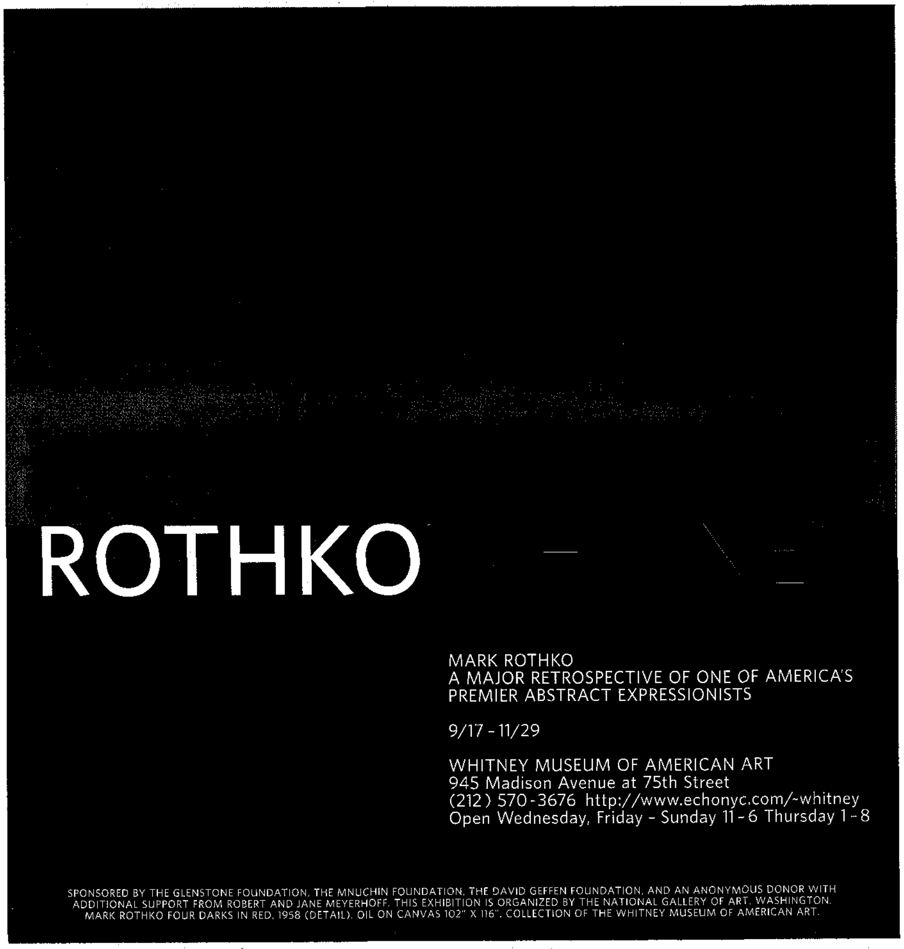


Deiryu, *Begging Monks (detail)*

Paintings and Calligraphy by Japanese Masters" you'll see some 70 objects—folding screens, hanging scrolls, fan paintings, tea utensils—by Japan's greatest modern Zen masters. It is the first survey exhibition in the U.S. of these masters, and the first stop on a major national tour. One of the artists, Fukushima Keido, the living grand abbot of Tofuku-ji, will present a lecture and calligraphy demonstration at the Japan Society.

March 11 (through June 6), the gallery's newly appointed director, Alexandra Munroe, will bring another top-notch exhibition to the Japan Society, an exploration of the history and tastes of American collections of Japanese and East Asian art. The fifty-some masterpieces will particularly bring to light the rich and long tradition of private collections in the New York area.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St., 832-1155. Hours: Tuesday to Sunday, 11 to 5.



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BMW Manhattan, New York, NY
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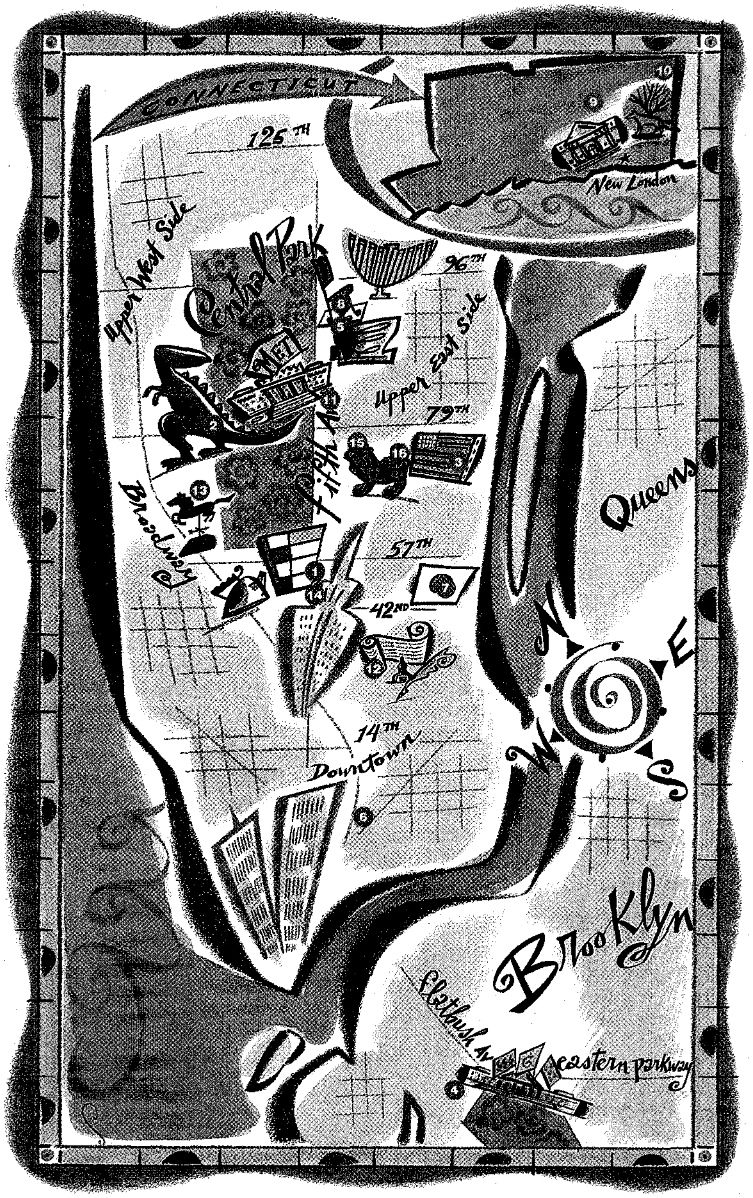

① **American Craft Museum**
40 West 53rd Street, New York, NY
212-956-3535

② **American Museum of Natural History**
Central Park West (at 79th St.)
212-769-5100

③ **Asia Society**
725 Park Avenue (at 70th St.), New York, NY
212-288-6400

④ **Brooklyn Museum of Art**
200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, NY
718-638-5000

⑤ **Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum**
2 East 91st Street, New York, NY
212-849-8400

⑥ **Guggenheim Museum SoHo**
575 Broadway (at Prince St.)
New York, NY
212-423-3500

⑦ **Japan Society**
333 East 47th Street, New York, NY
212-832-1155

⑧ **The Jewish Museum**
Fifth Avenue, (at 92nd St.) New York, NY
212-423-3200

⑨ **Lyman Allyn Art Museum**
625 Williams Street, New London, CT
860-443-2545

⑩ **Mashantucket Pequot Museum and Research Center**,
110 Pequot Trail, Mashantucket, CT
860-396-6800

⑪ **The Metropolitan Museum of Art**
Fifth Avenue (at 82nd St.), New York, NY
212-535-7710

⑫ **The Morgan Library**
29 East 36th Street, New York, NY
212-685-0610

⑬ **Museum of American Folk Art**
2 Lincoln Square, New York, NY
212-595-9533

⑭ **The Museum of Modern Art**,
11 West 53rd Street, New York, NY
212-708-9400

⑮ **Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**
1071 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY
212-423-3500

⑯ **Whitney Museum of American Art**
945 Madison Avenue (at 75th St.) New York, NY
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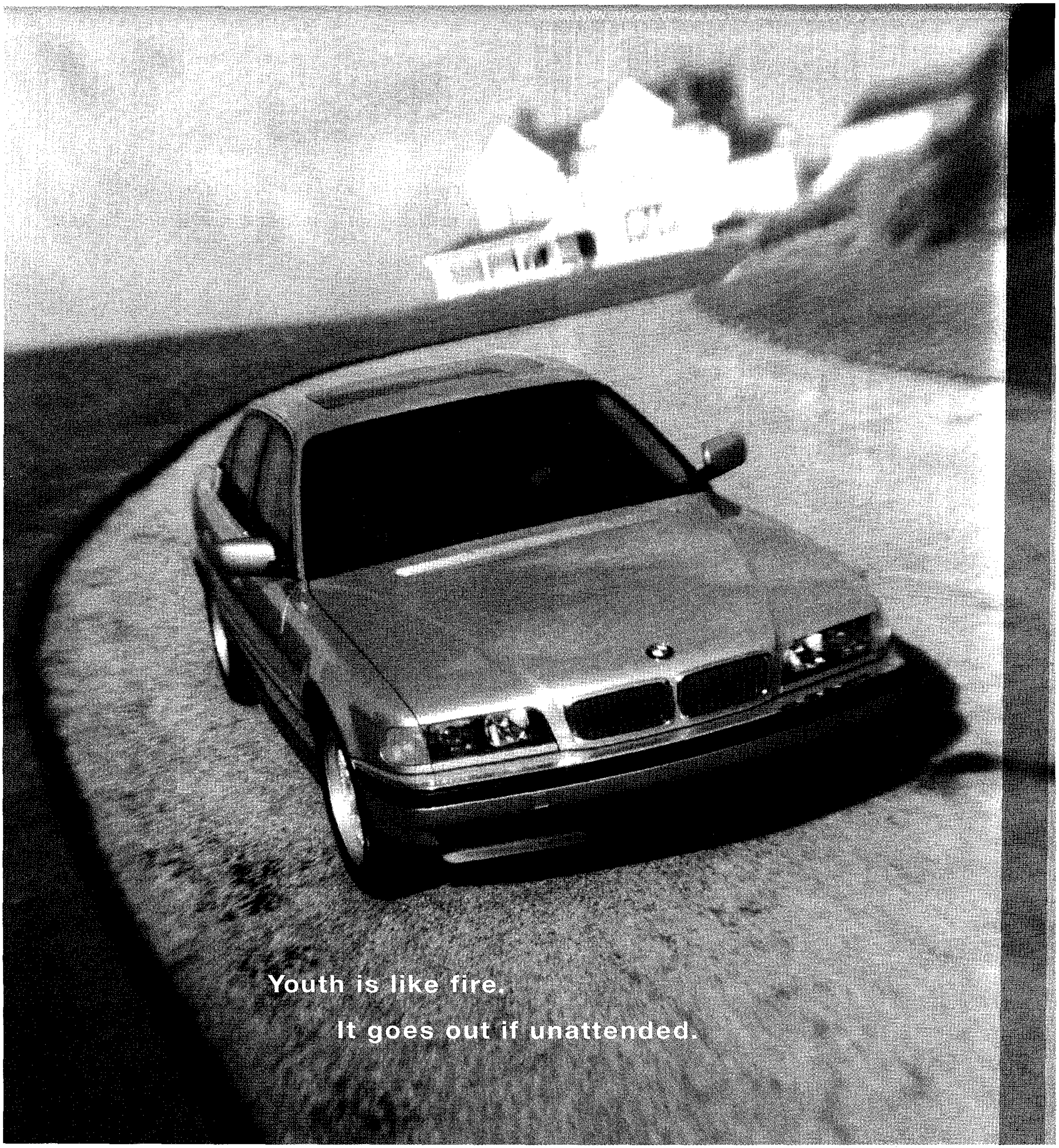
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STANLEY CROUCH

Soap Oprah

Though Jonathan Demme's 'Beloved' is too faithful to Toni Morrison's sisterhood-is-powerful novel, Oprah Winfrey is memorable as an ex-slave haunted by the past.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN POSSIBLE TO MAKE A GOOD movie from a bad book, which is not what happened with **Beloved** but *could* have. Since Oprah Winfrey is never less than a sequoia of humanity, since Danny Glover is capable of whatever might be asked of him, and since Thandie Newton gives an astonishingly original performance, a good script and the right director might have triumphed over Toni Morrison's willfully gothic merging of tanning-salon Holocaust tale, self-help homilies, and *The Exorcist.* The film is both too faithful to all of the book's shortcomings and utterly lacking in the spiritual depth that it, like Morrison's story, really only pretends to have. Spiritual grandeur in the face of heartbreak and injustice makes the Negro, as Richard Wright pointed out, America's metaphor. What we get in this film, by contrast, is less a humbling recognition of the complexities of slavery and its aftermath than a sticky New Age mess of uncleaned chitlins.

Ghost story: Winfrey, flanked by Kimberly Elise and Thandie Newton, in *Beloved.*

Photograph by Ken Regan/Camera 5.

In telling the story of *Beloved,* the film attempts to layer on elements from its heroine's past in imitation of Morrison's overwrought imitation of Garcia Marquez and William Faulkner, neither of whom translates very well to the screen. Their densely lyrical rhetoric cannot be replicated visually; it lives too much in the mind of the reader, where all the filling-in is done by the person moving from sentence to sentence, expanding the images out into the realm of myth. A film director has to have a comparably mythic vision, one that is cinematic and not dependent on a literal reading of the text. That is where Jonathan Demme swings the wrecking ball into his own edifice. He makes the same mistakes Morrison did.

The director uses differently developed film for high MTV contrasts, as well as extremely quick intercutting flashbacks like those popularized by Sidney Lumet's *The Pawnbroker,* which is about bitter Holocaust guilt and, like *Beloved,* the psychological havoc wrought by memories of helplessness. We are shown snippets of what is ailing Sethe, the matriarch who escaped from plantation bondage and killed one of her female babies rather than allow the infant to be taken back into slavery. We are also given brief horrific images of chattel life that bear an interesting relationship to Lumet's film, where we see the day the Nazis came and took the family, the loss of a child in a boxcar on the way to the concentration camp, the beatings, and the father having to witness a Nazi rape his wife.

Similar horrors are also the staples of Negro victimization fiction. Such outsize periods of darkness, over there *or* over here, demand extraordinary artistry to avoid the melodramatic or the shrill, to avoid trivializing such heightened suffering. So the opportunity provided by making a film of *Beloved* was monumental: Here was a chance to bring the humanity and the pain of the slave experience and the post-slave experience into the world of art. And indeed, there are more than a few moments when just such a transformation takes place, just as there are in the novel. But as in the fiction itself, these moments never last long enough to overcome the lightweight core not of the tale, but of the teller.

Everything that takes place in *Beloved* exists so that by the end Sethe can be saved from the domineering ghost by a vision of Negro female solidarity—all blown up into a three-hour, New Age revelation message. Sethe, portrayed by Winfrey with a face that is classically masklike in its constancy of sorrow, is told that the best thing she ever produced was *not* the child she murdered, whose vengeful shade has finally been exorcised, leaving her catatonically broken and alone. No, her most splendid creation, she is told, is, of course, herself, to which she responds, "Me . . . me . . . me . . ." Thus slavery and the human suffering that attended it, and continued once it was over, are made no more than a vehicle for a simpleminded, self-help conception of human transcendence. I murdered my baby child but I got *me.*

Along the way to this epiphany, every point is made over and over, yet Demme never allows the past to have an actual presence in the film. We are never really shown the father of Beloved, which is the catchy name of the ghost girl; he zips by so quickly that his significance to this story doesn't add up or transfer the power of Sethe's memory and feeling to the viewer. As if to underscore what has been sacrificed, there is one extraordinary moment when Albert Hall, playing Stamp Paid, silently moves close into the camera as he helps Sethe cross the river into Ohio, his visage the entire story of southern Negro men. He alone achieves a mythic presence so lacking in almost all of the film. After we have looked at the same facial expressions, and the same landscapes, and the same cloud formations again and again, and after we have heard for the umpteenth time the same insipid bookstore music, the power of the past has been lost and the tale arrives as something merely episodic; requiring no emotional investment, it has no emotional payoff.

And yet there are moments when *Beloved* is unquestionably beautiful and full of feeling. Winfrey, never afraid to express feeling, makes Sethe an actual person—shy, witty, frightened, bitter, repressed, erotic, lonely, stoic, devastated. Winfrey's gift, which is the source of her success, is her inability to sell out emotionally. Even if she really believes every word of "me . . . me . . . me. . . ." She remains as purely empathetic of tragedy as she is of human horror on her TV show. While we know we are looking at a woman of enormous fame and power, she makes us forget that. Winfrey almost always avoids anything close to glamour; when she does dress up, the fairy-tale magic of her own story intersects with the character as we notice how the charming piggly-wiggly remade herself into quite a swell-looking babe.

Danny Glover is good, but he could have been so much better had more been asked of him. Here, he is used to reiterate the noble field hand he played in *Places in the Heart. To Sleep With Anger,* his finest movie, proved that Glover can move from light to dark with ease and authority, which he does only intermittently in *Beloved.* To be sure, there is plenty of magnetism between his Paul D. and Winfrey's Sethe. Developing in tenderness, the romance expands upon what *Sounder* brought to the world of black images—the cinematic recognition of the blues, sweet and slow. Glover's best moments come when Paul D. is either hot for his lady or a murky suspicion begins to rise in him when the ghost who came to dinner reveals aspects of her sour identity. Yet in the end, Paul D. is expendable, because the moral of this movie is that when push comes to cold-blooded shove, the men run off and the women either face the brittle world alone or become a band of angels singing unsoulfully and waving Bibles that paddle bad spirits into total disappearance.

That is also why Sethe's two boys haul ass as soon as the movie opens, terrified of the ghost that shakes, rattles, and rolls things around. This makes a perfect frame for a certain kind of leaden feminism. It leaves the mother with her daughter and a number of tales in which she had to pull her heavy, heavy load alone. *No-account colored mens. They didn't do what they should have when everybody was supposed to run off from the plantation—cowards.* Sethe's man even stayed in the loft and watched the white folks suck her mother's milk from her brown breasts and rape her and whip her, too! *Double* coward. Sethe still ran off, pregnant and near bursting; a crazy white girl in the woods helped her birth her baby: Push and pull together, girls.

We can be mightily grateful that none of this obscures what Thandie Newton brings to the screen. She labors through a froggy *Exorcist* voice at the beginning, but when she moves fully into the ghost character, her infantile body rhythms and her nuanced facial expressions expand upon Boris Karloff's most touching and horrifying moments as the Frankenstein monster. Kimberly Elise, as Sethe's daughter Denver, also has greater-than-average talent, but she is locked in a narrow range of reaction shots until the film is almost over.

No matter its fundamental failures: *Beloved* still represents an act of courage. In structure and length, it has nothing commercial going for it other than Winfrey's admittedly formidable name. Perhaps, if the New Age Lord is willing, we shall someday see the marvelous Winfrey play a woman more like herself, or Leontyne Price or Hazel O'Leary, all of whom —like Toni Morrison, as it happens—are far more interesting and challenging than any of the characters created by the author of *Beloved.* ■

Stanley Crouch is a New York Daily News *columnist and writer. The first review by* New York*'s new film critic, Peter Rainer, will appear in the issue dated November 2, on newsstands October 26.*

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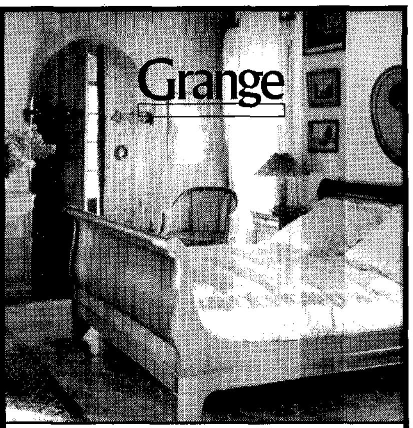

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

The Boys in the Sand

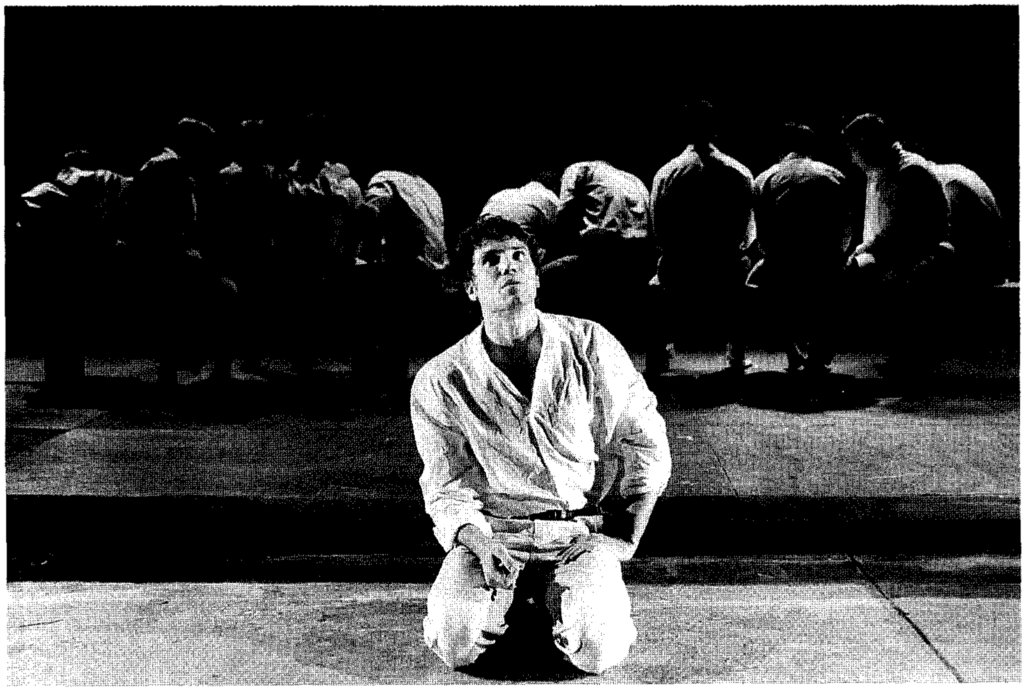
In Terrence McNally's surprisingly bland 'Corpus Christi,' Jesus is depicted as a gay man shuttling between the Judean desert and the cultural wasteland of Texas.

I HOPE I NEED NOT REHEARSE FOR YOU THE MELODRAMA that preceded the coming of Terrence McNally's **Corpus Christi**, a retelling of the Christ story in modern Texas terms, with Jesus and his disciples a group of young homosexuals, and Jesus and Judas lovers? Death threats, cancellation, reinstatement—the preproduction story roughly parallels that of its protagonist.

Well, *Corpus Christi* (named after the Texas town where McNally was raised and most of the action takes place) is neither as good as its author probably thinks it is nor as bad as its assailants have, sight unseen, proclaimed it.

It falls between two stools, or, more accurately, tries to sit on both simultaneously. It could have been a story about a cult in modern Texas and let certain parallels gradually suggest themselves (Play A). Or it could have been a Bible story in contemporary language, with a special angle (Play B). Instead, it shuttles between A and B, doing full justice to neither.

Personally, I prefer Play A, where McNally can be sassy, irreverently witty, and mischievous to his heart's content. There is plenty of that here, as when young Jesus, haunted by the sound of the cross being nailed together, asks Mary, "Do you ever hear hammering?" and she answers, "Your father is a carpenter. Of course I hear hammering." Or when God, after conversing with his son, announces He is leaving, at which Jesus remonstrates, "You are supposed to be everywhere all the time," and is told, "*That* is a very big misunderstanding."



Prophet motive: Anson Mount plays Jesus in *Corpus Christi.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

But there is also what can only happen in Play B, notably a crucifixion that is both literal and campy, painful and irritating. Also other things that don't wash in Texas terms, and the dichotomy hurts. And then there is the homosexual element, undoubtedly disturbing to the orthodox but presented tastefully, without sensationalism. This much freedom must be granted a serious playwright and, though it may elicit all sorts of subsequent criticism, does not warrant prejudging, bomb threats, and wholesale demonstrations.

The scenery is designed with clever minimalism by Loy Arcenas and is inspiredly lit by Brian MacDevitt. David Van Tieghem and Drew McVety have provided vivid sound and delicate music (mostly for solo violin or guitar), and Joe Mantello has directed fluidly and understatedly. The actors, for the most part, do not get much of a chance, but some of them do well enough with what they are given. Michael Hall's Peter amusingly doubles as the Virgin Mary, and McVety not only makes nice music but also enacts an amusingly easygoing Matthew. I have my doubts about Anson Mount's too bland Jesus and Josh Lucas's too grubby Judas; the others remain a pleasant enough blur.

THE PROGRAM FOR BETH HENLEY'S **Impossible Marriage** SAYS, "The play is in three parts and is performed without intermission." "Three parts," something you might say about the division of Gaul, is grandiose nonsense: This 90-minute scribble is in three *scenes.* But Henley's playwriting career *is* in three parts. The first was fey and sort of likable; the second flaky and fairly exasperating. Now we are in the third, which is bananas. Totally.

Even the characters' names are ditsy. We are in the garden of a country house near Savannah owned by Kandall (not Kendall) Kingsley. Her daughter Floral (not Flora) looks to be about twelve months pregnant, and is married to the supposed philanderer Jonsey (pronounced Jonesy) Whitman, who keeps announcing how handsome he is and says he has never slept with his wife or anyone else. He tells her, "I thought you knew my attention to others was merely to make *us* appear normal." Floral's younger sister, Pandora, is getting married to a famous, much older foreign writer, Edvard Lunt: The *v* makes him Norwegian, as in Grieg or Munch; the Lunt, Swedish, as in Alfred. His accent, however, is Slavic. His crazy son is named Sidney and looks like a nerdy yeshiva boy. There is also the Reverend Jonathan Larence (not Lawrence).

In word and action, they are all space cadets, nay, space generals or marshals. About the goldfish she starved, Pandora says, "I do not understand why I should throw out a fish just because it's dead." "Forgive me," says the entering Sidney to Kandall. "For what?" "For being in your line of vision." He is sure that his mother will commit suicide if Edvard marries Pandora: "After Mummy kills herself, I will take my own life with an unsharpened hatchet," and his seven siblings will follow suit. "I allowed mosquitoes to suck my blood with impunity," the self-unfrocked Larence declares. "In attempting to follow your amorphous train of thought, I seem to have derailed," Edvard tells Floral, something we can all empathize with.

Insofar as it is about anything, the play is about whether Pandora wants to marry Edvard or not, will marry him or won't. And about who is the father of Floral's unborn child that may never get born, given Floral's propensity for going off to "roll down the hills," which with her ballooning shape must come easy. The former man of God, on the other hand, favors lying in ditches for repentance. If you suspect the two are cut from the same (nonclerical) cloth, you are more right than you realize. But whatever you may think of the rest of the play, you will love Pandora's wedding dress: blue, sheer, with enormous gossamer wings attached to her shoulders and wrists.

Holly Hunter, who has made a career of portraying Henley heroines, perpetrates yet another one here. Like a true alter ego, she has progressed along the same path to loopiness as her author. She attitudinizes, struts, stomps, contorts, collapses, utters weird sounds, and grimaces clownishly, and to make it even more unbearable, reeks of "Aren't I the cutest?" The others, especially the always appealing Lois Smith, do the best they can, although Gretchen Cleevely's ingenue antics weigh heavily on the stomach. She may well be the next Holly Hunter.

This coagulated whimsy has been staged operatically by Stephen Wadsworth, so that countless lines are spoken out at the audience by actors not looking at one another, perhaps to keep themselves from giggling. The production is handsomely designed, but not enough so as to hold the interest for 90 minutes.

ONE OF THE WORST POEMS IN THE ENGLISH language is Eli Siegel's clubfootedly titled "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana." The author of the new **Oedipus**, Dare Clubb, is a transplanted Montanan, and I can see him sweating through many an endless afternoon over his elucubrations, which reduce Greek myths to Montana mincemeat.

The Blue Light Theater Company, which has produced this *Schmoedipus,* is run by actors, and actors tend to judge a play on how meaty a role it offers them. *Oedipus* leaves no doubt about where the beef is, written as it was with not divine but bovine afflatus. The pseudopoetic verbiage bludgeons you unremittingly with Clubb's club, hell-bent on returning the theater to its static and declamatory past, without, however, an iota of Sophoclean poetry. It gives short shrift to the Oedipus story that Sophocles dramatized, and begins with an entire act of more than 80 minutes about young Oedipus in Corinth at the court of Polybus and Merope.

The mythic Oedipus mistook these foster parents for his real ones, and to avoid harming them, exiled himself—a noble error that led to his tragedy. Clubb, however, has him obey the oracle by promptly killing his good foster father, King Polybus, with such aphrodisiac effect on his widow that she instantly beds her bereaver. But when Oedipus, to complete the Delphic prophecy, asks Merope to wed him, she exclaims pathetically, "I can't marry you, Oedipus, I'm not your mother!"

We hear that the "harshest word one human being can say to another is *mother.*" Again: "*Forever*—what a terrible little word!" When Oedipus mentions her *beauty,* Merope laments, "That terrible word again!" When he says *attorney,* she exclaims, "By saying that word, you have just ruined our lives." I infer that Clubb is afraid of words, a fear that in his case is entirely justified. I endured the first act of the play, which, with two intermissions and one hell of a nerve, lasts upwards of four hours, the first act alone taking about as long as all of *Art.*

Clubb has staged his work on a large, empty stage, with the performers scurrying, kneeling, crouching, or prostrate—mostly, however, frozen into poses. As Merope, Frances McDormand (who went to Yale Drama School with Clubb and no doubt picked the play for herself) postures, struts, lurches, and rattles off some lines and bellows or whispers others, goosing her voice up and down the octaves like a demented Yma Sumac. Billy Crudup staggers through the role of Oedipus (and I don't refer just to his pierced feet) like an overeager sight-reader blustering through an audition, but then, how *do* you read a line like "Mother, may I suck your breast?" Although Dare Clubb's four-hour dare diminishes Oedipus to a mere foster-mother-fucker, it enables the viewer to slog through an entire marathon merely squirming in place. ■

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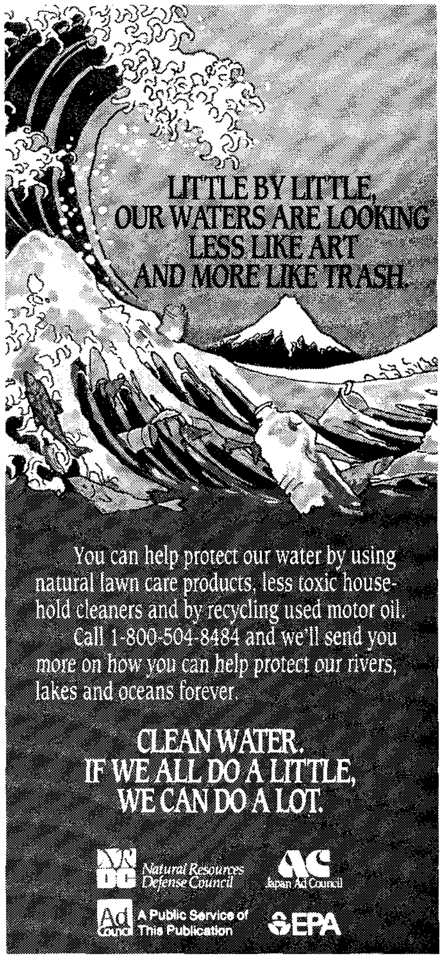
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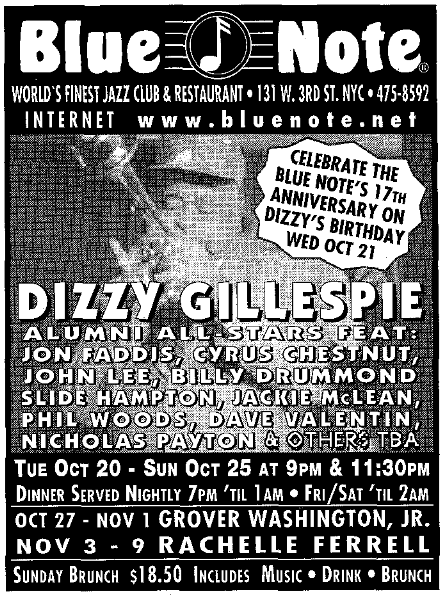
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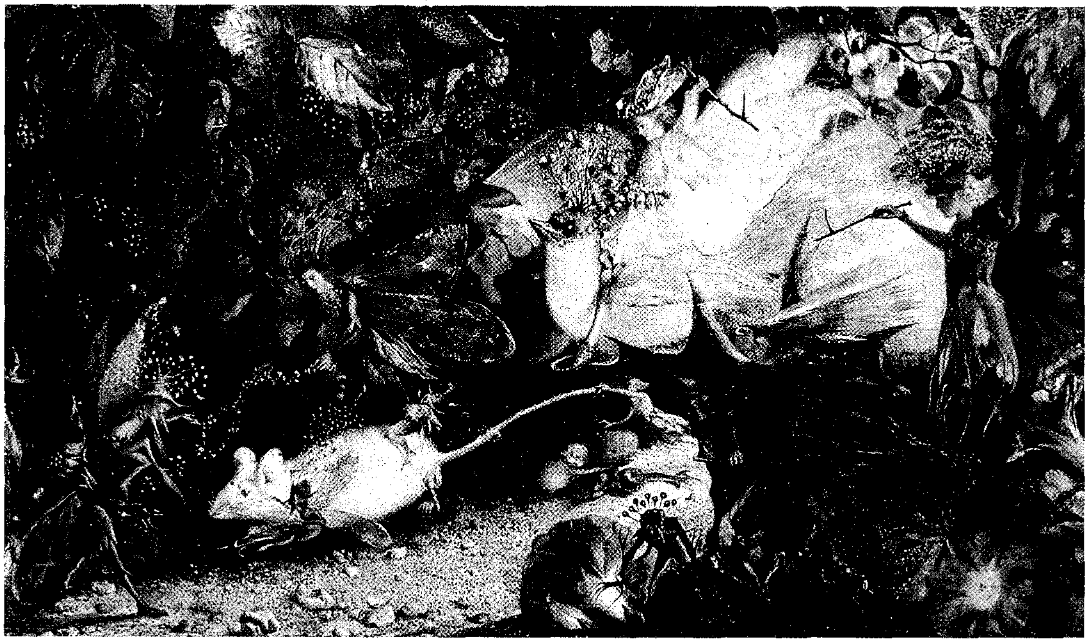
An enchanting show at the Frick demonstrates that in the pre-Disney world of Victorian make-believe, the fairies had teeth.



John Anster Fitzgerald's *The Chase of the White Mice* (1864).

VICTORIAN ENGLAND WAS A CULTURE OF LUSH contrasts, at once convention-bound and wildly eccentric. Behind its official face—and what a face it had, in Queen Victoria—it harbored countless bizarre expressions. Think of Dickens's caricatures, the longing for the exotica of India, the erotic oddities of Ruskin and Lewis Carroll. Nothing better suggests the secretive dreams behind the sentimental probity of the period than the Victorian obsession with fairies. **"Victorian Fairy Painting,"** a show of 34 works now at the Frick Collection, offers a glance down one of the most beguiling hidey-holes of English art, a place where the mask is always slipping and nothing is quite as it seems.

This hugely popular traveling show—organized by the University of Iowa Museum of Art and the Royal Academy of Arts in London—comes to New York in a reduced version because the Frick's temporary exhibition galleries are too small to hold all the pictures. Still, the curator, Edgar Munhall, has included most of the best work and just trimmed away some kitschy fat; more important, he has been able to borrow the greatest of all fairy paintings, one of the most astonishing creations of the nineteenth century—Richard Dadd's *The Fairy Feller's Master Stroke.* No one should suppose, however, that the museum has suddenly softened its policy on admitting children to its galleries. The Frick does not believe in children unless they are *putti,* so parents should not bring anyone under the age of 10. Under-10's would dislike it anyway. This is not Disney.

In the Victorian era, fairies were for grown-ups. Especially those uncomfortable with the drift of modern culture. Countless Englishmen of the era who did not consider themselves the least bit dotty believed in fairies. As late as 1921, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (borrowing some of Sherlock Holmes's authority) examined some photographs of fairies and declared that they were not fakes. Many famous painters of the day, including Turner and Edwin Landseer, tried their hand at the genre, although it was dominated by artists who are today not well known. Fairies reflected the widespread unease with the scientific and rationalizing spirit of the time. An interest in fairies, like the Victorian fascination with the occult, honored what could not be explained or ruled, and an increasingly urban society looked back with fierce nostalgia to the pagan reveries of *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* As gas lamps and electricity took away the savor of the night, artists instead celebrated the moon and the unearthly glow of a flower at dusk: The diaphanous, powdery light of a moth's wing entranced the eye of many artists.

Most of all, fairies offered freedom from chafing constraints. If propriety demanded that one look and act responsibly, well, no respectable fairy could tolerate the Victorian rules of decorum. The fantastic creatures in John Anster Fitzgerald's work have fled from the hell of Hieronymus Bosch to provide England with a measure of necessary mischief. They don't really flout convention; they sprout around its edges. In the half-seen world beyond the dandelion or the cabbage leaf, big becomes small and small big. Faces are uncomposed. The mustaches and noses of fairies appear to grow—exfoliate—well past the usual boundaries. The creatures we observe slipping out of sight have beetley fingers, bulbous eyes, and dragonfly wings. And the pretty fairy-girls in outlandish headdresses enjoy tormenting a white mouse with thorns and flower chains. (Beatrix Potter would be aghast.) In Fitzgerald's *Fairies in a Bird's Nest,* the picture's gnarled frame appears to be a woody extension of the nest—a witty expression of the Victorian longing to enter the magic circle.

Fairies also do not tolerate Victorian prudery. The sexual innuendo in the exhibit is often wanton, salacious,

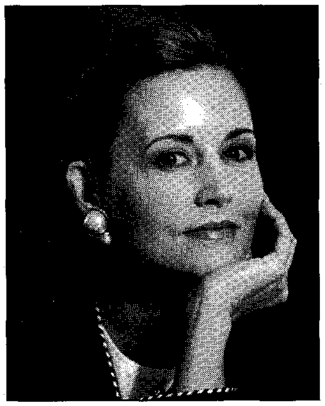
Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Nicolette Wernick.

and funny. The fairy painters made particular sport of the sentimental image—found everywhere in Victorian culture—of an innocent English maiden with a peaches-and-cream complexion. Some artists liked to peel the peach: Joseph Noël Paton's *The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania* is a festival of the flesh. Others show sylphlike waifs surrounded by creatures who are obviously full of pinches, smacks, and whistles. In Edward Robert Hughes's *Midsummer Eve,* the beautiful maiden who comes upon a gathering of fairies clasps her dress close to her knees—in part, one imagines, to keep the little pagans from running up her legs. Still other painters are drawn to versions of beauty and the beast, notably Landseer's wonderfully odd portrayal of Titania cuddling with Bottom, who has the head of a melancholy ass.

Since they are *not* nice, Victorian fairies could create an aura of menace or serve as an instrument of satire. Richard Doyle was a brilliant caricaturist who placed a flock of more than 200 tiny figures of every shape and character on the branches of his *Fairy Tree.* (A human boy has just happened upon this fantastic assemblage, which includes a little knight on horseback and a troupe of acrobats.) And many pictures evoke the dark and dreamy air of the opium den. Nonetheless, the fairy painters made "safe" art, rarely pushing their work beyond mischief. The exception is Dadd. His collection of fairies—assembled to watch Fairy Feller split a hazelnut with his ax—transcends the genre. A madman who saw visions and murdered his father, Dadd was a trained artist who was committed to the English insane asylum called Bedlam, where he worked on this densely dreamed vision for years "amidst [according to one observer] the most revolting conversation and the most brutal behavior." In *Fairy Feller,* he created a parallel universe populated by—among others—magicians, dandies, nymphs, and schoolteachers. There is no greater evocation of anxiety than this picture, in which the raised ax never falls.

Many artists of this genre were influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites. But they often improved upon that style, adding force to its sickly sweetness and earnest moralizing. They were not great painters—Dadd excepted—but they did successfully draw upon the fierce folk energy found in, for example, the fairy tales of the brothers Grimm. Perhaps for the last time in modern culture. Eventually, these creatures yielded to English cutesy-wutesiness and then to the glistening Disney sugarcoat. A sad loss. I had some pleasant moments imagining what would happen to Disney's Snow White if she were suddenly to find herself among these Victorian fairies. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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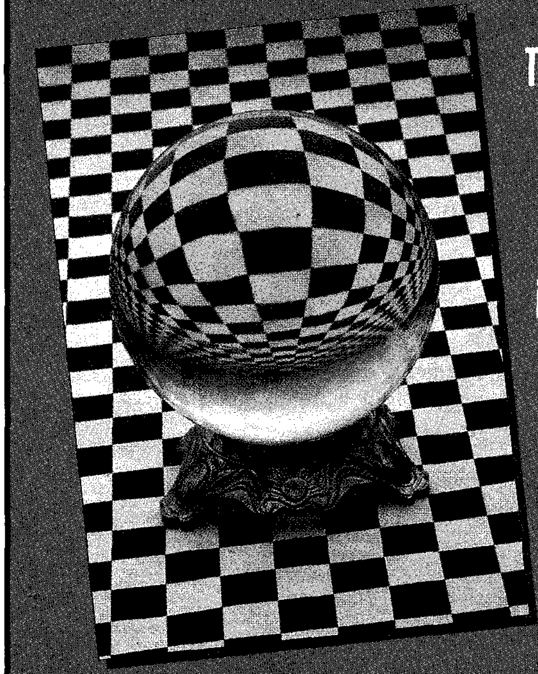

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Gloom and Doom

City Opera's 'Orfeo ed Euridice' speaks more of hell than of heaven or earth, and a sinister, if sophisticated, air wafts through Astor Piazzolla's suave tango opera.

GLUCK'S **Orfeo ed Euridice** ENDS HAPPILY, BUT everything about the City Opera's grim new production, even Euridice's miraculous second recall to life, seems depressing. The all-pervading gray décor sets the gloomy tone. Designer John Conklin has created heaven, earth, and hell, and they all look pretty much the same: a cheerless space strewn with classical debris and just a few wan backdrops—a pastoral landscape, a rocky chasm, a wavering castle façade—to vary the scene. Director Martha Clarke relegates the singing chorus to the orchestra pit and choreographs small troops of somber shepherds, furies, and nymphs dressed in long black coats to perform her patented stop-start-squat-and-run movements. The blessed spirits, another glum crew, wander about the Elysian Fields stark naked, looking catatonic and unattractively bulbous in the dim lighting. During the joyous finale, the dancers make merry by bouncing a skeleton up and down on a bed sheet.

The message in all this escapes me. Life is death? Heaven is hell? All existence is meaningless? If so, that conflicts with the opera's dramaturgy and Gluck's music at every turn, even in the austere original version of 1762 that the City Opera is using. In any case, whatever Clarke and Conklin are trying to tell us has little hope of registering with much clarity in a production as half-thought-through and vaguely defined as this one. Small wonder that the three principals never bring their characters to life, although Amy Burton's Euridice does exude a certain shrewish energy. Countertenors are now the fashion for Orfeo, but I've never heard one able to deal comfortably with the register extremes of the vocal writing. Sounding hooty up top and barely audible in his lower range, Artur Stefanowicz has no more luck than his predecessors. Robin Blitch Wiper pecks gingerly at Amor's music, the important choral passages sound muffled coming from the pit, and the orchestral playing under Derrick Inouye is distressingly flaccid. An *Orfeo* from hell.

THE DEPARTING CENTURY HAS PRODUCED ITS FAIR share of unclassifiable music, works that are seldom seen or heard partly because no one can quite decide what they are. Two of these "whatsits" surfaced recently, both intended for the stage but perhaps best experienced, at least for now, in a concert format: Astor Piazzolla's "tango opera" *María de Buenos Aires,* presented by violinist Gidon Kremer and friends at the Majestic Theater as part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival; and the last two acts of Kurt Weill's massive "biblical drama" *The Eternal Road,* performed at Avery Fisher Hall by the American Symphony Orchestra under Leon Botstein.

You will not find **María de Buenos Aires** mentioned in the *New Grove Dictionary of Opera*—in fact, its composer is not even listed in that music dictionary's twenty-volume parent publication. But then, Astor Piazzolla (1921–1992) has only recently emerged as a popular crossover figure, an Argentine composer whose tango-drenched music has captured the fancy of several classically trained musicians. Gidon Kremer clearly adores the stuff, and without his enthusiastic

Cheerless: Artur Stefanowicz (Orfeo) and Amy Burton (Euridice), at City Opera.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

advocacy I doubt that Piazzolla's tango opera would have come to our attention in any form. Not only has his KREMERata Musica ensemble taken the work on tour, but the musicians have also recorded it on a pair of CDs just released by Teldec (3984-20632-2).

María de Buenos Aires could probably be staged, but devising viable theatrical images to represent Horacio Ferrer's fanciful text might be a problem. There are no real characters, only the vestigial presence of María—goddess and whore, the personification of the tango itself—and the mysterious El Duende (the Goblin), who loves her and provides a spoken narration. María's progress through the dives and brothels of Buenos Aires to her death and resurrection is a strictly symbolic journey, told in a florid style heavy with dark meaning and metaphoric overload. Sample: "And I'll be the remains of tangoed ashes; and the half love, to the end, will wink at me, and I'll still burn another life for two coins, over the mad fold of the bra." Two hours of that sort of thing might try anyone's patience, even those more responsive to the fatalistic Argentine *alma* than I am.

If the performances by Julia Zenko as María, the librettist himself as the Goblin, and vocalist Raúl Lavié seemed irritatingly mannered at times, the effete material practically mandates it. As a counterbalance, there is the disarming directness of Piazzolla's score, arranged here for eight instruments (flute, violin, viola, cello, double bass, piano, bandoneon, and percussion) by Leonid Desyatnikov. The entire expressive range of the tango, its typically inviting rhythmic lilt and lyrical caress, is exploited by Piazzolla with such wit and sophistication that one can easily understand how this seductive cocktail-lounge music can get under the skin. Simply watching the KREMERata Musica perform it with affection and skill is an absorbing operatic drama all by itself.

Composer Kurt Weill, novelist Franz Werfel, and director Max Reinhardt were probably not worrying about categories when they dreamed up **The Eternal Road**, but posterity has never quite known what to make of it. The entire four-hour extravaganza had its premiere at the old Manhattan Opera House in 1937, ran for six months, lost a fortune, and has never been heard or seen in its full form since. Exactly what these three formidable talents wished to accomplish with this biblical drama, epic music-theater piece, opera-oratorio, pageant, or whatever, apparently puzzled people right from the first, even those who knew all about the thousands of German Jews who were trying to emigrate during the thirties. That plight could not be referred to more directly here. A prologue portrays a threatened but divided Jewish community of unspecified time and place clustered in a synagogue where a rabbi tries to bolster their faith by recounting similar Old Testament tales of crisis. These familiar stories are acted out in the four acts that follow, at the end of which the community once again faces exile and the eternal search for Zion—actually a positive prospect if Werfel's text and Weill's upbeat music are taken at face value.

According to Botstein, *The Eternal Road* represents "three individuals' efforts to generate a politically powerful integration of the Bible and modern history," although from today's perspective—after the Holocaust and the foundation of Israel (events Weill, Werfel, and Reinhardt could hardly have foreseen)—the overall optimistic tone seems painfully naïve. Whether *The Eternal Road* can still come across as "a powerful work of storytelling, music, and theater" in its own right, as Botstein believes, remains to be proved. The American Symphony's concert presentation of Acts Three and Four could only hint at how the whole apparatus might come together in the theater, and certainly a stronger performance with better singers would help. The score also poses problems, an uneasy mixture of styles from Bach Passions to cabaret, from astringent twenties expressionism to Hollywood kitsch—Weill, that most audience-conscious of composers, had obviously not yet gauged the tastes and needs of his new public. A complete production of this curious spectacle is due to arrive at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 2000, and perhaps then we will finally get a better fix on its real quality.

MAHLER WAS A LATE ADDITION TO HERBERT von Karajan's repertory during his long reign over the **Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra**, and he never conducted the Third Symphony. So when the Berliners' current music director, Claudio Abbado, brought the work to Carnegie Hall recently, Mahlerians gathered en masse to hear how this deluxe orchestra would treat the score—a vast fresco and the composer's "most appropriate blend of hope and despair," according to Leonard Bernstein, who chose the Third for his farewell as music director of the New York Philharmonic. Abbado never approached the measured eloquence of that unforgettable interpretation, but I enjoyed the performance anyway for its gestural precision, textural clarity, and emotional honesty—characteristics typical of Abbado when he is fully engaged. Beyond that, there was always the staggering instrumental skill of these musicians to savor, a definite virtue in music of this complexity and expressive depth. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Classics Dismissed

There's no time like the present for the National Ballet of Canada; despite its brute power, a featherbrained new 'Swan Lake' can't transcend its gimmick.

A FLYER FOR THE RECENT CITY CENTER ENGAGEMENT of the **National Ballet of Canada** announced the repertoire selected for New York as "the vision of James Kudelka." Kudelka being the company's chief choreographer as well as its artistic director, his "vision" is naturally (if unfortunately) self-reflective. Of the seven ballets offered, four (long ones) were his; the others were provided by two colleagues, Dominique Dumais and John Alleyne. This fare represented a venerable national company that over the years has distinguished itself with productions of nineteenth- and twentieth-century classics from the likes of Petipa, Ivanov, Fokine, Ashton, Tudor, and Balanchine. I admire Kudelka's audacity but not its results.

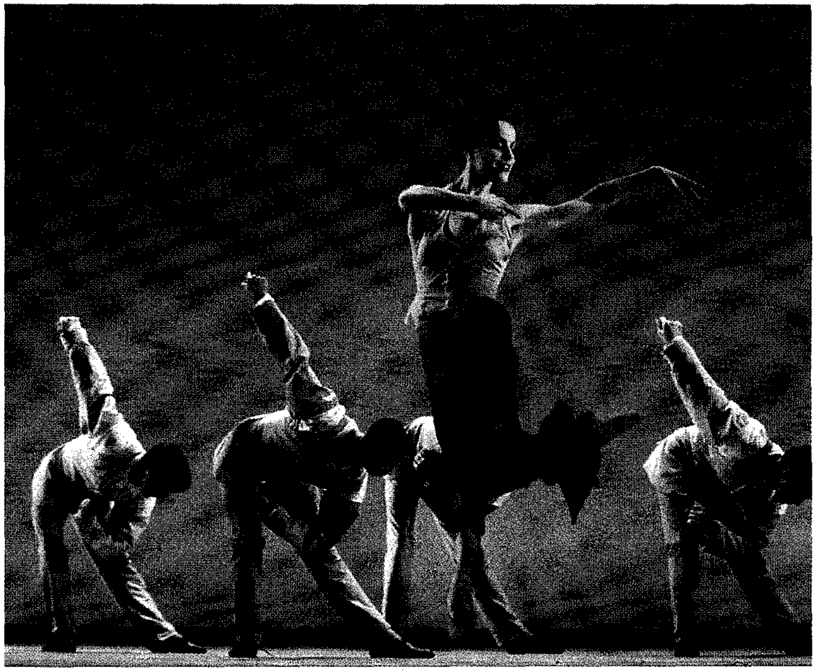
As a choreographer, Kudelka favors the grand gesture: He believes James's *Washington Square* can be rendered as a dance. He tackles major scores such as Mozart's sublime Quintet for Clarinet and Strings or music that is already too familiar to ballet watchers—Vivaldi's *Four Seasons,* for example. Apart from occasional felicitous passages, Kudelka's ballets are, at best, tolerable. Inevitably, he's done in by his flaws—a compulsion to go on endlessly after having exhausted his store of movement ideas and a deplorable inattentiveness to what his chosen music is telling him.

As for Alleyne, his tough vision of millennial urban angst and violence is pervasive today. It's typical of many a ballet by or commissioned by Peter Martins that New York City Ballet watchers are regularly subjected to. (Not at all surprisingly, Martins has had Alleyne choreograph for his company.) Dumais, who is also a performer with NBC, isn't as implacable as Alleyne; her worldview appears equally bleak, but she humanizes it by acknowledging the complexity of the interior life. Alas, not one of the works the Canadians gave in New York merits a second viewing, let alone the honor of representing Canada's "official" classical company.

The dancers were the main attraction of this visit. Overall, their technical and stylistic level is excellent—as far as the restricted repertoire could show. There was no substantial display of small, swift steps that test a dancer's fleetness of foot and too little of the sustained adagio duet work that calls for strength, control, musicality, and rapport—of body and mind—with a partner.

Individually, NBC's women are more memorable than its men. I was particularly taken with Martine Lamy, who combines sweet tenderness with intense expression; she deserves to be dancing Tudor, not these (to my mind) makeshift roles. Stephanie Hutchison, who should soon be promoted from her corps de ballet rank, is a handsome Amazon of a dancer. Her long, well-muscled legs, featured bare and on pointe in the Alleyne piece, serve perfectly as an emblem of the ideal contemporary woman: at once fierce and stunningly beautiful. Hutchison's delicate, pert face and auburn hair make her power all the more piquant. She should be dancing Balanchine's take-no-prisoners roles. Jaimie Tapper, who exemplifies lush, impetuous youth, recalls the young Paloma Herrera before playing the "ballerina" at ABT turned her synthetic. As a group, NBC's men are commendable, though few stand out, at least on short acquaintance. Most in evidence were the senior leading man, Rex Harrington—always a pleasant, satisfying performer, but not one to provide astonishment—and Johan Persson, whose charisma grows wearing upon overexposure.

The most moving moment I experienced in my two evenings with the company was the "Winter" passage in Kudelka's *Four Seasons,* which featured a handful of company veterans and alumni who are well into middle age. To see their physical and spiritual grace, given texture by decades of experience, was like watching the Royal Danish Ballet back in the days when it still honored *its* old repertory, the Bournonville ballets, in which



Martine Lamy in the National Ballet of Canada's *Four Seasons.*

Photograph by Lydia Pawelak.

elders, being essential, prove that the dancing life need not be over at 40.

THESE DAYS, MORE THAN EVER, YOU GOTTA have a gimmick. **Matthew Bourne** has a canny, kinky one in his *Swan Lake*, which has made it to Broadway (the Neil Simon) after copping the Olivier Award in its 1996 West End run in London. Though it co-opts the Tchaikovsky ballet score and draws a weird parallel to the libretto Petipa and Ivanov used for their landmark choreography, its core is hardly sublime or even electrifying dance. At its heart, instead, is a would-be daring idea: What if the swans were guys—think bare chests and white maribou pedal-pushers instead of tutus—so the princely hero could fall in love with a male (forgive the coarse wordplay) Swan Queen? And what if the fellow playing the prince bore an uncanny facial resemblance to Charles the Hapless, allowing for House of Windsor jokes (which now, a year after Diana's death, seem not so much in bad taste as passé)? It may be pertinent to note here that London, long a prime custodian of high culture, has just closed down its Opera House, so that the Royal Ballet, once a temple of pure classicism, is no more.

Bourne is so limited a choreographer, it's nearly a miracle that his massed swans achieve a certain attractive, brute power. They're set to make the same effect so often, though, its intensity soon diminishes. The best episode in the show is the parody of Petipa's Act Three. Here, at a coming-of-age party for the Prince, the malevolent Black Swan (alter ego to the pure, soulful white one) deceives and destroys our hero. Bourne's take on the event has little to do with dancing and everything to do with flagrant homoerotic behavior. Adam Cooper, late of the Royal Ballet and first cast for the dual leading role, offers a marvelous mix of chutzpa and charisma in this scene. And he's almost as compelling in the "white" passages, with an ambiguous blend of empathy, seduction, and incipient violence (real swans can kill, remember).

Pretty much everything else in this extravaganza is two-dimensional, with paltry nourishment for the mind or heart. Set pieces that might be persuasive through sheer charm—the visit to the low-life club, the stage-within-a-stage send-up of Victorian ballet—are slick and garish. What's more, Bourne and his cronies underestimate the capacities even of a popular audience. Surely no one still believes guys "become" gay because of inappropriate mothering. The antidote to Bourne's psychobabble and cheap theatrics lies, of course, in the embodiment of love, longing, conflict, betrayal, and ecstatic resolution that is the traditional *Swan Lake*. ▬

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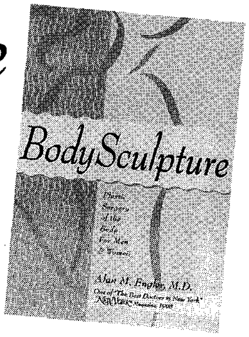

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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

The Joy of Excess

If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast at Norma's ought to be against the law; also, remembering the late, great restaurateur Joe Baum.

HAVE I EVER KEPT A SECRET FROM YOU? NEVER. I confessed to my weakness for Fritos and habanero pretzels and an unseemly (but not impeachable) dalliance with Jujy fruits. So if you've forgiven, or even shared, my more bizarro cravings till now, you may trust my word on **Norma's**—the all-day breakfast lounge/luncheonette/freakout station at Le Parker Meridien. I must tell you, it was no problem at all getting my pals to eat breakfast for lunch. Nor even for dinner.

"Breakfast is my favorite meal," crows Bob with his usual exuberance. Then, while I am still brooding about the shabby vagrant fumbling with his brown bag lunch in the hotel's public lobby space, Bob is marveling at the design ("Gregory Stanford," says the well-schooled hostess). "Look how the plastic mats overlap, making a dark square," Bob points out. "And that's where the coffee cup goes. See this, the salt and the pepper fit together. And every leather seat is a different color, subtle but different. Ingenious. Ingenious." Sure enough, what looked at first to my nearsighted eyes like a coffee shop tossed into what was once the padded luxe of the defunct Maurice restaurant is downright spiffy—rather like a svelte cruise ship.

Breakfast, including duck-confit hash (seen here), is served round the clock at Norma's.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

As for breakfast at 1 P.M.: a sample sip of the day's smoothie is good to the last dribble, prologue to quite commendable plunger coffee. An overstuffed croissant of smoked salmon and scrambled eggs is not merely overstuffed—it's two croissants, exploding with salt, gentle smoke, and butterfat, a risky ménage à trois I happen to like. The Alabama buttermilk biscuits have lost a bit of character on the trip north, but the savory pulled-chicken-and-mushroom mess they sit on is better than it ought to be. What did the kitchen do to reduce the corned beef to rubbery stubble in Bob's hash? But never mind, I have to force myself to cease and desist from eating my own mountain of caramelized confit-of-duck hash with impeccably poached eggs. Every dish is a portion for two or three or even five. And most come with Sophie's home-fry potato trio or sweet-potato hashed-browns or a mix of sun-dried tomatoes and smoky sweet peppers. Thank heaven the peach cobbler is too sweet, because I've already had four tiny nibbles of the silky berry breakfast pudding. And I am only tasting the sweet oven-dried orange crisps that arrive with the check because that's my job.

Bob is moaning and groaning in pain: "I just got back from the Golden Door. How could you let me do this?" He gives me a plaintive look and adds, "Call me if you need to come back and I'll join you."

"Breakfast is my favorite meal," says Joan, my lunch guest at Norma's a week later, "but I can't really eat because I have to lose ten pounds before my book tour."

"We'll both just take tiny tastes," I promise. Joan, a design seer, spots the Rube Goldberg device on the ceiling over the entrance that cleverly casts a shadow clock on the floor, and identifies the weighty ceramic tableware that I'm clearly nuts about as Sasaki. And what a saint she is, refusing even a tiny taste of my mountainous wedge of "super cheesy French toast" with thick and irresistible slabs of Applewood-smoked bacon. Joan's egg-white-shrimp frittata with oven-roasted tomatoes and spinach makes her feel thinner with each bite. "Why aren't you eating your red-berry risotto 'oatmeal'?" she asks, forking away at it. (Calories don't count if you're filching from somebody else's plate.) She announces that she'll have all her business lunches here from now on.

"Would you mind eating breakfast for dinner tonight?" I ask my pals the Broadway producers. "Breakfast is my favorite meal," cries Fran. They arrive at a near-empty Norma's after a long day of casting. "Did you notice the clock on the floor has eleven where most clocks have twelve?" says Barry. Is this White Rabbit time, I wonder?

Fran studies the menu listings under the headings EGGS-CELLENT, LATER THAN BREAKFAST, CRÊPES WITH STYLE, and MOM CAN'T MAKE THIS. "I want the 'melted, gooey, four-cheese omelette,' she says. "But someone has to have 'a serious stack of strawberry-rhubarb

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cakes.' " Her husband rolls his eyes. He's drawn to the menu addenda of pasta and sandwiches titled AND THERE IS MORE.

"This is breakfast, Barry," she reminds him, ordering a serious stack to start and the ratatouille-and-bocconcini omelette after. I've been waiting to try Norma's eggs Benedict on buttermilk pancakes with bacon and asparagus—a heavenly Monday-night supper, though the Hollandaise could be hotter. Fran's fine pancake skyscraper comes with its own small bottle of real maple syrup. If only every hulking treat were as delicious as Barry's pepper-roasted beef on olive-cibatta rolls (yes, two of them, lacking just an essential pow in the horseradish crème fraîche) and the marvelous sweet-potato fries (with a mini-bottle of ketchup). Alas, the savory sweet-potato pancakes are so undistinguished and the Caesar such a wilted dud, my own mate, the Road Food Warrior, wonders if perhaps my judgment has been warped by the outrageous excess. I suppose uptight aesthetes might be daunted by a monstrous ratatouille-and-mozzarella frittata big enough to park your bulldog on, but I actually like it.

What with the twelve layers of gravlax Napoleon on bagel chips, the creamy crab-and-prawn-salad sandwiches (yes, plural) on toasted pumpernickel, the recurring ratatouille rat-a-tat and so many fries, we sit stunned. I am only grudgingly permitted to order two desserts—a shockingly normal-size apple-and-pear crêpe and the reassuringly gross molten-chocolate French toast. "Don't you think Norma's could become a mecca for after the theater?" I ask. Fran agrees: "I can see this room full of people eating apple pancakes. Remember Reuben's." The Road Food Warrior is silent, but I can tell he thinks we've drifted into delirium.

Fran has persuaded our most agreeable waitress to mix her some cocoa in the house's glass teapot (yes, they brew real tea). "I'd like some marshmallow fluff," says Fran. "Don't you love marshmallow fluff?"

"Why are you doing this, Fran?" asks Barry.

"It's breakfast, Barry. I like cocoa for breakfast."

"Thank you, Fran," I say. "In my house it was peanut butter."

Breakfast will do that to some people.

Norma's at Le Parker Meridien, 118 West 57th Street (708-7460). Monday to Friday, 6:30 A.M. to midnight. Saturday and Sunday, 7 A.M. to midnight. Prix fixe brunch Saturday and Sunday, noon to 4 P.M., $42. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

WE WHO ARE HIS SURVIVORS ARE ANXIOUS about confronting the millennium now that **Joe Baum** isn't staging the party. There would have been caviar, rainbows, Rockettes, perhaps a flight into outer space. Extravagance was not an issue. It's easy enough to say his death ends an era. True, "the end of an era" looms at least once a week in the obituaries. But Joseph H. Baum did invent a new way to feel about dinner. He got people to come to eat at the Newark Airport by flambéing everything in sight. ("When in doubt, flambé," he said.) He went on to whip up a parade of legendary spots for Restaurant Associates that made dining theater: the Hawaiian Room, The Four Seasons, the Forum of the Twelve Caesars (a Roman theme park with silver gladiator helmets as ice buckets).

It cost $7,000 just in overtime to change the Philip Johnson–designed Four Seasons from fall to winter in Baum's reign. Flowers were forced to bloom, and the whole caboodle—uniforms, the upholstery of the banquettes, cummerbunds, matches, ashtrays, the color of the typewriter ribbon—went from rust to gray. Style was all. Nothing would be served in an old-hat way. The ritual of pouring wine at the Forum was different from the pouring style at The Four Seasons. He was a sweetie and a despot. "Let's go out and kick shit," he'd say, touring the empire.

So much extravagance and red ink finally took a toll on Restaurant Associates stock. The bean counters had taken over and unceremoniously dumped Baum in 1970 when I first interviewed him for a piece *New York* would call "Twilight of the Gods." We lingered till 5 P.M. over lunch at the once-mythic Quo Vadis (now long gone). Dazzled by his musings, I filled my notebooks, but later, transcribing my notes, I couldn't extract a single sentence with a subject and a verb. Weeks later, the Transit Authority hired him to consult on feeding plans for the new World Trade Center. Thus began the long, tortured comeback. In May 1976, with the city on the verge of default, Windows on the World was unveiled—so ambitious, every view brand-new, a symbol of survival. Uptowners who never ventured below Saks were pulling strings to get a table. Baum was a natural then to gussy up the Rainbow Room in 1988. He rescued the great born-again beauty from dowdy neglect, getting architect Hugh Hardy to redo her cheekbones—raising floors to better the view, reviving old-fashioned cocktails, and raking in profits.

So good-bye to roller-coaster triumphs and despair, irreverent wit and mischief, cigarette girls and teddy bears in black tie. Good-bye to the thrift-shop chapeau he used to send every year, and the glittering parties he threw to raise money for Citymeals-on-Wheels. His inspiration remains. He left enough ideas to borrow for a century to come. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Listfield *continued from page 46*

production and postproduction house. The daughter of Lou Weiss, the chairman emeritus of William Morris, who also happens to be George Burns's nephew, Ann grew up in Scarsdale surrounded by 'biz personalities. "There are no entitlement problems with my wife," LaGravenese says. "If I need something, she helps me own my place and not constantly surrender it to other people because I'm so grateful for being in this position."

The couple have been married for twelve years and have a 7-year-old daughter, Lily. LaGravenese still shows everything he writes to Ann first. "We had to learn how to talk to each other," he says. "I had to learn to listen to her and she to do it in a way that wasn't annihilating. I trust her taste." Ann has long since left her job and devotes herself to managing their increasingly complex lives, including running a large apartment on Central Park West and a weekend home in Ridgefield, Connecticut. LaGravenese has never considered moving to Los Angeles. "I don't live there because I don't think I'm strong enough," he says. "They can seduce you by making you feel so huge. I'd get addicted."

"Richard is torn between two alluring magnetic poles," observes Ruehl. "One is fame, money, standing in the art community. The other is the exact opposite, the soul's eternal journey." With *Beloved*, which is as far from Robert James Waller's covered bridges as you can get, LaGravenese has a shot at combining the two. LaGravenese, who was asked by Oprah Winfrey to become involved, wrote the script that became the foundation of Jonathan Demme's movie. Sticking close to the Morrison book, he crafted a version that won him praise from the Nobel Prize–winning author. (Another screenwriter was brought in for the final shooting script while LaGravenese turned his attention to his own film.) LaGravenese, who speaks with a certain awe of the project, declines to comment on Demme's over-the-top interpretation of an already surreal book. Did becoming a director spoil him for handing his material over to others? "There's some kind of relief you get just being the writer," LaGravenese says. "I don't know if it will be hard to let someone else make decisions again. If I can't do it, I'll have to keep directing, but I don't want to quit my day job."

Up next for LaGravenese is a script for Robert Redford based on Jack Finney's *Time & Again*. He has also recently signed an agreement with James Lapine and the Schuberts to write a play. "The first years of my marriage, my wife very wisely said, 'Yes, honey, you can write for theater, but not now. There's no money in it.' And I went, 'Okay.' But it's like, 'Can I write one now?' " ■

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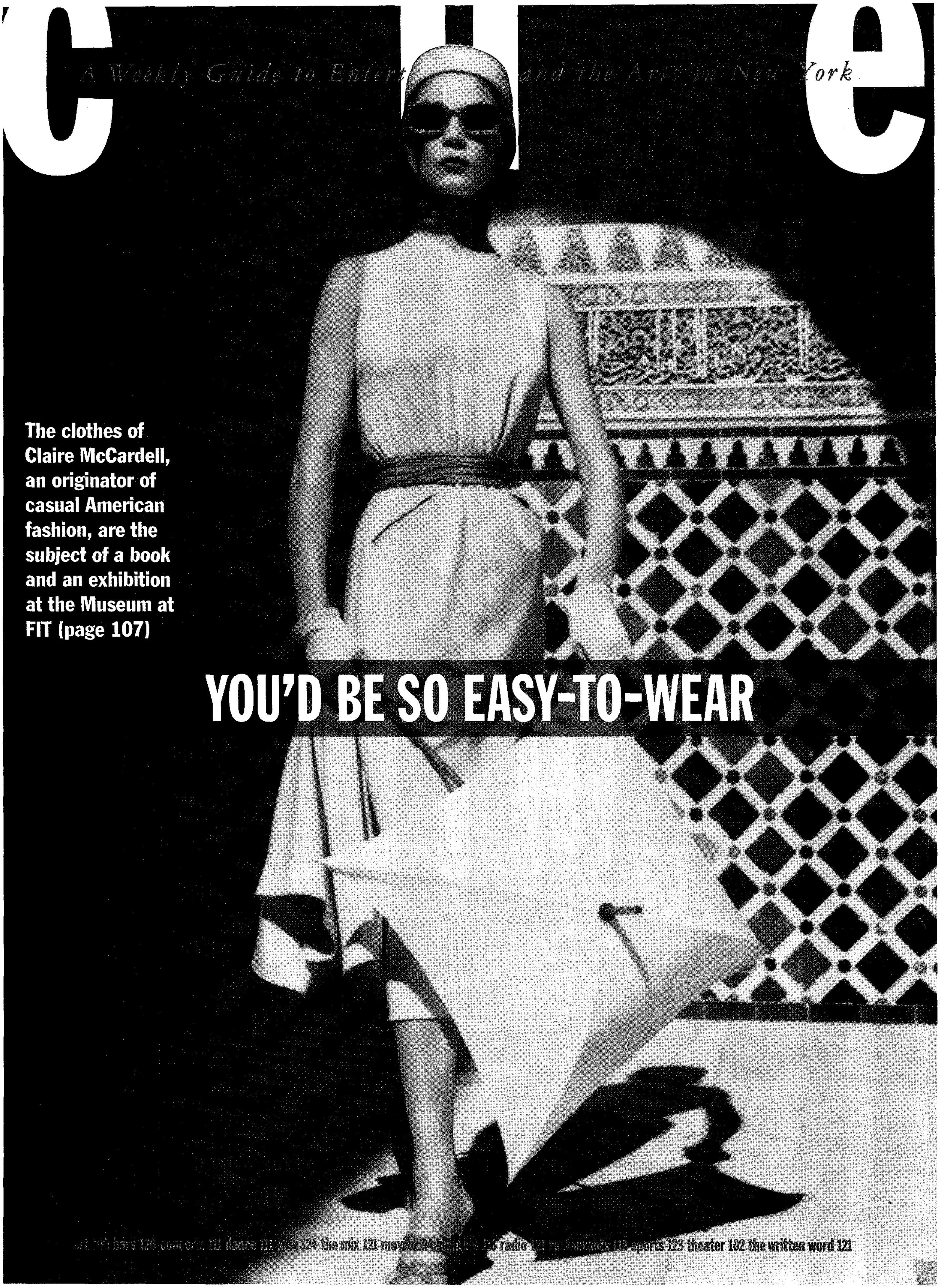
A Weekly Guide to Entert and the Arts in New York



The clothes of Claire McCardell, an originator of casual American fashion, are the subject of a book and an exhibition at the Museum at FIT (page 107)

YOU'D BE SO EASY-TO-WEAR

art 96 bars 128 concerts 111 dance 111 kids 124 the mix 121 movies 94 nightlife 116 radio 121 restaurants 112 sports 123 theater 102 the written word 121

movies

The Cruise...Life Is Beautiful...Pleasantville

New Films

The Alarmist—A comedy in which a young man becomes a door-to-door salesman for a home-security company and is drawn into a huckster's life. Starring Stanley Tucci, David Arquette, and Kate Capshaw. Written and directed by Evan Dunsky. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

All the Rage—A satirical look at one gay man's pursuit of physical, sexual, and romantic perfection. Directed by Roland Tec. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Antz**—This animated feature, with its deadpan witticisms, its heart-stopping shifts of perspective, is completely entertaining, a kids' movie that will leave grown-ups quoting the best lines to one another. It is a terrific joke about scale. Beneath the ground, the ant colony looks huge, with enormous tunnels, battlefields, and meeting halls. Z (Woody Allen), who calls himself "the middle child in a family of 5 million," natters on to his shrink about depersonalization, and winds up the unwitting leader of a rebellion against a fascist society. The ants' faces suggest ever so slightly the actors who are taking the various characters—Sharon Stone as the princess Bala; Gene Hackman as a megalomaniacal general; Sylvester Stallone as a bluff soldier; and Dan Aykroyd and Jane Curtin, very proper indeed, playing not ants but a pair of buzzing, preening, distantly solicitous Wasps. (Denby; 10/12/98) (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Apt Pupil—A high-school student discovers a Nazi war criminal in his town and begins to blackmail the man. Starring Brad Renfro and Ian McKellen. Directed by Bryan Singer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens October 23.*

Beloved—See Crouch, page 80. (2 hrs. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–3; Orpheum 7; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld.*

Bride of Chucky—The killer doll returns for his fourth go-round, and this time he takes a wife. Starring Jennifer Tilly, John Ritter, and Alexis Arquette. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Clay Pigeons—A gas-station attendant gets caught up in a number of murders through no fault of his own. Starring Joaquin Phoenix, Vince Vaughn, Georgina Cates, and Janeane Garofalo. Written and directed by David Dobkin. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R)

Openings
War Games

Part fairy tale, part tragedy, Roberto Benigni's 'Life Is Beautiful' tells the wrenching story of a happy family man and Italian Jew (played by Benigni, above, kissing screen wife Nicoletta Braschi) who is turned over to Hitler's camps during the last days of World War II. Once imprisoned, his sole purpose is to distract his little boy from the horror around them—with an elaborate game of pretend. Starts Friday, October 23.

Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Staten Island.

The Cruise—Bizarre and compelling reflections from a New York double-decker-bus tour guide. Starring Timothy "Speed" Levitch. Directed by Bennett Miller. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Opens October 23.*

Don't Look Now—Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie get involved in the supernatural as they grieve over their deceased daughter. Directed by Nicolas Roeg in 1973. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

Ever After—Drew Barrymore stars as the plucky cinder girl in this girl-power version of the classic fairy tale *Cinderella.* Also starring Anjelica Huston. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The General—The life story of Dublin's master criminal Martin Cahill. Starring Brendan Gleeson, Adrian Dunbar, Sean McGinley, Jon Voight, Angeline Ball, and Maria Doyle Kennedy. Written and directed by John Boorman. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Opens October 23.*

Happiness—This scandalous American independent film written and directed by Todd Solondz, is, of course, about misery. The characters try to make connections and wind up nowhere; they love the wrong person, the forbidden person; they degrade themselves, destroy other people. Each scene offers one or another aspect of the alleged anxiety and terror lurking beneath the respectable surface of middle-class life. A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy (Jane Adams), a scared, talentless girl, can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen, the slinky writer, is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success, a suburban Kathryn Harrison. The other sister, Trish, played by the gurgling Cynthia Stevenson, lives happily as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. Aren't the American suburbs a fairly easy target by now? Solondz subverts what has already been subverted. *Happiness* is a brilliant, disturbing, but unstable and half-crazy piece of work. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Holy Man—Eddie Murphy becomes an internationally known televangelist when he links himself with a home-shopping network. Starring Jeff Goldblum and Kelly Preston. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at*

'CUE' Cover photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe.

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(LA VITA È BELLA)

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Opening

Living Color

In *Pleasantville,* Reese Witherspoon (above, on a date with Marley Shelton) and Tobey Maguire wreak havoc on a fictional black-and-white community when they go back in time to the fifties—via a television—and bring their nineties personal freedom and world-weariness with them. Opens October 23.

Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Impostors—Two Depression-era actors in search of the perfect roles offend a leading stage actor and end up hiding on a ship of fools. Starring Stanley Tucci, Oliver Platt, Alfred Molina, Teagle Bougere, Lizzie Bracco, Steve Buscemi, Billy Connolly, Allan Corduner, Hope Davis, Dana Ivey, Richard Jenkins, Matt McGrath, Isabella Rossellini, Campbell Scott, Tony Shalhoub, and Lili Taylor. Written and directed by Tucci. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Cinemart; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Inheritors—An Austrian town is outraged when a farmer upsets the social order by bequeathing his estate to the seven peasants that farmed it. Directed by Stefan Ruzowitzky. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

La Sentinelle—A young med student becomes obsessed with a shrunken head he finds in his suitcase. Starring Emmanuel Salinger. Directed by Arnaud Desplechin. (2 hrs. 24 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

La Separation—A French marriage falls apart. Starring Isabelle Huppert and Daniel Auteuil. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Lenny Bruce: Swear to Tell the Truth—A documentary about the life of comedian Lenny Bruce. Narrated by Robert De Niro. Written and directed by Robert B. Weide. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Starts October 23 at Paris Theater and Angelika Film Center.*

Lolita—This new version turns out to be a melancholy, rather touching account of a doomed love affair between a full-grown man and a very young woman. But that, of course, is not what Vladimir Nabokov's masterpiece is about. The book *Lolita* is truly shocking and quite impossible to adapt "faithfully." The book is a lyrical black comedy balanced between lust and humiliation, between perversion and rhapsody. It is a dizzying, morally dangerous work—and an extraordinary entertainment. Director Adrian Lyne and screenwriter Stephen Schiff, who did the adaptation, have seized on the romantic side of this amazing fable and left out most of the satire and malevolent humor. What we see is not a sui generis erotic comedy about a very specialized kind of obsession but a recognizable descendant of European films in which a poor sap (Jeremy Irons) falls into all-encompassing love and is tormented by an unreachable bitch (Dominique Swain). Humbert Humbert is no longer an ironic hero—a haughty and hypocritical creep who is redeemed—but a very earnest man who loves too much. The joke has vanished. (Denby; 10/12/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Love Is the Devil—Derek Jacobi is painter Francis Bacon in this dramatic account of Bacon's obsession with his work and his boyfriend George Dyer (played by Daniel Craig). Written and directed by John Maybury. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

The Mighty—Two young outcasts befriend each other and weather adolescence together. With Sharon Stone, Kieran Culkin, Elden Henson, Gillian Anderson, Gena Rowlands, Harry Dean Stanton, and Meat Loaf. Directed by Peter Chelsom. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Fresh Meadows.*

Next Stop, Wonderland—Hope Davis is a nurse who thinks she's finished with love until she meets an aspiring marine biologist from across town. With Alan Gelfant. Directed by Brad Anderson. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; Crown Gotham; 62nd and Broadway.*

A Night at the Roxbury—Based on the *Saturday Night Live* skit featuring the two nightclub losers who hit on women with spectacularly unsuccessful results. (About 2 hrs.; R) *19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

One Tough Cop—Stephen Baldwin and Chris Penn are NYPD partners investigating the rape of an East Harlem nun. Inspired by the autobiography of Bo Deitl. With Michael McGlone and Gina Gershon. Directed by Bruno Barreto. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; State; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City; Continental; The Movies at Staten Island.*

One True Thing—Ellen (Renée Zellweger) is a *New York* Magazine reporter who goes home for a visit and is greeted by her mother (Meryl Streep) in ribboned pigtails. Mom is a homemaker; she enjoys cooking and trimming Christmas trees, and Ellen has always rejected her way of life, admiring instead her father (William Hurt), an allegedly great college teacher. When the father insists that Ellen bag her career and look after her mother, who is seriously ill with cancer, Ellen comes to realize that she has misjudged them both. I have admired the work of director Carl Franklin in the past, but this movie is like an O'Neill family drama without the juice. Zellweger does fine, but Streep is the wrong actress for this role, and Hurt gives a dim, recessive performance. The movie may, I admit, strongly affect feminist career women who feel uneasy about surpassing their stay-at-home moms, and that kind of emotional response is never to be scorned. But the material is too pat, too obvious, too firmly reined in by intelligent but enfeebling cliché. (Denby; 9/28/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; State; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Orgazmo—A pious but hunky Mormon is ensnared in the world of pornography. Starring Trey Parker and Matt Stone. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens October 23.*

Pecker—A Baltimore boy who takes snapshots with a thrift-store camera suddenly becomes the celebrity of New York's art world. Starring Edward Furlong, Christina Ricci, Martha Plimpton, Brendan Sexton III, Lili Taylor, and Mary Kay Place. Written and directed by John Waters. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Regency.*

Permanent Midnight—A successful television writer loses everything to heroin. With Ben Stiller, Elizabeth Hurley, Janeane Garofalo, and Maria Bello. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill.*

Pleasantville—Two modern-day teenagers accidentally bring color to a black-and-white fifties town and start a revolution of sorts. Starring Tobey Maguire, Reese Witherspoon, Joan Allen, Jeff Daniels, and William H. Macy. Written and directed by Gary Ross. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Opens October 23.*

Practical Magic—Sandra Bullock and Nicole Kidman are two sisters whose aunts (Dianne Wiest and Stockard Channing) happen to be witches. With Aidan Quinn. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

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Reach the Rock—A young midwestern man comes of age when he makes a last-ditch effort to win back his high-school girlfriend before she moves to New York. Starring Alessandro Nivola, Bruce Norris, and Brooke Langton. Written by John Hughes. Directed by William Ryan. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

Ronin—John Frankenheimer's comeback film is devoted to the panache of tough-looking men who chase one another in fast cars and then retire to cafés, where they sit around smoking. That's really all the movie is about: action flourishes and stoical gestures. Many of us enjoy this sort of thing, and *Ronin* is fun for a while. From America, there's Robert De Niro; from France, Jean Reno. Stellan Skarsgård represents the Eastern-bloc countries, and there's a willful Irish girl, Natascha McElhone. Mystification is all. Frankenheimer can be congratulated, I suppose, for not using computer-generated special effects, but his professionalism has a weary, cynical, and retro feel to it. (Denby; 10/5/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Rounders**—Mike McDermott (Matt Damon) and Worm (Edward Norton) are working-class boys who have been conning poker players since about eighth grade. When Mike is reunited with Worm, who has spent some time in prison, the two immediately cheat some rich boys out of their money. In the next few weeks, they win and lose games all over bridge-and-tunnel land. The center of the movie is the rapturous dialogues between the two men and Mike's growing disgust with Worm, who turns him back into a rounder—a gambler—but who isn't disciplined enough to be a winner. Mike receives his most severe rebuke not from Jo but from a supercautious gambler who plays to feed his children (John Turturro). Turturro's opposite in every way is John Malkovich, who turns the vile KGB into the thickest, richest slice of glazed ham in recent years. *Rounders* is completely enjoyable, and, at its climactic moments, thrilling. (Denby; 9/21/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Rush Hour**—A well-produced confection designed for quick payoff in the big cities, but it's pretty consistently funny. Jackie Chan is a cop from Hong Kong, Chris Tucker a popinjay on the LAPD. Each man has his own tricky, stylized movement, and each teaches the other how to move his way. The best bit: Chan fighting off assailants while catching a huge, priceless Ming vase that keeps tipping over. (Denby; 10/5/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. Director Steven Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second, we are above the water and the noise of bullets and mortar fire approaches agony. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Waverly; Embassy 2–3; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Slam—A young man discovers the inspiration of spoken-word poetry. With Saul Williams and Sandra Sohn. Directed by Mark Levin. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Strangeland—A schizophrenic madman named Captain Howdy lures victims through the Internet and forces them to submit to tribal rituals against their will. Written by Dee Snider (of Twisted Sister fame). Staring Kevin Gage and Elizabeth Peña. Directed by John Pieplow. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) pines for high-school crush Mary (Cameron Diaz), so he sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on her. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Marboro; Fresh Meadows.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Unmade Beds**—This is a maliciously funny satire of the New York singles scene—a joke about self-delusion and unhappiness—and it hurts. The talented British writer-director Nicholas Barker has created one of the more original movies of the year. He chose four single men and women and filmed them during the summer, fall, and winter of 1996–97. First, the subjects told him about their dating experiences in that period; Barker then mixed their actual words with inventions of his own, and they act themselves (with great skill). The funniest is Brenda Monte, a former lap dancer who needs money to keep up her mortgage payments. Mikey Russo is the tough-guy loner who lives in fear of being associated with a mutt. Aimee Copp, a young Valkyrie at 225 pounds, is desperately eager to get married. And Michael DeStefano, who is 40 and unmarried, is caught between resentment of the women who have rejected him and self-contempt. They are all caught in similar ways; it is, Barker implies, the common spiritual condition of hetero single life. But Barker allows these four the dignity of their unhappiness and in the end we build a kind of admiration for them. (Denby;

Festival Laugh-In

Among the offerings of the increasingly substantial New York Comedy Festival are early shorts by Griffin Dunne and Ben Stiller; the premiere of 'The Castle,' a 1997 Australian sleeper about a man and his airport-abutting home; and 'Fakin' Da Funk' (starring Margaret Cho and Ernie Hudson, above), about Asian- and African-American relations in South Central L.A. The fête runs October 21–25 at the Directors Guild of America Theatre. See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.

Photograph by Anne Fishbein.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

8/24/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Urban Legend—A college campus is terrorized by a series of urban-legend-inspired killings. Starring Jared Leto, Alicia Witt, and Rebecca Gayheart. Directed by Jamie Blanks. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

What Dreams May Come—Robin Williams finds his wife (Anabella Sciorra) in the afterlife with assistance from Cuba Gooding Jr. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Alarmist; Happiness; The Impostors; Lolita; Pecker; Slam.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Bride of Chucky; The Opposite of Sex.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Don't Look Now; Lenny Bruce: Swear to Tell the Truth; Love Is the Devil; Touch of Evil.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *All the Rage; The Celebration; La Sentinelle; La Separation.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Unmade Beds.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Beloved; Next Stop, Wonderland; One Tough Cop; Permanent Midnight; Rush Hour; Souler Opposites; There's Something About Mary.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Antz; Clay Pigeons; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *One True Thing; Saving Private Ryan.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Night at the Roxbury; Happiness; The Impostors; Pecker; Practical Magic.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Ronin.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; The Mighty; One True Thing; Ronin; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Beloved.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Holy Man; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Reach the Rock.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Practical Magic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Beloved; The Impostors; One Tough Cop.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Ronin.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Blade; Bride of Chucky; The Negotiator; Ronin; Strangeland; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Next Stop, Wonderland.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Permanent Midnight.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Holy Man.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; Beloved; Saving Private Ryan.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Governess.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; One Tough Cop; One True Thing.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Holy Man; Rush Hour.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dance With Me; Ever After; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; The Negotiator; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *What Dreams May Come.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *What Dreams May Come.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Bride of Chucky; One True Thing.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Mighty.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *A Night at the Roxbury; Bride of Chucky; Clay Pigeons; One True Thing; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Antz; Urban Legend.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Practical Magic.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Antz; Beloved; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *There's Something About Mary.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Next Stop, Wonderland.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; One Tough Cop; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Cele-*

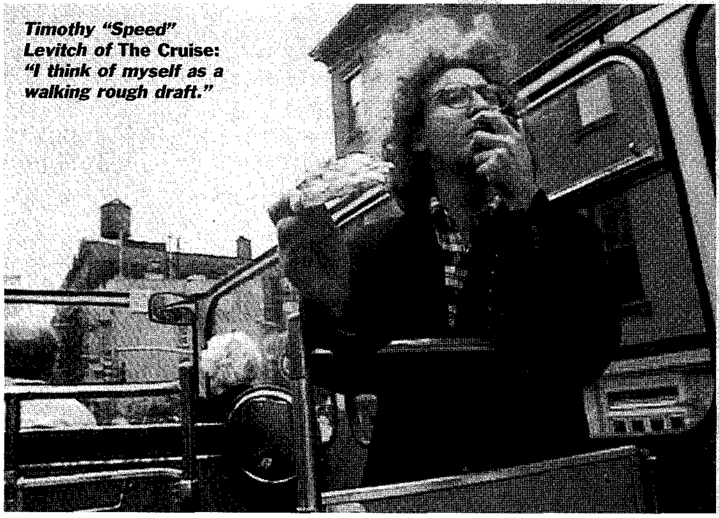
Documentary

Talking the Talk

Some people might call 28-year-old Timothy "Speed" Levitch a funny duck. He carries a cell phone, employs a publicist, has a literary agent, and makes his living giving tours of New York. But he doesn't have a home. He's the city's most famous squatter, enjoying the newfound notoriety he's received from *The Cruise* (opening October 23), a documentary of his days as a girl-crazy, stunningly verbose tour guide with a perspective and thought process that makes your head spin. *New York* Magazine: *You talk a blue streak, so you must be enjoying all these interviews.* Timothy "Speed" Levitch: I think of them all as "cruises," you understand, because it's all an effervescent homage to the present tense. The thing my life brings to me is the same formula that Aristophanes discussed when he was talking about the ingredients of comedy, which is surprise inevitability. It's constantly a feeling of surprise coupled with a feeling of inevitability. *N.Y.: What is "the cruise," exactly?* T.L.: The cruise is the understanding that living is the art of crafting moments. At the end of the day, each of us has our own art gallery of moments that we have sculpted out of time and space in our ongoing collaboration with the outside world. What I'm really interested in is the moment in that art gallery. I think of the future as a delusion that we're all currently sharing. [Lengthy digression on nuclear submarines in the Arctic Circle omitted]. *N.Y.: Did teachers used to call you "brainy"?* T.L.: No. But academics are on the sidelines of their own lives. Cheerleaders. Sometimes mourners. *N.Y.: Have you gotten any dates out of your fame?* T.L.: Not at this point. Really trying to get to know somebody is the greatest challenge before us. I often think that this entire situation that we call society, the whole setup, is to deter us from staring into each other's eyes. *N.Y.: Do you consider yourself self-absorbed?* T.L.: I think we all pass through these momentary moments of self-absorption.

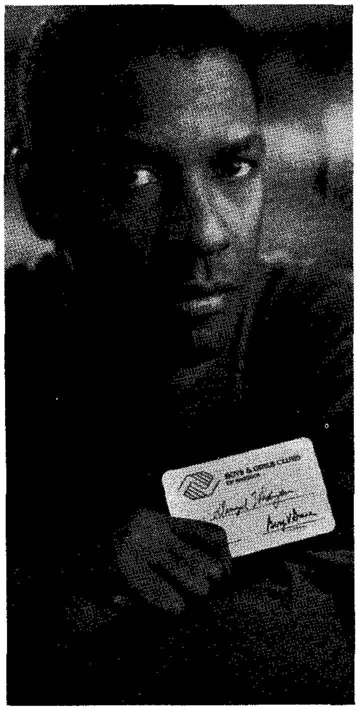
This—in so many ways—is "Speed" Levitch's moment.

PATRICIA FALVO



Timothy "Speed" Levitch of* The Cruise*: "I think of myself as a walking rough draft."

Photograph courtesy of Artisan Entertainment.



Denzel Washington

Put this card in the hands of a child and there'll be no room for a gun. A needle. Or a knife.

It's only a piece of paper, but that little membership card has helped keep millions of kids off drugs, out of gangs and in school. To learn how you can help the Boys & Girls Clubs, call: **1-800-854-Club.**

BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS OF AMERICA

The Positive Place For Kids

Szalavitz *continued from page 37*

an acute high the way opiates do doesn't rule out the possibility that its chronic effects could be similar.

IT'S HARD NOT TO NOTE THAT MANY SEEMingly opposite treatments work for some cases of depression. For example, antiseizure medications help—but then, so can creating seizures with ECT. Raising the dose of SSRIs sometimes works—and then again, sometimes lowering it does the job. Opiate-blocking drugs can help—but then, opiates from methadone to buprenorphine have been found helpful in some cases of depression.

In *Listening to Prozac,* Dr. Peter Kramer, clinical professor of psychiatry at Brown University, wrote about the potential for SSRIs to help people whose depression was not quite deep enough to meet clinical criteria and how this might lead to what he called "cosmetic psychopharmacology." An example would be a person who had a negative outlook but was able to function. Before Prozac, someone like this might just be considered a curmudgeon—but now his personality could conceivably be improved with drugs.

Although the media have made much of the idea that people are already taking these drugs for such "cosmetic" reasons, the sexual side effects and the lingering stigma of taking psychiatric medication mitigate against it. In fact, research finds that even now the majority of clinically depressed people *don't* receive drugs.

Dr. Sussman believes that poop-out is probably less likely in the milder cases of depression, and so the nightmare scenario of a person who starts taking medication "cosmetically," gets disappointed when his lift stops, and then goes on a continued medical odyssey is unlikely.

Despite the limitations and side effects, the one thing that almost every patient I spoke to stressed was that overall, the impact of medications has been positive.

"I wouldn't discourage anyone from getting medication," says Vanessa. "It's better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all. I had two years where I didn't have to struggle—you can't put a price on that."

Adds Simon, "It's all imperfect; it's all a compromise. There is no magic solution, but God knows, life with medications is better than life without." His own drug regimen has come full circle. After having tried Zoloft (which he says was like "decaf Prozac"), Effexor, and Wellbutrin (which gave him two years of "completely normal mood," then faded), he began reintroducing Prozac. He says, "I'm starting to feel alive again." ■

bration; Happiness; The Inheritors; Lolita; Slam.

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Night at the Roxbury; Clay Pigeons; The Impostors; The Mighty; One True Thing; Permanent Midnight; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Ronin; Rush Hour.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; One Tough Cop; Rush Hour.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; Rush Hour.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Pecker.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; One Tough Cop; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; One Tough Cop; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Antz; One Tough Cop; Practical Magic; Ronin; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Antz; Clay Pigeons; Permanent Midnight; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *A Night at the Roxbury; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Rush Hour.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Rush Hour.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Rush Hour.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Antz; Beloved; Holy Man; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Night at the Roxbury; Bride of Chucky; Practical Magic; Ronin; What Dreams May Come.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; One Tough Cop; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Practical Magic; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Clay Pigeons; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Antz; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Rush Hour.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Bride of Chucky; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

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Documentary

The Truth About Dirty Lenny

Before Steve Allen took out full-page ads tsk-tsking the "moral sewer" of television, he once used the medium to introduce a fledgling comedian named Lenny Bruce to America. Bruce was, of course, still tame when he appeared on Allen's show. It was his later, drug-fueled acts and their increasingly foul language and rants against the Catholic Church that got him convicted of obscenity. In *Lenny Bruce: Swear To Tell the Truth,* Robert De Niro narrates the life of the Long Island native who died, penniless, of a drug overdose at age 40 in the Hollywood Hills. Starts Wednesday, October 21, at Film Forum.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Antz; Beloved; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; What Dreams May Come.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; One Tough Cop; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Beloved; The Impostors; Rush Hour.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bride of Chucky; One Tough Cop; Ronin.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Rush Hour.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Beloved; The Mighty; Practical Magic; Ronin; There's Something About Mary; What Dreams May Come.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Rush Hour.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Antz; Madeline; Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Governess; Next Stop, Wonderland; One True Thing; Ronin.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Antz; Holy Man.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *A Night at the Roxbury; Bride of Chucky; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Holy Man.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Bride of Chucky; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Antz; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Night at the Roxbury; Antz; Bride of Chucky; Clay Pigeons; Holy Man; The Impostors; One Tough Cop; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"John Waters." 10/24: *Pink Flamingos* (1972) and *Multiple Maniacs* (1970). 10/25: *Hairspray* (1988) and *Female Trouble* (1974). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Laboratorium." 10/20: Experimental shorts from Braunschweig, Germany. "Austrian Film Week." 10/21: *The Year After Dayton* (1996) parts 1 and 2. 10/22: *Hannah* (1996) and *A Loss Is to Be Expected* (1992). 10/23 and 10/25: *Movies in the Mind* (1996). 10/23: *Moments of Desire* (1997–98). 10/24: *Year Number Ten* (1995) and *Charm's Incidents* (1995). 10/25: *Inheritance, or A Love Withheld* (1997). "New Filmmakers Series." 10/21: Shorts and *Babyshakes and the Return of MacDaddy* (1997). "Films of Arturo Ripstein." 10/22: *The Queen of the Night* (1993). 10/23 and 10/26: *The Castle of Purity* (1972). 10/24 and 10/27: *The Holy Office* (1973). 10/24 and 10/28: *The Beginning and the End* (1993). 10/25: *In for Life* (1978) and *Hell Without Limits* (1977). 10/26: *The Realm of Fortune* (1985). 10/27: Pious Lies (1988). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

A Different Light—10/25: *The Hunger* (1983); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"A Gift from Mary Pickford." 10/21: *Wilful Peggy* (1910) and *Through the Back Door* (1921). 10/28: *What the Daisy Said* (1910) and *My Best Girl* (1927). "Commemorating CBS News." 10/22: *Case History of a Rumor* (1964) and *Germ and Chemical Warfare* (1969). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Youssef Chahine: Egyptian Auteur." Through 10/24: *Destiny* (1997). "Creating a Nation: The Cinema of Israel." 10/24: *Avanti Popolo* (1986) and *My Michael* (1975). 10/25 and 10/27: *Sabra* (1933). 10/25: *The Smile of the Lamb* (1986) and *Esther* (1985). 10/26 and 10/27: *Tent City* (1951). 10/26: *They Were Ten* (1960). "Movies for Kids." 10/24–10/25: *Searching For Bobby Fischer* (1993). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Catherine Deneuve: A Retrospective." 10/20: *La Sirène du Mississippi* (1969). 10/27: *Indochine* (1992). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 10/23: *Passion* (1982). 10/21 and 10/23: *Level 5* (1996). 10/24: *Boyfriends and Girlfriends* (1987) and *Contempt* (1963). Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Museum of Modern Art—"G.W. Pabst." 10/22: *Mademoiselle Docteur* (1936) and *Paracelsus* (1943). 10/23: *L'Opera de quat' sous* (1931) and *Die Dreigroschenoper* (1931). 10/23 and 10/24: *Komodianten* (1941). 10/23: *Die Dreigroschenoper* (1931) and *L'Opera de quat' sous* (1931). 10/25 and 10/26: *Der Prozess* (1947) and *Der letzte Akt* (1955). 10/27: *A Modern Hero* (1934). "Special Screening." 10/27: *Broken Blossoms* (1919), *Film About a Woman Who* (1974), *Fuses* (1965), and *Misconception* (1977). "Big As Life: An American History of 8 mm Films." 10/22: Films by George and Mike Kuchar. "New Documentaries." 10/22–10/23: *The Day You'll Love Me* (1997). "Third World Newsreel at Thirty." 10/23–10/25: Various programs. "Cineprobe." 10/26: *Hallelujah! Ron Athey: A Story of Deliverance* (1998). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Comedy Film Festival—10/21–10/25: Comic features, shorts, and animation. Call 279-4200 for info and tickets ($10–$100). At Directors Guild of America Theater, 110 W. 57th St.

Symphony Space—"The United Artists Adventure." 10/20: *The Misfits* (1961) and *Last Tango in Paris* (1972). 10/27: *Sparrows* (1926) and *Lili Marleen* (1980). "Chaplin Marathon." 10/25: Various silents, *City Lights* (1931) and *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Taxicab Confessions*. Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). HBO Documentary Film Festival. Through 10/29. Call theater for info. 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 10/24–10/25: *Kagemusha* (1980). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph courtesy of the Estate of Lenny Bruce.

theater

Martin Short . . . *Footloose* . . . Christian Slater

Broadway

Previews and Openings

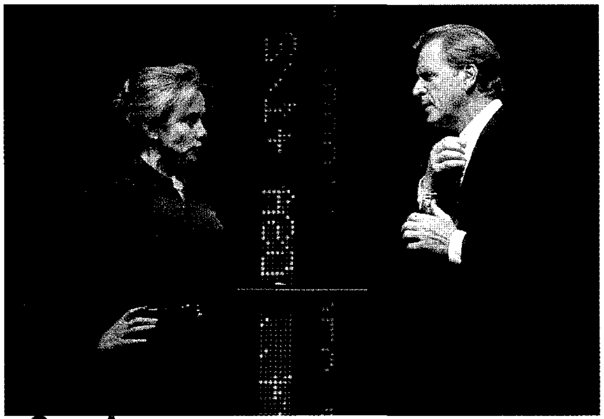
Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 10/22 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Getting and Spending—In this new play by Legal Aid Society president Michael J. Chepiga, a Wall Street whiz makes $18 million from insider trading and gives it all to the poor. The law catches up with her, so she heads down to Kentucky, where the country's best defense attorney is lazing away in retirement. He agrees to represent her, and from then on, it's a will-they-or-won't-they romantic nail-biter and is-she-or-isn't-she courtroom drama. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/25 opening. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard returns with the one-woman show that enraptured audiences last season at the Westbeth. She promises there'll be a lot of new material in this version, but its essence—catty, chatty, batty—should remain the same. $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 10/22 for an 11/5 opening. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Little Me—Neil Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Martin Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

On the Town—With the exception of its dance numbers, this revival received mostly enthusiastic notices when the Public Theatre mounted it in Central Park two seasons ago. The show now opens on Broadway, newly choreographed, with the entire cast intact. (Hello, sailors!) They're a mostly unknown bunch—as befits the musical that gave Jerome Robbins, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comeden, and Adolph Green their Broadway debuts—but they're also an energetic one, as befits the story of a trio of sailors on shore leave. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 10/20 for an 11/19 opening. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Opening

People v. Robin Hood

Investment bankers are back in the contemporary drama. But this time—get this—they're the good guys. In Michael J. Chepiga's 'Getting and Spending,' a Wall Street whiz makes a small fortune through insider trading, quietly gives it all to the poor, and gets caught anyway. Only the country's best defense attorney can rescue her—provided he can be persuaded out of retirement. And have we mentioned he's single? As the head of the Legal Aid Society, Chepiga is probably very familiar with the idea of choosing obscurity over glory—which, come to think of it, would explain why he's the only lawyer in New York who decided to write a play instead of a novel. Opens October 25 at the Helen Hayes.

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reseeing the play with a new British cast was eye-opening. The American cast played more for the lines, the British more for the characters behind them; both ways are just fine. Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig work wonders. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) Now starring Ute Lemper, Karen Ziemba, Alan Thicke, and Tom McGowan. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Mamaloshen—Mandy Patinkin's evening of Yiddish hummables, complete with deadpan translation of "White Christmas," moves uptown for a brief Broadway engagement after several packed weeks at the Angel Orensanz. The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklempt.* $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. 2. Through 11/7. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

More to Love: A Big Fat Comedy—Rob Bartlett, a pudgy stand-up comic in his forties, performs his own show about a pudgy stand-up comic facing a midlife crisis. Art? Life? Your call. Jack O'Brien directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

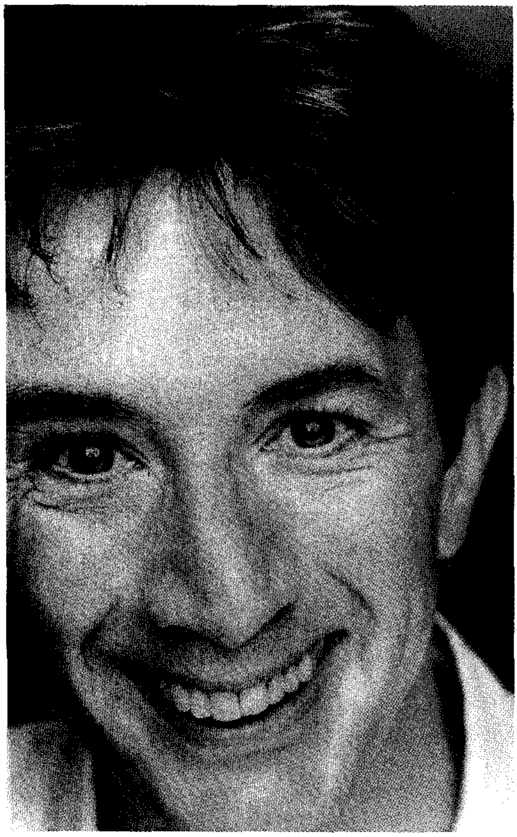
Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/8/98. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Previews

Et Tu, Martin?

It's one of the Roundabout's occupational hazards: Accept a role there, and you know that someone—a legend, probably—has already done it. This spring, Alan Cumming dazzlingly conquered a potential Joel Grey problem in the revival of *Cabaret,* winning a Tony for his efforts. Now Martin Short will try to dethrone Sid Caesar, for whom Neil Simon wrote the 1962 book of Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh's *Little Me.* With his Silly Putty face and highly adaptable voice, Short is a logical Antony to Caesar, zooming through his seven roles (including Noble Eggleston, governor of both Dakotas; Otto Schnitzler, Hollywood despot; and Val du Val, fey French lounge singer) with giddy precision. And he seems unthreatened by his predecessor to boot. "I'm so different from Caesar," says Short, 48. "We're both cut from the same mold of character guys, but it's like saying to Ralph Fiennes, 'Are you haunted by the great John Barrymore in *Hamlet*?' These are the great comedy roles. If there was a videotape of Caesar's performance, I'd probably watch it and see what I could steal." Not much, in all likelihood: Rob Marshall, who also staged *Cabaret,* has shuffled a number of scenes around, in order to tighten the show's feel and timing; Simon, in turn, has been adding new lines almost nightly, forcing Short to wander onstage with Post-It notes stuck to his hands. The sets and costumes are so complicated that Short has also been forced, on several occasions, to throw in a few lines of his own. ("Shave on your own time," he recently barked to an actor whose beard had fallen off.) He's perfectly comfortable improvising, of course, having cut his teeth at *SCTV,* in his native Ontario, and then on *Saturday Night Live.* "The show should feel like the Carol Burnett show," muses Short. "It should feel that joyful and that much fun." JENNIFER SENIOR



Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Memory of Water—Three sisters, all of a distinctly different stripe, are reunited after their mother's death in this new play by British playwright Shelagh Stephenson. John Tillinger directs. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Old Settler—Primary Stages starts its season with this 1995 play by John Henry Redwood about two sisters, both middle-aged, and the effects a young boarder has on their relationship when he tries to woo one of them out of their Harlem tenement. Starring the very fine Leslie Uggams. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/28 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Pericles—Shakespeare's late romantic drama, which most scholars assume he wrote with a collaborator, recounting the adventures of the prince of Tyre. Directed by Brian Kulick. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/1 opening. *The Public's Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

This Is Our Youth—Second Stage reprises Kenneth Lonergan's critically adored and pitch-perfect story of three young Upper West Siders, all adrift, all drug-prone, all slouching at various rates toward adulthood. Mark Brokaw once again directs; Mark Rosenthal, Mark Ruffalo, and Missy Yager star. $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/3 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Wolf Lullaby—Atlantic Theater Company kicks off its season with Australian playwright Hilary Bell's play about a child murderer in a remote Tasmanian town. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 10/28 opening. *Atlantic*

Opening
Bacon Bits

Let's hear it for the producers! *Footloose*, that candy-coated, dance-driven teeny-bopper flick from 1984, has become a candy-coated, dance-driven, teeny-bopper maxi-musical in 1998. There's no Kevin Bacon, but he'll be there in spirit and in the male lead's haircut. The actors will also be singing the same movie tunes (written mostly by Tom Snow, with assists from Kenny Loggins and various others) and reciting some of the same dialogue (adapted for the stage by original screenwriter Dean Pitchford). Kick off those Sunday shoes! Opens October 22 at the Richard Rodgers.

Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).

Zora Neale Hurston—A revival of Laurence Holder's 1990 hit about the author, social critic, and queen of the Harlem Renaissance. $15–$30. Tues., Wed., Sat. at 2, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 10/20 for a 10/29 opening. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

The After-Dinner Joke—Caryl Churchill's 1978 radio play about a young woman's misadventures in not-for-profit byzantium. If the play is as trenchant about the hypocrisies of Naderites as *Serious Money* was about Reagan- and Thatcherites, it should be great. Presented by Monster[less] Actors Inc. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Currican Theatre, 154 W. 29th St. (462-9279).*

Binlids—As involving as some of them were, last year's theatrical imports from Ireland were hardly political. But this season, there have been at least two—*A Night in November,* by Marie Jones, and now this drama, written and performed by the women of West Belfast. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 8. *Angel Orensanz Cultural Center, 172 Norfolk St. (307-4100).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—A devilishly cunning prestidigitator, this Alan Ayckbourn! In this, the forty-ninth of his 53 plays, he combines three genres: the drawing-room comedy, the thriller, and the time-tripping fantasy. He manages to get them roisterously into one another's hair, exactly as entangled as he wants them at any skittish moment. We are in the same Regal Hotel suite in 2018, 1998, and 1978. But this is no standard hotel suite. Its communicating doors to the next suite are a whirling time machine with which the two female protagonists can time-travel. What the two women struggle to achieve is to change history: to undo two murders. Mary-Louise Parker's Poopay goes well beyond the whore with the heart of gold. She is ably assisted by the Ruella of Patricia Hodges, a ballsy sophisticate, and the Jessica of Candy Buckley, a ditsy millionairess. They evolve into a beguilingly spunky trio, with Miss Parker rightly the mistress of revels. (Simon: 9/7/98.) $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Corpus Christi—Terrence McNally's version of the Greatest Story Ever Told. The play was killed last spring and resurrected; now everyone has an opinion about it, though almost no one has seen or read it. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Duet!—Adobe Theatre's amusing spoof of a fifties romance—in which dead frogs, talking trees, and Mandarin renditions of "Anything Goes" all come mysteriously into play. The show charmed the bobby socks off the critics last spring. $20–$45. Mon., Tues., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

The Dying Gaul—A return engagement of Craig Lucas's newest drama about love, the Internet, and the desire to live beyond one's own death. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 10/25. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Impossible Marriage—Holly Hunter, at her best when she's three pegs off-center and a giddy pile of exposed nerves, reassumes her rightful place on the New York stage in this new play by Beth Henley (*Crimes of the Heart*), who draws her characters in just that way. The Wilde-influenced comedy concerns two sisters, one on the cusp of a bad marriage and one already in one, and the havoc this awkward situation wreaks. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Killer Joe—Amanda Plummer and Scott Glenn, pleasures both on stage and screen, star in Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Marco Polo Sings a Solo—Signature Theatre Company kicks off its John Guare season with this surreal ode to the new millennium, written by the author in 1972 as he was whiling away the hours on a flight from London to New York. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/25. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the young actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

A Night in November—Dan Gordon returns as Kenneth McCallister, as well as his many friends and relations, in Marie Jones's super-acclaimed one-man show about the strife in Northern Ireland. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

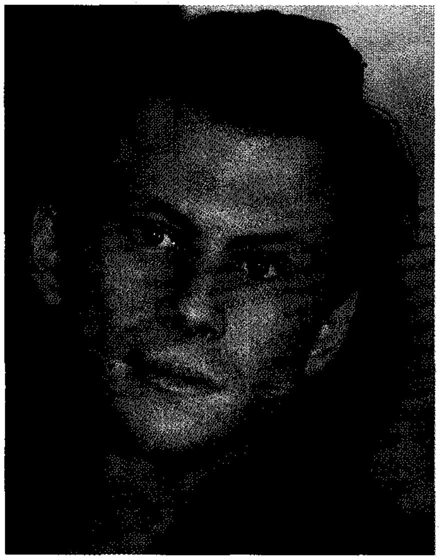
Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/29. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Oedipus—Frances McDormand and Billy Crudup star in Dare Clubb's highly ambitious, four-hour-plus version of the Greek myth. This time, the Theban prince tries like mad to fulfill his destiny; he spends almost the entire evening searching for his father so that he may get on with his life and settle in with dear old Mum. Blue Light Theater Company presents. $37.50–$40. Tues., Thurs., Fri. and Sat. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Re-re-opening Hard Reign

'Side Man,' which drew raves when it opened at the Classic Stage Company and tearful hosannas when it was picked up two months later by the Roundabout, elegantly combines content and form: The subject is the eloquent and desperate life of backup jazz musicians; the structure is such that no one actor ever takes the lead. But when the play opens for a third time this Tuesday, Christian Slater, a capital-C celebrity if ever there was one, will be among the seven-member ensemble. Will he gobble up the spotlight? Can those eyebrows be subdued? We'll see—though the play is so fine that almost any ploy to bring it back can probably be justified. At the Golden Theatre.



Photograph by Bernie Sampo/Outline.

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May and starring their children. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of working in a restaurant on East Sixth Street. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

The Uneasy Chair—Evan Smith not only understands the importance of drawing-room comedy—he has written one, thus setting him apart from the dozens of other young American playwrights. Meet Miss Pickles, dowager; her dashing tenant, Josiah Wickett; and their impeccable, mischievous children. Dana Ivey (always a pleasure) and Roger Rees (ditto) star. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/25. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden and David Margulies star in Jeff Baron's play about a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. In and out of bed, she enacts or narrates the battle for life, and the scarcely less scary battle of the Ph.D. vs. the M.D. Add a supporting cast in which all, and Alec Phoenix in particular, shine. And don't miss the final irony: Margaret Edson teaches elementary school in Atlanta. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Closes 10/31. MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).

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art

Claire McCardell....Lee Friedlander

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Robert Baribeau—New paintings of abstracted still-life subjects that employ scrawls, drips, splashes, and the artist's characteristic polka dots; 10/22–12/19. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (987-4997).

Nick Blosser—Abstracted landscape paintings in egg tempera on wood; 10/22–11/28. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Herbert Ferber—Environmental sculptures from the late fifties through the seventies; through 11/7. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Françoise Gilot—Paintings, gouaches, and drawings made between 1940, when the artist was just beginning her career, and 1955, the year after she and Pablo Picasso parted company, and a group of photographs of Gilot, Picasso, and their two children, Paloma and Claude, taken during those years; through 11/22. Elkon, 1016 Madison Ave. (535-3940).

Sigmar Polke—New paintings that continue the artist's use of printing errors as a motif; 10/23–1/16/99. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Paul Russotto—Gestural abstract paintings, tracings, and working drawings from 1980 through 1998; through 11/14. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings in which figures become elements of landscapes, the last works by the artist, who died in 1995; through 11/21. Bookstein, 50 E. 78th St. (439-9605).

57th Street Area

Will Barnet—A survey of the artist's geometric abstract paintings made between 1948 and 1965; through 11/14. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Lesley Dill—Large drawings on photographic emulsion that explore the human figure; through 11/17. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

William Harper—Illuminated paintings that unfold in book form; through 11/14. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

Susan Hartnett—On-site charcoal drawings of marsh, field, and woodland grasses and sedges; 10/23–11/28. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

Al Held—Twenty small paintings from 1964–65 that have not been previously exhibited; through 11/14. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Jeff Kowatch—Abstract paintings and works on paper; through 11/10. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

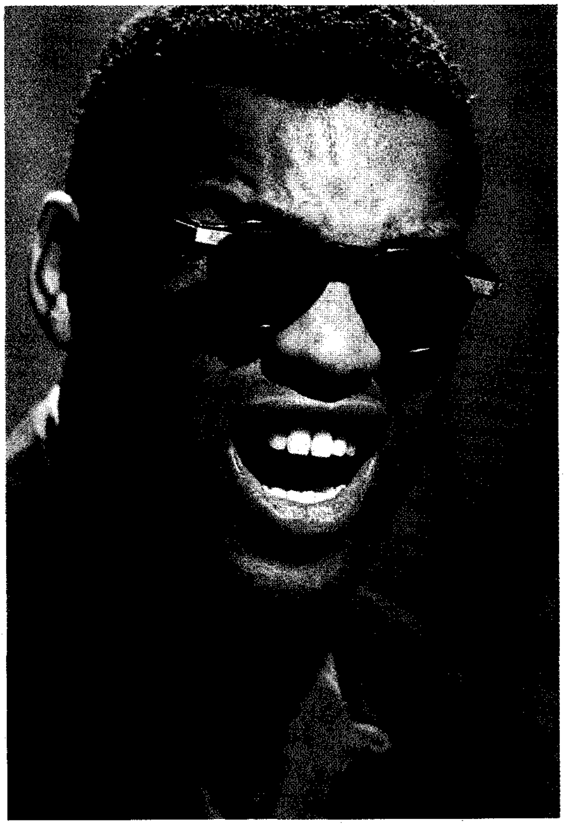
Robert Kushner—Recent large-scale paintings of flowers and meadows, including *Lilac Room*, an installation of four monumental paintings that transforms a small gallery space into a room suggestive of a Japanese tea house; through 11/14. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Henry Moore—Works spanning 40 years of the sculptor's life, including maquettes, working models, drawings, and two rare carved pieces, *Figure* (wood, 1930) and *Animal Form* (travertine marble, 1969); through 11/10. Goodman, 41 E. 57th St. (593-3737).

David Nash—Recent wood sculptures by the British artist; 10/22–11/28. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Photography
Greatest Hits

Taken from the fifties through the seventies, when he was the house photographer for Atlantic Records, Lee Friedlander's fabulous album-cover shots of Ray Charles (below), Johnny Cash, Aretha Franklin, Stan Getz, and other icons have been collected in a new book, 'American Musicians: Photographs by Lee Friedlander' (D.A.P.; $49.95), and a show at Janet Borden (560 Broadway; October 22 through December 31).



Photograph by Lee Friedlander, from *American Musicians* (D.A.P. 1998).

Jackson Pollock—An exhibition concurrent with "Jackson Pollock: A Retrospective," at MOMA, of paintings and drawings from 1938 to 1944 that demonstrate the early influence of Picasso on Pollock; 10/22–12/19. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Faith Ringgold—Story-quilts, paintings, drawings, and prints by the artist, who is currently having an exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art; through 11/28. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Joel Shapiro—New painted wood and bronze sculptures that are cantilevered off the wall and suspended from the ceiling; through 11/14. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). See Solos, "SoHo & TriBeCa."

Wayne Toepp/John Winship—Paintings of fetishized objects such as cages and dolls/Paintings of images taken from family snapshots. Through 11/5. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (644-2519).

William Turnbull—New abstract bronze sculptures by the British artist; through 11/28. Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (752-5135).

Susan Walp/Peter Loftus—Still-life paintings of fruits and flowers/Paintings of landscapes in Northern California. Through 11/14. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Peter Wegner/Wayne Gonzales—Monochromatic blue paintings based on marketing chips used by house-paint manufacturers/Paintings based on computer-manipulated commercial images. Through 10/31. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Laurie Anderson—Three works that commemorate the artist's early association with Artists Space, including *Handphone Table*, first exhibited in the Projects Space at MOMA in 1978; *Book*, a new video installation; and *Whirlwind*, a three-dimensional viewer-activated audio installation; through 11/7. Artists Space, 38 Greene St. (226-3970).

Dike Blair/Jerry Phillips—New sculpture and paintings/New drawings. Through 11/7. Feature, 76 Greene St. (941-7077).

Lisa Bradley—New abstract paintings; through 11/14. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Jessica Bronson—A video installation on the subject of weather; through 11/14. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Carmen Cicero—Recent paintings and watercolors depicting figures and objects in mysterious narratives; through 11/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Ann Craven—New paintings that use birds as a vehicle for physical properties of color, scale, and paint; through 11/14. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Minnie Evans—A survey of paintings and drawings by a self-taught North Carolina native born in 1892, whose symmetrical vegetable and biomorphic configurations suggest Persian textiles, Kongo cosmograms, and Jainist cosmological drawings from India; through 11/14. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Martha Keller—Recent abstract paintings; through 11/14. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

LOT/EK—An installation by the architectural partnership LOT/EK (Ada Tolla and Giuseppe Lignano) that transforms a petroleum trailer tank into a set of floating modules suitable for lounging and watching television; through 11/28. Deitch

Retrospective

The Sporting Life

Claire McCardell (1905–1958) was undeniably a prime originator of American sportswear, the casual clothes that offered an alternative to the elaborate artifice of high fashion. The latest tributes to her achievement are a retrospective exhibition—"Claire McCardell and the American Look"—at the Museum at FIT (Seventh Avenue at 27th Street; October 27 through January 9, 1999) and a complementary book by Kohle Yohannan and Nancy Nolf, *Claire McCardell: Redefining Modernism* (Abrams; $39.95). Both efforts make a conscientious case for McCardell's importance to the evolution-of-dress aspect of fashion history. They fail, though, to make a persuasive argument for the designer's work as art, which the most imaginative fashion aspires to be. Displayed and discussed in depth, McCardell's work compels a certain sociological interest, but it rarely appeals to our senses or to our fantasy.

McCardell was her own best model: a fresh-faced "American" type, with a lanky body honed by outdoor sports and a cheerful disregard for highfalutin airs. Feistily independent, she envisioned a wardrobe for the contemporary woman of her day that was easy to wear, easy to care for, and easy to afford. Her sole connection with European-style glamour was her admiration—and adaptation to her own purposes—for the bias cutting central to the sublime work of the couturiere Madeleine Vionnet. Nowhere did McCardell attain Vionnet's ravishing, timeless results; the American designer was out to serve real women (often suburbanites) with busy, practical lives, not goddesses. True, the many Louise Dahl-Wolfe photographs of McCardell's designs lend them a glamorous, enigmatic atmosphere, but the clothes, on their own, don't really possess this allure. Apart from the black diaper bathing suit, which is still striking more than a half-century after its creation, every single McCardell garment could be worn by a nice girl, if such a person still existed.

Tobi Tobias

Photograph by Genevieve Naylor, from *Claire McCardell: Redefining Modernism*, Harry N. Abrams, Inc.

Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Joseph Marioni—Monochromatic paintings made between 1992 and 1998; through 12/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Joel Shapiro—Large cast-bronze sculptures and an elevated wood sculpture approximately fifteen feet tall; through 11/14. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9280). See solo shows, "57th Street Area."

Annika Ström—A sound installation constructed as an environment in which the viewer moves to five different video and audio stations placed throughout the gallery; through 11/14. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Ben Vautier—New paintings and sculpture by the French Fluxus artist; through 11/14. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Kara Walker—Recent silhouette works on paper, large-scale drawings, an installation of manipulated vintage objects, and a text piece that reflects the artist's ongoing interest in racial identity; 10/22–11/28. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Andy Warhol—The artist's rarely exhibited studio still-life drawings; through 11/14. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

H.C. Westermann—A suite of woodcuts titled "The Connecticut Ballroom" made by the artist in 1975 and incorporating most of the major images of his graphic oeuvre; through 11/7. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Chelsea

Shimon Attie—Photographs of photographs that depict people projected into rooms of the artist's San Francisco home (concurrent with this exhibition, Creative Time will present Attie's outdoor laser installation, *Between Dreams and Memory*, at the corner of Ludlow and Rivington Streets, from October 22 through November 7); through 11/14. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Nayland Blake—Works that explore themes from the fairy tale *Hansel and Gretel*, including a large-scale gingerbread house constructed from real gingerbread and a video depicting the artist being hand-fed gingerbread by another person; through 11/28. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Max Estenger—An installation of sculpture and a large-scale reconfigured photograph that explore technology, globalism, and power; through 11/14. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Heide Fasnacht—New polymer-clay and metal sculptures that depict an array of explosive activities, from Pearl Harbor to sneezes; through 11/14. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Louise Fishman—New abstract paintings whose shifting forms suggest alchemical transmutations; through 11/14. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Lucy Gunning—A video installation that investigates the uncertainties of communication by showing images of people with varying degrees of speech impediments in conversation; through 11/21. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Jonathan Horowitz—An audio installation that records the artist's first attempt to play the piano since his childhood lessons; through 11/7. Schachter/Rove, 526 W. 26th St. (807-6669).

Roy Kortick—Paintings that use narrative and poetic fragments from such varied sources as the Battle of Little Bighorn and the Gilgamesh epic; through 11/14. Debs, 529 W. 20 St. (647-7080).

Miltos Manetas—Paintings of computer hardware and photographs of computer games; through 11/7. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (727-3323).

Andrew Masullo—Paintings that refer to the artist's interest in folk art, paint-by-number pictures, twelve-tone music, and modernist design; through 11/14. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Marilyn Minter—Recent paintings of manipulated body fragments; through 11/25. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Arnaldo Morales/Charles Goldman—Sculptures made from an eclectic collection of industrial materials and household objects/A site-specific installation formed from eighteen cardboard boxes of scrap wood left over from the artist's artistic and carpentry projects. Through 11/14. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (967-6007).

Jennifer Reeves—Heavily impastoed abstract paintings that incorporate fabric and gravel; through 11/14. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Julian Schnabel—New large-scale hand-painted screenprints; through 11/7. Katzen/Stein, 421 W. 14th St. (989-6616).

Fran Siegel—Paintings constructed from layers of transparent scrim or thick slabs of glass; through 11/14. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Beate von Ploetz—Latex panels and stitched translucent pieces that incorporate materials chosen for their skinlike colors, such as wax, rabbit-skin glue, coffee, and rust; through 11/7. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232).

Sue Williams—New paintings in which the artist's characteristic lines have become increasingly calligraphic and autonomous; through 11/21. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Didier Aaron—32 E. 67th St. (988-5248). Paintings and drawings by Granet, Peyron, Greuze, Rousseau, others; through 11/7.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Works that mix printmaking, painting, and sculpture, by Cararella, Kainen, Wald; through 11/14.

Spanish Institute—and Americas Society, 680 and 684 Park Ave. (249-8950). "El Alma del Pueblo," an exhibition of Spanish folk art organized by the San Antonio Museum of Art, including 250 objects on loan from 30 museums and private collections in Spain and the Americas; through 12/31.

57th Street Area

Archives of American Art—1285 Sixth Avenue (399-5015). "The Critic Sees: A Century of Art Criticism From the Archives of American Art," a salute to the art critic Robert Hughes featuring letters, photographs, and other documents of twelve noted American art critics drawn from the Archives of American Art's collections; through 1/8/99.

Painewebber—1285 Sixth Avenue (713-2885). "In the Spirit of Compassion," featuring art and artifacts illustrating the inherent connection in Tibetan culture between art and faith; through 12/4.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1381). "The Gamblers: It's Time to Play," paintings, drawings, text, and installations by Matthew Ritchie; 10/23–11/28.

Chelsea

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). "Beauty and the Beast," large-scale sculptures by Booker, Cemin, Green, and McDonald; 10/21–11/28.

Other

New York Studio School—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). Drawings and prints depicting bathers by Beckmann, Degas, Rembrandt, Tiepolo, and others; through 11/14.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Journey," with works by Asbury, Cartwright, Greene, Hines, Wolson; paintings by Shoshanna Dentz and Christina Mazzalupo; through 11/22.

Photography

Ansel Adams—Classic landscape photographs, including his images of Yosemite's Half Dome and the Sierra Nevada; 10/22–12/5. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Jayne Hinds Bidaut—Tintypes and ambrotypes of nudes and insects; through 11/14. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Brassaï—Fifty-five images of nocturnal Paris taken between 1929 and 1932; through 11/14. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460). "Gel," with photographs by Baum, Lambri, Noguchi, Seino; through 11/7.

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). Former publisher Barney Rosset's never-before-released photographs of his wife, the Abstract Expressionist Joan Mitchell, from the forties and fifties; documentary images by 44 *Life* staff photographers, including Harry Benson and Alfred Eisenstadt; vintage portraits and fashion photographs by Martin Munkasci, former *Harper's Bazaar* photographer and favorite of Avedon and Cartier-Bresson; 10/24–11/28.

Lee Friedlander—Prints from sixties negatives of music greats such as Miles Davis, Aretha Franklin, and John Coltrane, taken when the photographer was employed by Atlantic Records; 10/22–12/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Nan Goldin—New photographs; through 11/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Hiroshi Sugimoto—New photographs; through 11/7. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*. Through 11/29. . . . "Walker Evans Simple Secrets: Photographs From the Collection of Marian and Benjamin A. Hill." Works from every period of the photographer's career, including early New York abstractions, street scenes, portraits, and studies of New England and New York Victorian architecture; through 11/29.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Vik Muniz: Seeing Is Believing." A survey of work by a photographer who creates his seemingly straightforward images of figures, landscapes, and objects from such unexpected materials as granulated sugar, chocolate, and wire and thread; through 11/8. . . . "New Photography From France: The CCF Award Recipients"; through 11/15. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of A.I.D.S. by Steve Hart"; through 11/15.

Iñigo Manglano-Ovalle—An installation of 48 human-scale panels of color photographs of DNA samples; through 11/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Roberto Marossi—Large-scale photographs that depict figures isolated or in pairs against milky, flat backgrounds; through 11/18. Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (929-7902).

Kathryn Marx—A Breast Cancer Awareness Month benefit exhibit of self-portraits and abstract images that document the photographer's experience with breast cancer; through 11/7. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Roger Newton—New photographs printed on paper and wood. Through 11/14. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Julius Shulman/Stanley Greenberg—Photographs of California's modernist architecture taken between 1930 and 1967/Photographs of New York City's hidden infrastructure. Through 11/14. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Seton Smith—New photographs that depict soft-focus, cropped images of interiors; through 11/14. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Wolfgang Tillmans—Recent photographs of the Concorde jet—taking off, in flight, and landing—and works from the new book *Wolfgang Tillmans: Burg* (Taschen; $29.95); 10/24–11/28. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Ben Vautier—"Photo Rejects," conceptual assemblages, paintings, and sculptures incorporating and exploring photography; through 12/5. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Transformation: Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977–1996." Works by contemporary Canadian craft artists who have been winners of the Saidye Bronfman Award; through 1/3/99. . . . "June Schwarcz: Forty Years/Forty Pieces." A 40-year retrospective of the artist's enamelware vessels; though 11/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

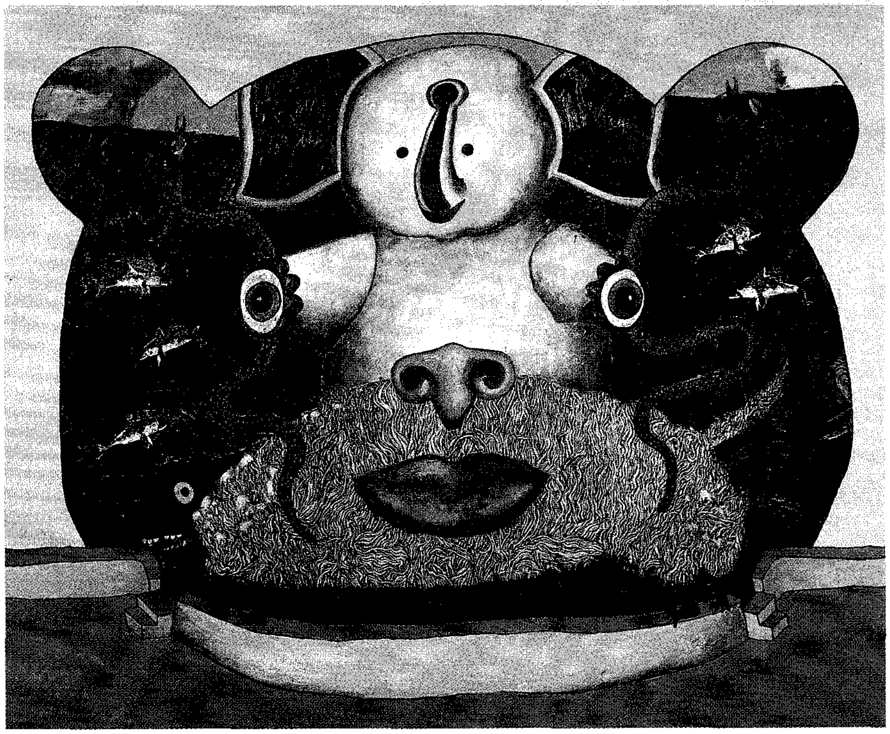
American Museum of Natural History—"The Sacred Arts of Haitian Vodou." The first exhibition of to explore the arts of the African-Caribbean religion of vodou, featuring more than 500 objects on loan from public and private collections in the United States, Haiti, and Europe; through 1/3/99. . . . "Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center of more than 80 works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; 10/23–1/24/99. . . . "The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881–1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. . . . "Kerry James Marshall: Mementos." A retrospective of paintings, plus new video and sculptural pieces; through 11/29. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 p.m. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; through 1/10/99. . . . "Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and so-

Talent **History and mythology coalesce in Roy Kortick's humorous, literate paintings, which combine images of such seemingly unrelated subjects as the Battle of Little Bighorn, porcupines, the Gilgamesh Epic, and . . . inflatable toys? At Debs & Co., 529 West 20th Street; through November 14.**



Photograph courtesy of Debs & Co.

lar-electric products; through 10/25. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"French Oil Sketches and the Academic Tradition." Oil sketches by nineteenth-century masters of the academic tradition, among them Baron Françoise-Pascal-Simon Gérard, Jean-Louis Meissonier, and Jean-Louis Gérôme; through 1/2/99. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Victorian Fairy Painting." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to the distinctly British genre, with paintings, works on paper, and objects by Richard Dadd, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, J. M. W. Turner, and others; through 1/17. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Maya Lin: Topologies." Fifteen works by the artist/architect in glass, wood, and wax adapted from computer-enhanced imaging and microscopy and from aerial views of the earth taken from airplanes and satellites; through 10/31. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; contribution suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24/99. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Premises: Invested Spaces in Visual Arts, Architecture, and Design From France, 1958–1998." An exhibition exploring 40 years of French artistic and architectural practice, with works by Christian Boltanski, Yves Klein, Le Corbusier, Annette Messager, and others; through 1/10/98. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"After Rabin: New Art From Israel." Paintings, photography, installation, video, and artist books by contemporary Israeli artists; through 1/3/99. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; 10/27–1/31/99. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; 10/27–2/28/99. . . . "Edgar Degas, Photographer." The first exhibition to gather all of the surviving major photographs by the French artist (1834–1917), including figure studies, portraits of the artist's friends, and self-portraits; through 1/3/99. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926), who worked in France for much of her career; 10/20–1/24/99. . . . "Heroic Armor of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and His Contemporaries." Classically inspired Renaissance armors made in Milan during the years 1530–50 by Filippo Negroli and his workshop; through 1/17/99. . . . "Sacred Visions." Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid-eleventh to the mid-fifteenth century; through 1/17/99. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/3/99. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28/99. . . . "Letters in Gold: Ottoman Calligraphy From the Sakip Sabanci Collection, Istanbul"; through 12/13. . . . "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion." An exhibition exploring the persistence of eighteenth-century style in clothing, featuring garments from the 1700s and their nineteenth- and twentieth-century revivals; through 11/29. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31/99. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Baule: African Art/Western Eyes." Objects created by the Baule people of Africa's Ivory Coast; through 1/30/99. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry From the Hirschhorn Foundation." Nineteenth-century American folk marquetry chairs, tables, boxes, frames, game boards, and other furniture and decorative works from the collection of Robert and Marjorie Hirschhorn; through 1/10/99. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"ORTworks: Modernizing Jewish Labor in the Early 20th Century." Rare photographs of Jewish beekeepers, seamstresses, blacksmiths, and other workers who received vocational and agricultural training from ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation Through Training) programs from the twenties through the forties; 10/27–2/11/99. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"The New York School." Drawings ranging in date from the late forties through the early fifties by artists affiliated with the New York School, from the museum's collection; through 1/12/99. . . . "New Photography 14: Jeanne Dunning, Olafur Eliasson, Rachel Harrison, Sam Taylor-Wood." Photographs and works incorporating photography by four artists whose ideas have been nourished by their work in other media; through 1/12/99. . . . "Ufa Film Posters, 1918–1943." Fifty posters for films produced or distributed by Ufa, Germany's legendary movie studio; through 1/5/99. . . . "Projects 64: Diana Thater." A new multisite video installation work titled *The best animals are the flat animals*; through 11/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Begins: A Rare Drawing of New Amsterdam, c. 1650." A watercolor drawing of New Amsterdam that is considered the oldest surviving visual representation of New York City, on loan from the Austrian National Gallery in Vienna; through 11/29. . . . "Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Claire McCardell and the American Look." Clothing, design sketches, photographs, and ephemera documenting the designer's career; 10/27–1/9. . . . "C'AD Infinitum: Textiles, Techniques, & Technology." An exhibition exploring new computer technologies; through 1/2/99. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Faces of *Time*: 75 Years of *Time* Magazine Cover Portraits." Original works commissioned as *Time* magazine cover illustrations; through 1/3/99. . . . "Artists and the Avant-Garde Theater in Paris, 1887–1900"; through 1/3/99. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri., 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Dancing at the Louvre: Faith Ringgold's *French Collection* and Other Story Quilts." Quilt paintings from the series that tell the fictional adventures of an African-American woman in Paris, working as an artist and model during the heyday of Picasso, Matisse, and Gertrude Stein; through 1/3/99. . . . "Marcel Odenbach." A selection of video installations by the German artist; through 1/3/99. . . . "Ana Prada." Site-specific sculptures created from ordinary materials; through 1/3/99..."Xu Bing: Introduction to Square Word Calligraphy." An installation of a classroom in which visitors are provided with traditional Chinese calligraphy instruments and practice pads and invited to learn the fundamentals of calligraphy; through 1/10/99. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21. . . . "19th-Century Etchings From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." American prints by Blance Dillaye, William St. John Harper, Thomas Moran, and others; through 1/10/99. . . . "George B. Post: Great American Architect." Architectural renderings of some of New York's early skyscrapers by the nineteenth-century architect (1837–1913); through 1/10/99. . . . "William Sidney Mount: Painter of American Life." The first major loan exhibition of paintings by the Long Island native (1807–1868) often credited as the founder of American genre painting; through 10/25. . . . "Fading Ad Campaign: Vintage Painted Signs." Photographs of painted advertisements on buildings in New York City by Frank H. Jump; through 11/1. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 2/21/99. . . . "Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1, of works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. . . . "David Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24/99. . . . "Yoshie Ueki." Recent embroidery works; 10/18–1/17/99. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Master Drawings From the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums." Approximately 120 western-European drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century. Through 1/10/99. . . . "Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17/99. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28/99. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Mark Rothko." A major traveling exhibition of 115 paintings and works on paper dating from the thirties to 1970; through 11/29. . . . "Bob Thompson." The most comprehensive survey of paintings by the African-American figurative expressionist (1937–1966) to date; through1/3/99. . . . "Good Times, Hard Times, War Times: American Prints From the 1920s to the 1940s." Prints from the museum's permanent collection by Howard Cook, Mabel Dwight, Louis Lozowick, Benton Spruance, and others; through 11/15. . . . "Janine Antoni: *Swoon*." The first major video installation by the artist Janine Antoni; through 11/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shirin Neshat: Turbulent." A film installation examining the boundaries of gender roles in contemporary Iranian life; 10/23–1/15. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 10/21 at 2 and 10/22 at 10 and 2: "Magnificent Jewels." On view from 10/16. 10/23 at 10 and 2: "Arts of France." On view from 10/17. 10/26 at 10 and 2: "Important Watches and Wristwatches." On view from 10/22. 10/27 at 10, 2, and 5: "An Important Collection of Japanese Ukiyo-e Paintings/Japanese Paintings, Prints and Screens." On view from 10/24.

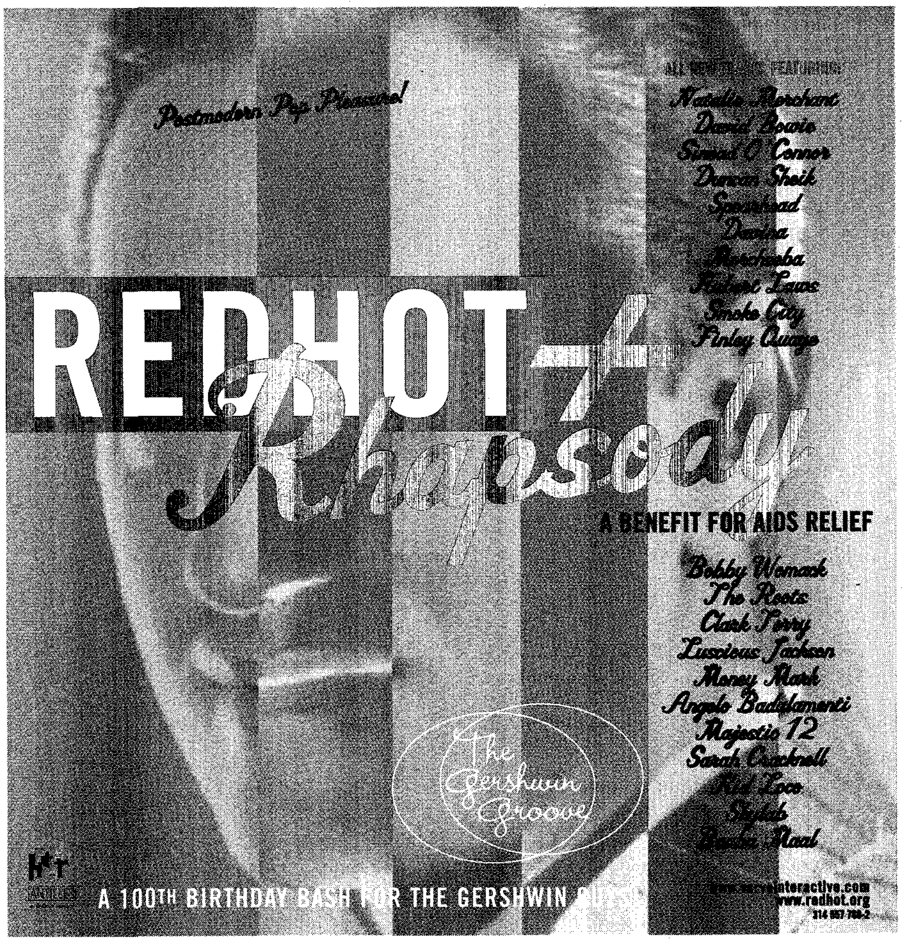
Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 10/22 at 10 and 2: "Silver." On view from 10/17. 10/27 at 10 and 2: "19th Century Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 10/24.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 10/21 at 10: "Important English and Continental Furniture and Decorations" and "Old Master Paintings and Drawings." On view from 10/18.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 10/22 at 10:30: "English, Continental and American Silver and Silver Plate." On view from 10/16. 10/22 at 12: "Asian Works of Art."

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/21 and 10/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 10/15. 10/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Silver." On view from 10/16. 10/23 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture and Porcelain." On view from 10/17. 10/26 at 10:15 and 2: "Books." On view from 10/21. 10/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 10/23.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 10/22 at 10:30: "Modern Literature." On view from 10/17.



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in concert

The Philadelphia Orchestra Plays Brahms at Carnegie

Classical Music

Tuesday, October 20

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs Brahms's *Nänie, Schicksalslied,* and Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor, with pianist Maurizio Pollini and the Philadelphia Singers Chorale. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$85.*

Elsner String Quartet—Performs works by Szymanowski, Brahms, Schubert, and Beethoven. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; $9.*

Seymour Lipkin, Piano—Performs the first concert in his series of the complete Beethoven piano sonatas. *Lang Recital Hall, Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 7; $20.*

Wednesday, October 21

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs an all-Mozart Gala, with soprano Hei-Kyung Hong and mezzo Rinat Shaham. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $50–$1,000.*

Arcadi Volodos, Piano—Performs works by Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, Glinka, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$45.*

Thursday, October 22

New York Philharmonic—Performs Harbison's *Remembering Gatsby,* Copland's Piano Concerto, and Respighi's *Pines, Fountains,* and *Festivals of Rome. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $17–$73.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Mozart's Duet for Violin and Viola in G Major and Ravel's Piano Trio. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$25.*

Friday, October 23

Meridian String Quartet—Performs works by Zhou Long, Arriaga, Rathaus, and Schumann. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/22.

Saturday, October 24

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs works by Carter, Barber, Handel, and Haydn, with soprano Hei-Kyung Hong; and the world premiere of Michael Hersch's *Recollections of Fear, Hope, and Discontent. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Orchestre Symphonique de Montreal—Performs works by Sibelius, Chopin, Hindemith, and Enescu, with pianist Martha Argerich. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $20–$85.*

Sunday, October 25

Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal—Performs works by Dutilleux, Chopin, Debussy, and Mussorgsky, with pianist Martha Argerich. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $20–$85.*

Bargemusic—See 10/22, at 4.

Monday, October 26

Kiev Camerata—Performs Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings* and Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht. Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 6:45; $12.*

Jon Nakamatsu, Piano—Performs works by Beethoven, Chopin, Bolcom, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$50.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Bizet's *Carmen,* 10/20 at 7:30, and 10/23 and 10/26 at 8; Verdi's *Aïda,* 10/21 and 10/24 at 8; Wagner's *Lohengrin,* 10/22 at 7; and Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila,* 10/24 at 1:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York City Opera—Performs of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice,* 10/21 at 7:30 and 10/23 at 8; Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel,* 10/22 at 7:30, 10/24 at 8, and 10/25 at 1:30; and Verdi's *Rigoletto,* 10/24 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Amato Opera—Performs a double bill of Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci,* 10/24 at 7:30 and 10/25 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

Dance

San Francisco Ballet—Performs various repertory works, including *The Vertiginous Thrill of Exactitude, Criss-Cross,* and *Agon,* 10/20 at 7:30, 10/21–10/23 at 8, and 10/24 at 2 and 8. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $30–$55.*

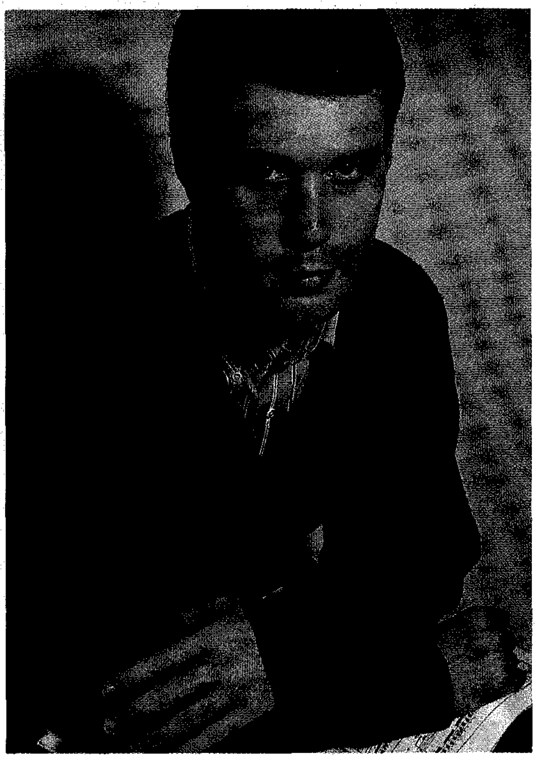
David Dorfman Dance—Performs the New York premiere of *A Cure for Gravity,* and other dances by Dorfman, 10/20–10/23 at 8, 10/24 at 2 and 8, and 10/25 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Robert Wood Dance—Performs "Coreografia," a program of new dances by Wood, 10/22–10/24 at 8. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (334-7479); $10–$25.*

Previews
Heart of Darkness

Considering how well his life has been going recently, Michael Hersch is at a loss to explain why his music typically sounds as melancholy as it does. "I think it's just a very deep sadness," says the 27-year-old composer. "It's there, just like blood flowing through my veins." And as Hersch plays *Recollections of Fear, Hope, and Discontent,* a piece commissioned for the New York Chamber Symphony (see October 24), that sadness—indiscernible in the man himself—surfaces. The piece moves from dark, brooding passages to fierce outbursts of passion and on to moments of quiet meditation, all with a spontaneity that suggests untempered emotion. "He has a distinctive voice that's his and no one else's, a voice of great depth, almost on occasion loneliness," says Chamber Symphony music director Gerard Schwarz, who commissioned *Recollections* two years ago. Since then, Hersch has received numerous grants and awards, as well as glowing reviews wherever his music has been performed, though he doesn't take them to heart: "There's a line in a movement of a Mahler symphony that's repeated throughout the whole thing," he notes soberly. " 'Dark is life, dark is death,' and that's pretty much how I felt my whole life."

Nick Meyer



Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Michael Hersch.

restaurants

Airmail Aquavit...Club Raleigh...Pair France

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

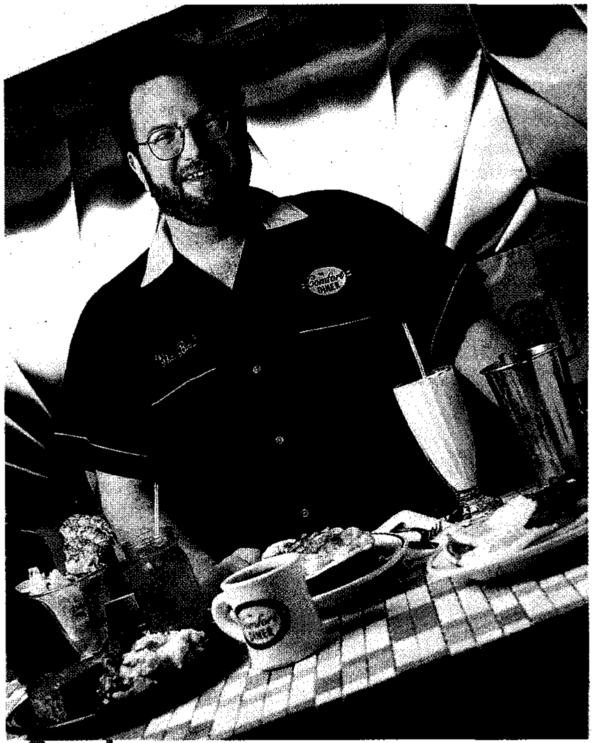
Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*



Opening
Comfort Station

Ira Freehof opens his second terrazzo-and-tile-outfitted Comfort Diner this week on the strategically located Yorkville corner directly above the 86th Street IRT, making for an almost captive audience. Famished straphangers can stop in first thing for salami and eggs with home fries, or much later (till 2 A.M., 5 A.M. on weekends) to unwind over homemade corn nuts and an extensive roster of American microbrews. (142 East 86th Street; 426-8600.)

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Screening Room—You don't need to be a cineast to love this cool, comfortable restaurant, with its velvet curtains and high ceilings, but it helps. The adjacent movie theater runs a terrific program of independent and foreign films. The restaurant repertoire, however, is creative American: Pan-fried artichokes, cedar-planked salmon, and lemon-caramel icebox cake are a few of the standouts. *54 Varick St. (334-2100). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierrot—Another newcomer to the East Village's United Nations of flavors, this creatively decorated bistro offers a Med-Caribbean menu in a space meant to evoke a North African carnival. Plantain-crusted calamari, duck-confit quesadilla, and yellowfin tuna au poivre with tomatillo dressing exemplify the fusion fare. Dinner served until 2 A.M. *28 Ave. B (673-1999). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come

Shopping **Aquavit chef Marcus Samuelsson and owner Håkan Swahn have come out with a line of Swedish staples, including gravlax, smoked salmon, herring in dill cream, and ginger-citrus cookies, plus sweet and savory condiments like lingonberry preserves and mustard sauce—ideal for lending some Scandinavian authenticity to your next smorgasbord or just invigorating the Sunday bagel routine. Named for "pantry" in Swedish, the Aquavit Skafferi line is available at the restaurant, by mail order (888-650-9500), or from Chelsea Market Basket (75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street; 727-1111); items may be purchased individually or in wooden gift hampers ($55, $125, and $250).**

AQUAVIT
MUSTARD SAUCE

Photograph by Sang An.

for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

A S K G A E L

I long for the nights we had sultry songs with our dinner.

Eons ago we came to this historic Village cellar for lusty southern grub. Now swaths of velvet mute the onetime speakeasy, a dramatic showcase for the gently hip piano of crooner David Raleigh. Slide into a plush booth at Club Raleigh at the Oaks and let the small-town-friendly serving crew feed you lush corn bread, grilled shrimp-and-scallop-stuffed calamari, and a regal crownlike twist of olive-crusted lamb. Few of chef Rob Miketa's starters were as pleasing as his giveaway tartlet of liver mousse, but my guests, dedicated fans of cabaret, loved the truffle-roasted chicken, its soggy garlic-dusted fries, and the goblet of creamed spinach. And I never thought I'd find macaroni too rich for me, but his is. Entrées, $18–$27. Till 4 A.M. daily, except Mondays. (49 Grove Street; 243-8885.)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki,

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meatlovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and

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olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mustang Grill—Choose from over a hundred premium tequilas, and a southwestern menu offering dishes like pecan-honey-crusted chicken, chili-crusted lamb with jalapeño-potato gratin, and—for the less adventurous—your basic quesadilla. The late-night kitchen, comfortable Mexican furnishings, and a new cigar lounge encourage lingering. *1633 Second Ave., at 85th St. (744-9194). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with

Opening

Who Else Is on First?

The newest arrival on lower First Avenue's mutating restaurant scene is Lucien, a Provençal-ish bistro that's replaced Baby Jake's cheap Cajun with grown-up Gallic standards like pâté maison, moules marinières, côte de boeuf, and bouillabaisse. The chef and owner, fugitives from the nearby Elephant, have installed a raw bar and an all-French wine list and plan to stay open, eventually, around the clock. Entrées running $12 to $22. (14 First Avenue; 260-6481.)

BAR
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Photograph by Robert Wright.

peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Opening
La Tour Eyeful

Before opening La Tour with his wife, Marine, Jacky Boulay (pictured) ran Club Marlowe, a bar in Nantes dedicated to American culture. Now he has memorialized his homeland by decorating La Tour's dining room with trunkloads of vintage French lithographs and black-and-white photos of Brigitte Bardot and Yves Montand, among other national heroes. The paradoxical menu offers classic bistro staples like onion soup, rillettes de canard, and coquilles St. Jacques while insisting, incredibly, that the chef abstains from cream, rich sauces, and (for the most part) butter. (1319 Third Avenue, near 75th Street; 472-7578.)

Photograph by Safia Fatimi. Grooming by Deborah Grayson.

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nightlife

Air...Soul Coughing...Afro-Cuban All Stars

Concerts

Afro-Cuban All Stars—One of the three acts Ry Cooder recorded on a trip to Havana a couple of years ago (the others were pianist Ruben Gonzalez and septuagenarian supergroup the Buena Vista Social Club), this powerhouse big band puts plenty of muscle into its classic *son* stylings. The genre uses chord progressions you might find in, say, a Nirvana song—making it appealing to fans of numerous stripes. With Chucho Valdéz Quartet. 10/25 at 3 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $10–$44.*

Air—See page 119. With April March. 10/23 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $20.*

Gregg Allman—Along with Skynyrd, this hirsute axman is keeping the seventies southern-rock flame burning proudly. For what that's worth. 10/27 at 7:30 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $29–$34.*

"Days of Wine and Roses: A Celebration of Johnny Mercer"—Under the direction of trumpeter Jon Faddis, and with guest singer Nnenna Freelon, the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band explores the sultry oeuvre of the cabaret giant. 10/22 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $18–$55.*

David Grisman; Doc Watson—10/22 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $30–$35.*

Mickey Hart's Planet Drum—Since the demise of the Dead, Hart's had more time to devote to this world-beat side project. He's still in over his head with a lot of the material, but maybe with his new schedule he'll catch up. With formidable blues-cajun-Afropop star Olu Dara. 10/21 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4882). $30.*

Kristen Hersh—Though she won't be screaming "Move your hips! Electrify your head" with the now-defunct, Pixies-friendly Throwing Muses, Hersh still commands brutal energy, alone with her acoustic guitar. Studio recordings have never captured her tremendous intensity, so you may be shocked when eerie ballads and edgy reinventions of Appalachian folk songs shake you more than the brash, innovative rock of her old alterna-band. 10/24 at 8 P.M. *St. Ann's Center for the Performing Arts, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $20–$25.*

"Jazz Insights—The Legacy of Charlie Parker"—10/20: Cecil Payne. 10/27: Leonard Gaskin. Sessions at 7:45 P.M. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $20.*

Lenny Kravitz—With Sean Lennon. 10/24 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $25–$30.*

Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme—Still a more tasteful pair than Steve Martin and Idi Amin, these lounge lizards might yet pull off the kind of revival their contemporaries Tom Jones and Tony Bennett recently effected. Next stop, Webster Hall! (Maybe.) 10/20 at 7:30 P.M. *Lehman Concert Hall, 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West, the Bronx (718-960-8833). $25–$35.*

Alanis Morissette—If you couldn't get tickets to this comparatively *intime* gig, fear not: After Morissette's followup to *Jagged Little Pill* hits stores in early November, the Calgary crooner will surely be back for an arena-size rockfest. 10/22 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Katrina Dickson.

Performance Alanarama

Alanis Morissette's 'Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie' won't be out until next month, but the north-of-the-border belter offers a club-scale preview of the new album at Hammerstein Ballroom on October 22.

Mary Margaret O'Hara—10/23 at 8 P.M. *St. Ann's Center for the Performing Arts, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $20–$25.*

Radical Jewish Culture Chamberworks: Music of John Zorn—10/21 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $17.*

Radio Tarifa—10/24 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $25–$30.*

Diana Ross—10/24 at 7 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $125–$250.*

Sepultura—The Brazilian speed-metallists mix tribal beats and machine-gun riffing into one odd musical brew. 10/21 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $16–$18.50.*

Patti Smith—Usually, an uptown appearance by a downtown icon is evidence of a sellout in progress or achieved. Sometimes, though, it becomes a genuine opportunity for the artist to plant a big old bomb right at the heart of mainstream culture. We can only assume that an Upper East Side gig by Ms. Smith falls under the latter description. 10/27 at 8:15 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $18.*

Sweet Honey in the Rock—The astounding gospel ensemble celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary. 10/23 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $22.50–$32.50.*

Veritas's "10th Annual Evening With Friends of Charlie Parker"—Max Roach & Milt Jackson with Annie Ross, Clark Terry, Jon Faddis, Billy Taylor, Ron Carter, and others. Hosted by Peter Jennings, Bill Cosby, Arthur Barnes, and others. 10/26 at 8:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $60–$250. Call for details regarding dinner and cocktail reception.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 10/20: The Ladybug Transistor. 10/22: Suckdog; Dura-Delinquent. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 10/20: Kelly Willis; Richard Buckner; Bruce Robison. 10/21: Jimmie Dale Gilmore; Dale Watson. 10/22: The Nields; Pam Houston. 10/24: Acoustic Alchemy. 10/26: The music of Frank Zappa, played by Ed Palermo & His Big Band. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where bands on the verge hone their big-room chops. 10/22: Patty Griffin. 10/23: Juliana Hatfield; the Mysteries of Life. 10/24: Strangefolk; Percy Hill. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—A fresh coat of paint doesn't do much to hide the appealingly divey soul of this post-college rock spot—though the new wall sconces do add an undeniable touch of class. The tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile are all intact, happily. 10/22: Professor & Maryann. 10/24: Lotion; John Carlin. *161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 10/22: Bobby Kyle. 10/23–10/24: Big Time Sarah. 10/26: Seth Okrend. 10/27: Eddie Lee Isaac. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—10/23–10/24: As half of the electro-rock outfit Neu!, Michael Rother combined twitchy guitar riffs with stripped-down beats à la Kraftwerk (he was a founding member). The band never played the U.S., though trendoid-quartet Stereolab does a passable imitation. He finally makes his New York bow decades after Neu! called it quits. With him on the bill is Krautrock godfather Dieter Moebius, who studied with Stockhausen and worked with all the greats of the teutonic seventies. 10/20: R.L. Burnside; Robert Cage; Bob Log III. 10/26: Nick Zedd; Lo-Hi; BJ Snowden. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).* $

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 10/20: Richard Shindell; 10/21: Ellis Paul; Pete Belasco. 10/24: Dave's True Story; Uncle Carl; Josh Max Outfit. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 10/21: B. B. King. 10/22–10/23: Soul Coughing (see page 120); Los Amigos Invisibles. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 10/20: The Frigg, with Elliott Sharpe, Phil Minton, Zeena Parkins, DJ Olive, and Lynn Culbertson. 10/21: The Ladybug Transistor. 10/22: The Candy Butchers. 10/23: Burning Airlines; Dismemberment Plan. 10/24: Men's Recovery Project. 10/25: Barbara Manning. 10/26: William Hooker's Focus. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).* $.

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 10/20: Seth Feinberg. 10/21: Bernard Allison. 10/22: Little Charlie & the Nightcats. 10/23: The Bull Perry Band. 10/24: Jimmy Vivino & Friends. 10/27: Stir Fried; Buddy Cage. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—10/28: One of the great unsung guitar heroes of the nineties, Built to Spill's Doug Martsch combines the incandescence of Jimi Hendrix with shiver-inducing post-punk songwriting smarts. The Idaho trio's sweeping, orchestral tunes touch on such wide-ranging phenomena as giant metal spheres in outer space, Martsch's mom's high-school prom, and all subjects between. Because Martsch is also a dad, this is a criminally rare appearance—so make the gig. 10/24: Eels; Debbie Schwartz. 10/27: John Taylor; Terroristen. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 10/21: Lhasa. 10/22: Vertical Horizon, the Drovers. 10/23: George Usher. 10/24: Zuba. 10/25–10/26: Eels. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 10/20: Culture. 10/21–10/23: Astrud Gilberto; Tabou Combo. 10/24: Juliano Aquino. 10/25: Shellac; Chavez. 10/26: Tito Puente. 10/27: Culture. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tonic—10/25: Louisville's Will Oldham may never have recorded two albums under the same band name—first there were the Palace Brothers, then simply Palace, followed by Palace Music, and now the fey-as-it-gets Bonny Prince Billy. The name changes may have wreaked havoc on Oldham's commercial chances, but that probably suits him just fine: Neither his haunting, scratchy Appalachiana nor his earnestly low-fi Eagles homages were designed for FM radio or Madison Square Garden. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503).* $.

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 10/20: Cradle of Filth. 10/23: Mudhoney. 10/24: Kool G. Rap. 10/25: Suicide Machines; Avail; Big Wig. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 10/21: Vanilla Ice. Yes, *that* Vanilla Ice. 10/22: Legendary Pink Dots. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 10/20: Bobby Watson's Tailor-Made Big Band. 10/21–10/24: Dave Holland Quintet. 10/27: Paquito D'Rivera Big Band. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 10/20–10/25: Dizzy Gillespie Tribute Band. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus the occasional legend. Thoughtful tableplacement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 10/20–10/25: Pat Martino Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. 10/20–10/25: Marc Murphy Quintet. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory set. 10/21: Tom Varner's American Song Project. 10/22: Vincent Chancey Trio. 10/23: El-

Photograph by Rankin.

Talent

Air Fare

If irony is, as many a critic has noted, the defining stance of postmodernity, then Air is on a mission to bring the whole smirking era to an end. And the Paris duo has chosen a most unlikely forum—gorgeously mellow, sixties-inflected electronic pop—in the quest to restore earnestness. "Most of the time, sincerity characterizes good music," says Jean-Benoît Dunckel (pictured, foreground). "I think that people can like anything in music except liars. When musicians are not very sincere, everybody can hear that." Dunckel and his partner, Nicholas Godin, began playing their aboveboard brand of music together as teenagers in their hometown, Versailles. They briefly shelved the band while Dunckel taught high-school math and Godin practiced architecture, but the concerns of their shared adolescence (both musicians are now 28) crop up occasionally on their CD, *Moon Safari*. "Kelly Watch the Stars," for instance, was inspired by one of Charlie's Angels. "In fact, Jaclyn Smith was our first sexual experience—I mean through the TV," Dunckel says, sounding a little sheepish. "When we were teenagers, you know, she was the absolute girl. I mean, she was pretty, very clever, and she had a special light of cleverness in her eyes. She's maybe the most beautiful girl in the world. That's why we sing about Kelly." Air makes its New York debut October 23 at Town Hall. That's a pretty uptown venue for a band with as much downtown appeal as Air has, but it's not nearly as northerly as their original choice: the Guggenheim Museum. "I liked the idea that our music would be going through all the modern-art things," says Dunckel. "But it might have been too trendy. We don't want to be too eclectical: We want to be more near to the people, and we like our music to have some classic beauty in it." Put *that* in your pomo-pipe and smoke it!

ETHAN SMITH

Talent

Funky, But No Beat

A typical write-up on New York's Soul Coughing invariably includes the phrase *beat poet.* True, vocalist M. Doughty's tightly wound speak-singing—most recently showcased on Coughing's third album, *El Oso*—employs plenty of surreal imagery and impressionistic wordplay, but the designation rubs the bespectacled frontman every which way but right: "It comes out of nowhere. People who enjoy the works of Ginsburg and Kerouac look at Soul Coughing and go, 'This is nothing like our heroes! We hate these people!' " he says animatedly. "Anytime I go into a bar, there is some drunk poet-guy who's like, 'Fuck you! You don't know nothin' about Ginsburg!' " For his part, Doughty (pictured, right) considers his work—which sets repetitive, off-kilter guitar and keyboard riffs over spare, funky beats—more *On the Corner* than *On the Road:* "If I had to check a box—like our bass player Yuval had to check a race box when he got his green card (he's 'other,' for the record)—I guess I certainly would pick 'M.C.' over 'singer.' " Cast your own ballot when Soul Coughing makes a triumphal hometown appearance at Irving Plaza October 22 and 23.

liott Sharp's Terraplane. 10/24: Gerry Hemingway. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 10/20–10/25: Lou Donaldson Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar). Sundays: Pete Malinverni & Jody Sandhaus. 10/21–10/24: John Bunch; Bucky Pizzarelli; John Webber. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 10/22–10/25: Mark Curry. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. Through 10/25: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Louie CK; Gregg Rogell; Greg Giraldo; Vic Henley; Tom Pata. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. Through 10/25: Gregory Carey; Joe Mulligan. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Flea Theatre—10/21–10/23: Premium Bob, a comic duo who, with charming hyperbole, have designated themselves "America's most celebrated and acclaimed theatrical duo." *41 White St. (226-0051). $12.*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 10/23–10/24: Rich Francese; J. R. Halvan; Jim Gaffigan. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 10/23–10/24: Todd Barry; Al Ducharme; Mike Royce; Teddy Smith; Tom Papa; Elon Gold. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. 10/20: Angela LaGreca. 10/21: Barbara Lea. 10/22: Eric Comstock. 10/23: Leslie Orofino; Charles Tichenor. 10/24: Natalie Gamsu; Charles Tichenor. 10/26: "An Evening With W. B. Yeats and John Quinn," with Sen. Eugene McCarthy. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through November, Bobby Short is in for his annual six-week run. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. 10/24: Harvey Fierstein. 10/25: Barbara Russell. Thursdays and Fridays in October, Australia's Combo Fiasco. Wednesdays through 12/9: Vicki Sue Robinson. Show starts at 8 P.M. Shows start at 8 P.M. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. 10/20–11/7: Paula West. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show has been extended into an open-ended run. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra plays for the twenty-eighth year running. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $25 cover Tues.–Thurs.; $30 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 cover Mon. $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Through 10/31: David Campbell. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. Thursdays: Mark Nadler. $15, $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

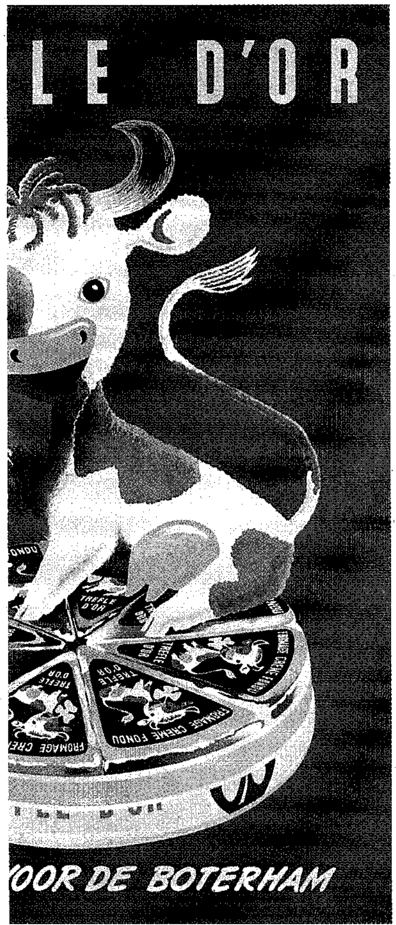
Wesla Whitfield—In "Life Upon the Wicked Stage." Through 11/1. Tues.–Fri. at 8 P.M.; Sat at 3 P.M. and 8 P.M.; Sun. at 3 P.M. and 7 P.M. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200). $35.*

Bars

Dive Bar—Neither ultraglamorous nor off-puttingly grim, this most neighborly of Upper West Side pubs caters to regular, working folks who want to drink some fine beer, eat some greasy grub, and generally avoid hipsters, yuppies, and all other species of New York exotica. *732 Amsterdam Ave., at 96th St. (749-4658).*

Dusk of Miami—Known until recently as Dusk of London, this low-key Chelsea lounge effected its identity makeover primarily by adding a row of fish tanks (complete with blue plastic Shamus) behind the bar and a lighter shade of paint on the walls. Intact are the beyond-eclectic clientele (a recent Wednesday saw an out-of-town businessman licking the vinyl-clad calves of a companion on a front-and-center banquette as an entire indoor-soccer team traipsed in for a post-game drink) and the one-way mirrors that allow customers using the rest rooms to keep a disconcerted eye on the action at the bar. *147 W. 24th St. (924-4490).*

Photograph courtesy of Nasty Little Man.



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tures and Panels

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99); free.

"Childhood Trauma: Why Some People Overcome and Others Don't"—10/22 at 8:15 P.M.: Swiss psychiatrist Alice Miller, author of *The Drama of the Gifted Child.* 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"Healthy Chinese Kitchen"—10/24 at 2 P.M.: Learn how to make steamed Chinese delicacies. Chinatown Cooking School, 70 Mulberry St. (718-468-4586); $35.

"Secrecy: The American Experience"—10/21 at 5:30 P.M.: Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Senator Bob Kerrey, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Jonathan Brent, and Richard Gid Powers discuss Moynihan's new book about how the system of governmental secrecy developed during the twentieth century has blighted prudent policy making. Proshansky Auditorium, CUNY Graduate School, 33 W. 42nd St. (642-2634); free.

"Parent Power: Building Schools That Prepare Children for the New Millennium"—10/24 at 8 A.M.: Manhattan borough president C. Virginia Fields hosts the first annual parents convention, a day of free speakers, workshops, and discussions designed to improve local education. Hunter College, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. (669-2444); free.

"An Evening With Billy Baldwin"—10/26 at 6:30 P.M.: An actual Baldwin discusses his films and how to break into the business. Call 655-0077 for information and location; $27-$38.

"Artists on Bob Thompson"—10/21 at 7 P.M.: Four contemporary artists discuss the legacy and importance of the prolific painter who achieved an unprecedented level of critical and commercial success in his nine-year career. Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-7722); $6–$8.

"From Russia to America: The Transformation of Classical Ballet"—10/20 at 6:15 P.M.: Dancer Merrill Ashley talks about the evolution of American ballet and offers her observations on the work of George Balanchine and the New York City Ballet. The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008, ext. 347); $5–$10.

"The Power of the Off-Kilter"—10/24 at 4 P.M.: A symposium with Cynthia Macdonald that combines readings and exercises to explore the controlled order and disruptive energy of contemporary poetry. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); $25–$35.

"Women Confront Cancer"—10/20 at 6 P.M.: A discussion of the new book with authors Margaret J. Wooddell and David J. Hess, and three of the women they interviewed. NYU's Bobst Library, 70 Washington Sq. So. (226-6563); free.

BCRF's 3rd Annual Luncheon and Symposium—10/20 at 9:30 A.M.: A discussion on hormones and breast cancer followed by a luncheon and awards ceremony, honoring Dr. Benita Katzenellenbogen and Ralph Lauren. Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (572-5741); $350–$1,000.

Tours

Haunted Walk at the Botanical Garden—10/25 at 2 P.M. Explore the "haunted forest" with its ten-foot-tall spider, giant skeletons, and other Halloween-inspired spectacles created by puppeteer Ralph Lee. (718-817-8777); $2–$4.

“Centennial Celebration”—10/25 at 2. Tour the historic districts, city and state landmarks, and National Register sites, along with the John Jay Park and former East Side House Settlement. A slide show to follow. City & Suburban Homes' archive room, 515 E. 78th St. (388-0883, ext. 212); free.

“Grand George Washington Bridge”—10/25 at 3:30 P.M. A two-way stroll across the famous bridge that Le Corbusier called the most beautiful in the world, on its sixty-seventh birthday. The trip includes birthday cake. Call 265-2663 for more information; $5.

Chelsea Art Crawl—10/24 at 1:30 P.M. The Rema Hort Mann Foundation's annual tour through several Chelsea galleries, guided by top collectors and artworld pros. A cocktail reception follows at 4 P.M. at Jack Shainemn Gallery, where six artists will be honored. Call 941-1775 for information and tickets; $45 per person, $80 per couple, $350 for a group of ten.

“The World of Hasidim”—Sundays at 9:30 A.M.: A round-trip bus and walking trip through Crown Heights. Witness the writing of an actual Torah scroll and visit a Hasidic synagogue, a library, and a kosher deli. Meet at the New York Public Library at 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. For further information, call 800-838-TOUR; $36 includes lunch.

Events

20th International Vintage Poster Fair—10/23–10/25: The wars, performances, and commodities of years past are elegantly and nostalgically remembered in these vintage posters, on view and on sale. The Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. (206-0499); $10–$30.

Museum of Television & Radio's Fourth Annual Radio Festival—10/26–11/7: A series of seminars with producers, on-air personalities, and music-industry professionals along with interactive tapings and demonstrations. Topics include Top Forty, Public Radio, Hispanic Radio, and Country. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6709); $5–$25.

“Brooklyn's Past, Present and Future”—10/21–10/23: Writers Pete Hamill and Howard Fast and historian Kenneth T. Jackson will be among the speakers at this weekend conference and cultural extravaganza, which will also include dance, performance, and food. LIU's Brooklyn Campus, at the Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. (718-780-4515); $5–$30.

Benefits

National Abortion and Reproduction Rights Action League Annual Benefit Breakfast—10/20 at 8 A.M.: A discussion of NARAL's domestic agenda to promote reproductive health. The Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. and 61st St. (245-6570); $300–$25,000.

“Yaddo Variations 98”—10/27 at 7:30 P.M.: Ten parties in various private homes and public places, including a toast to Robert Storr by Chuck Close and Julia Jacquette at the loft of architect Richard Kaplan and a reading by Richard Price over dinner at the Mercer Kitchen (243-7300); $250–$1,000.

Our Town Ball—10/20 at 7 P.M.: In celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Museum of the City of New York and the centennial of Greater New York, a dinner-dance in the museum, with an opportunity to view the exhibition “Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks.” 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672, ext. 253); $375–$1,500.

The Children's Health Fund 1998 Gala—10/22 at 6:30 P.M.: Cocktails and dinner at this black-tie gala to benefit the care of medically underserved children and their advocates. The Pierre Hotel, 2 E. 61st St. at 51th Ave. (245-6570); $600–$25,000.

New York Chamber Symphony Gala—10/21 at 6 P.M.: In celebration of the twenty-second season, a dinner and concert entitled “A Glorious Evening of Mozart.” Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway, at 65th St. (262-6927); $50–$1,000.

“Evening With Friends of Charlie Parker”—10/26 at 8:30 P.M.: The music of “Bird” performed by Max Roach, Milt Jackson, Al Grey, Annie Ross, and others, along with cocktails and dinner, to benefit the Veritas program for children and families. Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (865-9182); $60–$250.

“Bowling Ball”—10/22 at 6:30 P.M.: A bowling party to benefit the Children's Advocacy Center of Manhattan, which provides free services to victims of physical and sexual abuse. Chelsea Piers Bowl, Pier 60 (421-9770, ext. 279); $500–$5,000.

Exhibitions

“Street Trees: The Hunts Point Sculpture Garden”—Through 4/3/99: The first of a semi-annual collaboration between artists and community residents: sculptural interpretations of a city-street tree at two sites. Crames/Monsignor Raul del Valle Square, 163rd St., at Hunts Point Ave., and the courtyard of the Pio Mendez Houses on the corner of Hunts Point and Lafayette Aves. (831-2189); free.

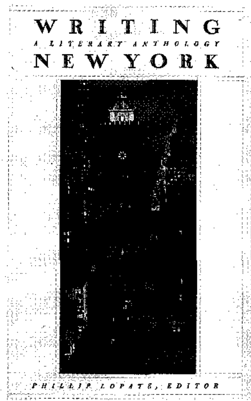
“Threepennies and a Touch of Venus: The World of Kurt Weill”—Through 12/3: A screening series celebrating the life of the acclaimed composer. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

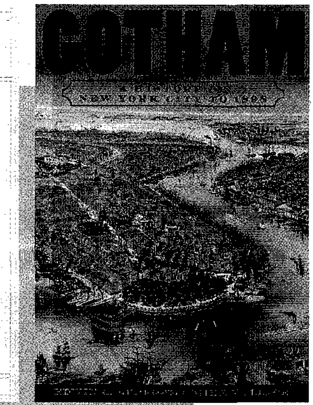
“Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea”—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is $3–$6.

“The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998”—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

In Print
Big City Books

In “My Lost City,” F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote that there was a time when “New York had all the iridescence of the beginning of the world.” The thrill of living here is perhaps that we never know when New York will appear to us, if only for a moment, transformed into this majestic, nostalgic version of itself. This mythic incarnation of the city is celebrated in a selection of new books this fall that trace the literature and history of New York. The new arrival searching for basic metropolitan cultural currency and the hard-core city scholar hungry for the most recently unearthed details of the Panic of 1837 will both find something in these combined 3,954 pages to help keep the intrigue alive as sidewalk life dwindles and the cold blows in. If you've never investigated the past lives of the city—perhaps the daily swim of details about crumbling buildings and crashing markets seems quite enough—now may be the time to learn the story of the evolution of Manna-hata and its hinterlands: a classic tale of the little island that could, told in some uncommonly big books. **ARIEL LEVY**





GOTHAM
Oxford University Press; a whopping 1,416 pages (and it's only the first volume!)

Book one of the enormous, exhaustive history of New York from its birth as Indian settlement through the Dutch years and on to the consolidation of the five boroughs in 1898. The fruit of twenty years of collective labor by Edwin G. Burrows and Mike Wallace.

CITIES IN CIVILIZATION
Pantheon; 1,168 pages

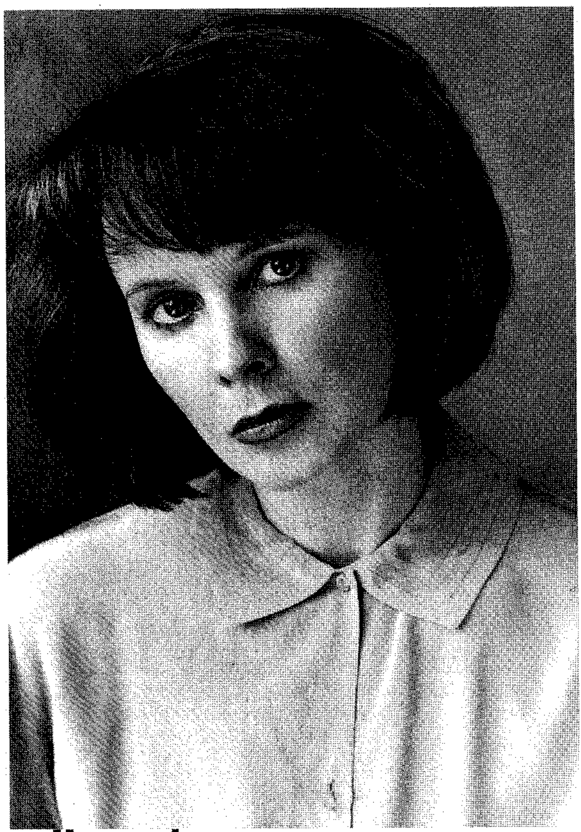
In this mammoth tome, Peter Hall reminds us that though we may think of it as the greatest city on earth, “New York's sudden leap into the ranks of great world cities” occurred only around the turn of the century. Before there was the City, there was ancient Athens, and Hall takes us from there all the way to seventies Stockholm.

WRITING NEW YORK
The Library of America; 1,050 pages

Consummate New Yorker Phillip Lopate edited this collection of writings by some of the great chroniclers of [illegible] uneasy blend of grandeur [illegible] and [illegible] from Edgar Allan Poe to Frank [illegible]

IT HAPPENED ON BROADWAY
Harcourt Brace; a very manageable 320 pages

Though husband-and-wife team Myrna Katz and Harvey Frommer are professors at Dartmouth, this oral history would be better off passed around backstage than in the classroom. Includes interviews with Kitty Carlisle Hart, Linda Lavin, George C. Wolfe, everyone else you'd expect, and a few you wouldn't.



Happening

Blue Ribbon Book

The publication of 'Prize Stories' by the winners of this year's O'Henry Awards—already-made men and women like Alice Munro and Thom Jones and startlingly eloquent newcomers like Maxine Swann—brings Lorrie Moore and Mary Gaitskill (pictured) to the National Arts Club, October 21, for free readings and chatter. See "The Written Word."

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"Portraits of Hope"—Through 10/26: Photographs of famous survivors of breast cancer. SABA Gallery, 116 E. 16th St. (477-7722); free.

"Eight Million Stories: Twentieth Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs"—Through 1/9/99: The 76 portraits on view record New Yorkers of all ages and social strata going through city life. The New York Public Library, 42nd St. at Fifth Ave. (221-7676); free.

"Bob Dylan's *Eat the Document*"—Through 11/20: The first screening in more than twenty years of a documentary that captures the madness that ensued during Dylan and the Hawks' 1966 tour of Europe, in which Dylan transformed himself from an acoustic folk singer to a plugged-in rock man. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"The Triumph of Grand Central"—Through 11/11: Still photography by James Rudnick and text documenting the station's renovation, historic clippings, and a video installation featuring views from the celestial ceiling. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

Sports

Not Quite the New York City Marathon—10/25 at 10:15 A.M.: The real one's less than a week away, but why put up with the cramps, lost toenails, and incontinence when this 5K is so much easier? That and the fact that it supports Dress For Success New York, an innovative charity that provides interview suits to low-income women seeking employment. Race starts at West Drive and 69th Street in Central Park. Fees vary, so call 860-4455 for more information.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to visit a new Website each weekday. This week: Register the domain name for your very own site in seconds; make fun of TV's fall lineup with some professional couch potatoes; order tickets online from Ticketmaster; keep yourself informed of the latest in health for kids; and wander through an online art exhibit that aims to "redesign the Web through discovery." But before you leave us at www.nymag.com, take a look at all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," local neighborhood guides, "First Words" for bibliophiles, and a New York trivia contest.

New York

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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D	O	N	N	E			O	T	T		P	E	P			T	E	E	N	Y

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							
JETS	NE ABC 7PM						ATL FOX 1:00PM
RANGERS		EDM MSG 7:30PM		NYI MSG 7:30PM		PHI MSG 1PM	
DEVILS	CAR FSNY 7:30PM		FLA FSNY 1PM	CAR FSNY 1:30PM			DAL FSNY 8:30PM
	10/19	10/20	10/21	10/22	10/23	10/24	10/25

● **The Islanders' schedule was unavailable at time of publication.**

Photograph by Marion Ettlinger.

kids

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Pumpkin Float...Dress the Dog

Children's Events

Big Scare—No longer a mere eve, Halloween has become a whole season—a whole frightening, or merely offbeat, fall-ish frame of mind. This year's **GREAT HALLOWEEN PARTY IN CENTRAL PARK** will once again feature a highly competitive dress-up-your-dog contest, as well as hayrides and a skate-dance contest. Designers—both students and professionals—will help transform kids into ghouls, goblins, and superheroes. Some 7,500 pumpkins are likely to sprout up near Bethesda Fountain. Arrive early if you want to claim one, because 50,000 people are expected to show up. Central Park from 64th to 73rd St. 10/24 from 11 to 5. For further information, call 888-NYPARKS (outside New York, call 212-360-3456), or access www.nycparks.org. ●●

Big Little Top—Bello Nock—of the finger-in-the-electric-socket hairstyle and inflated suit—is back with another **BIG APPLE CIRCUS** season at Lincoln Center. This year's show, *Happy On!,* riffs on the comedic style of the late Spike Jones, with legendary British ringmaster Norman Barrett (see photo) ushering in trained dachshunds and basset hounds, a jazz-choreographed high-wire act, and boingy aerial bungee stunts by China's Liaoning Acrobatic Troupe. Founded in 1977, the little-circus-that-could lets everyone sit within 50 feet of an artier, wittier, more musically sophisticated sawdust alternative—appropriate especially for families with little kids. The circus tent is pitched at Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center (307-4100). 10/22 through 1/10. Tickets are $12 to $58.

"Take the A Train"—Grandma (see photo), what long teeth you have! A concert of hummable musical odes to New York is the 50-year-old **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**'s hats-off to the city's centenary. Included on the program are excerpts from Bernstein's *West Side Story* and *Rhapsody in Blue* (played by 16-year-old prodigy pianist Ori Friedman) and John Philip Sousa's "Manhattan Beach." Conducted by Dino Anagnost, the concert is geared to an audience of 6-to-12-year-old kids. 10/24 at 11 and 1. Tickets are $10 to $35. Tickets for a Maestro Club Benefit Lunch Party after the 1 P.M. performance are $100.●

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Meer Tradition—Come disguised but warmly dressed nonetheless—with a smallish carved pumpkin under your arm—to the Eighth Annual Central Park Halloween Parade and Pumpkin Sail. Here's what happens: Pumpkins are "checked in" at 3:30. Kids hear stories and meet cartoon characters until about 4:30. At twilight—as the jack-o'-lanterns are lit and set afloat on the waters of the Harlem Meer—kids parade in costume around the eleven-acre lake. **CHARLES A. DANA DISCOVERY CENTER**, Central Park at 110th St., nr. Fifth Ave. To be sure your pumpkin has room to float, register it ahead of time by calling 860-1370.●●

Oliver Twist—In its final week, the Dickens classic raises the curtain on another rich **THEATREWORKS** season of plays and musicals for children. Individual tickets are $18.50. A flexible ten-ticket subscription is $145. Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). ●

Wake Baby—Winged toasters deliver breakfast toast to a spirit child who hangs contentedly from a star in an otherworldly production from Australia that combines puppetry and acrobatics. Through 10/25 at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10 and $20.●

Fear in Midtown—Tour various themed-to-be-scary sets at the third season of **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**'s "Scream Park" for a hokey "interactive" thrill. New York–inspired horrors include High Voltage and a Gotham Sewer Tour. Through 11/1; $19.99. Tickets to special "Fright Night" sessions ($24.95) and Halloween-day and -evening tickets ($29.95) are also available.

Baby Talk—Language acquisition is the underlying theme of "WordPlay," New York's first-ever exhibit for kids in the zero-to-4-year-old age range, at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors, free for kids under 1.

Total Recall—Lou Del Bianco's songs tend to bring laughs of recognition from anyone who is a child—or ever was one. Mr. Del Bianco sings and tells stories at **WEST END CHILDREN'S THEATRE**. 10/24 at 1:30. 2911 Broadway, bet. 113th and 114th Sts. Reservations required (877-6115); $10.

Bubble Bubble, Toil and Trouble—Just the scary parts from *Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III,* and other Bardwrit plays are melded into a free 45-minute interactive performance by the Faux-Real Theater Company at Central Park's **BELVEDERE CASTLE** (renamed Shakespeare's Haunted House for the occasion). Mid-park at 79th St. 10/24 and 10/25. Performances from 1 to 5. Suitable for children ages 5 and up (772-0210).●●

AAAaaaaaah—Once upon a time, the Village parade was a chance for *Über*-puppeteer Ralph Lee to heave some enormous creatures out of his closet and use them to spook up the neighborhood with the help of friends and family. We all know what has happened to the parade in the Village. Ralph Lee, meanwhile, has migrated to somewhere he can pull off similar wry stunts. Wear a costume to Lee's choreographed "Halloween on Haunted Walk" at **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**. 10/25 from 2 to 4, rain or shine. 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., the Bronx (718-817-8700). Free with garden admission: $4, $3 for seniors and students, $2 for children 2 to 12. ●

Opening
Birds of a Feather Flock Together

A twitter of trained budgerigars (Australian parrots) assists British import Norman Barrett (above left) in his newly acquired ringmaster responsibilities under the Big Apple Circus tent, when 'Happy On!' debuts at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. (Coincidentally, across the plaza this same week, cross-dressing funnyman Barry Lubin—pictured at right, and fondly remembered as the Big Apple Circus's pugnacious Grandma—runs the five-borough marathon on a treadmill at Avery Fisher Hall, in 'New York, New York, a Musical Town,' the Little Orchestra Society's Gershwin-rich tribute to the city's centennial.) See listings for details.

Photographs: left, Bertrand Guay; right, Barry Lubin.

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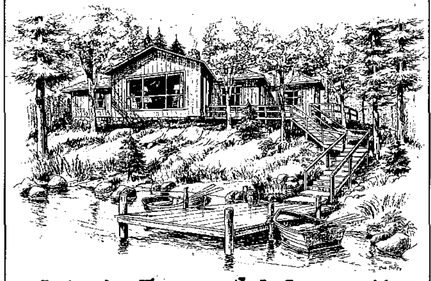

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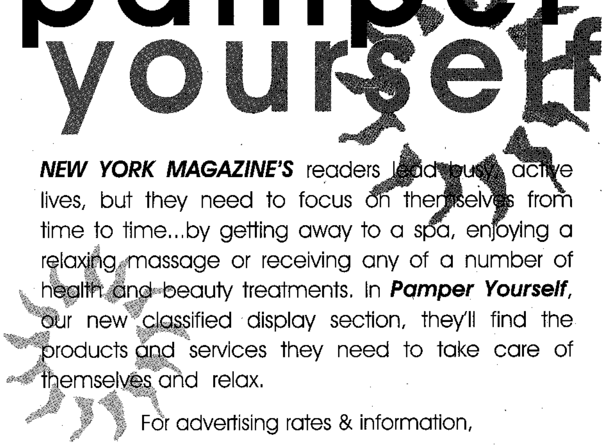

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search of emotionally and financially
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ibrant heart, who lives life passionately
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oking, financially secure, seeks a slim,
ery pretty, tall lady, 35-45, for long-term
elationship. Photo a must. 5704 ✉ ☎

gnite Your Heart!—With a dynamic,
rominent CEO, heart full of love, more-
an-okay looks, really nice guy, 5'10" on
trim frame, 43, funny. Seeks bright lady
nder 38, with kind spirit, heart for a deep
omance. Phone/photo a must. 5733✉☎

talian Catholic Male—Professional, 32,
ith a sense of humor, seeking down-to-
arth, single white female who knows how
enjoy life whether it's a night out on the
own or a quiet evening at home. Note/
hoto/phone to: POB 442, NY, NY 10008

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Gay White Man—27, super-handsome, super-nice, muscular and intelligent, seeks same, 27-45. Photo/phone. 5721✉

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Successful Male, 33—Ivy-educated, good morals, 5'10", sandy hair, seeking a never-married female, 25-32, who isn't jaded or tired. You must be geographically centered in the NYC area. Let's see if we have any common goals... 5645 ✉ ☎

Gentleman—60, seeking intellectual lady to share mutual interests. 5646 ✉ ☎

Handsome Professional, 43—Athletic, world-traveler, seeks slim, attractive woman, 30s, for romance, fine dining and travel. Photo. 5641 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 5668 ✉

New Stock On The Market—Single Jewish female, 27, pretty blond professional, 5'4" tall, 115 lbs, seeks single Jewish male, 27-35, handsome and professional, for everlasting love. Note/phone/photo a must. 5647 ✉

Handsome, Sophisticated—Blue-eyed, Italian, black-tie opera lover, slim and trim, seeking female counterpart to dance the night away. Please be between 35 and 45. Write and send your photo. 5694 ✉

Worth The Wait—Dynamic, attractive, outgoing, funny, athletic female, 32, seeks handsome Jewish professional male, 5'7" plus, under 39, with similar varied interests. Note/photo. 5718 ✉

Bohemian Woman, 35-45, Sought—By handsome ex-musician turned successful exec, Ivy MBA, late 30s, health-conscious, nonsmoker, 5'11", hard body. Let's share uninhibited passions and explore alternative lifestyles in a long-term, open-minded relationship. 5659 ✉ ☎

Share My Life With Me—Affectionate, caring, romantic, fun-to-be-with businessman, 6'3", 185 lbs, in-shape, 60. Enjoy ballet, quality conversation, active sports lifestyle, nonsmoker. Looking for that one special woman to establish a relationship built on trust, with a ton of chemistry. Current photo exchange. 5666 ✉ ☎

Investment Banker—Jewish, 40, tall, sexy, fit, seeking woman of quality... Your looks will grab me but your heart/sense of humor will hold me. Photo. 5710 ✉☎

CEO With Brains And Beauty—Very pretty, Jewish, 36-year-old Manhattan business owner seeks Jewish soul mate, 32-45, who enjoys the beach, Vermont, fine dining, skiing and the arts. 5685 ✉ ☎

Super 70s—Stunning, sleek, sophisticated PhD. Loves opera, Sinatra, ballet, theater, bridge, golf, travel, looking for super 70s, educated, romantic widower. Photo, please. 5644 ✉

Classy, Attractive, Slim—Warm, caring widow with green eyes and raven hair, varied interests, seeking kind, compassionate gentleman, 58-70, nonsmoker, with great sense of humor. 5720 ✉

Icing On The Cake—Beautiful blond, dynamic, athletic professional woman, youthful 50, slim, 5'5", would like to make your already happy and successful life more exciting and fulfilling. Please be a gentleman, 50-65. Photo/note. 5719 ✉

Successful NY Businessman—40, seeking tall, long-legged model type, 20-30, for pleasure/relationship. Phone. 5674 ✉ ☎

But Enough About Me—If I went on, you'd only read about a tall, tender, well-rounded, well-turned-out, late-50s psychologist whose solo act sorely lacks the company of an accomplished female contemporary. So I won't... And you? Photo? 5735 ✉

Honest, Caring—Best friends and lover for the rest of our lives. Divorced RN, Jewish background, 48, seeking marriage-minded gentleman, 50 plus. 5683 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Accomplished Woman—Who enjoys life and wants to enhance it with her soul mate, seeks Jewish man, 60 and over. Photo. 5660 ✉

Colorado Bound?—Slim, sexy NY adventuress, mid 30s, winters in snow country. Passionate skier, budding snowboarder, avid snowshoer...with city sophistication. Lover of wine, song, dining, travel and romance. Seeking smart, athletic, confident man, 35-43, nonsmoker - who balances a successful career with quality of life, for friendship and more. Exchange photos? POB 2049, NY, NY 10185

Self-Aware, Communicative—Divorced Jewish professional male, 5'11", attractive, fit. Interests ranging from theater to hiking. Seeking (com)passionate Jewish female, 30s, for marriage, family. 5661✉☎

Attractive Divorced Male, 56—Bright, sense of humor, sensual. Seeks pretty lady with warm heart, for fun, romance and future. Photo a must. 5741 ✉

Sexy, Savvy, Smart Westchesterite—5'6" beauty, personality plus, seeks romantic, handsome, successful, fun-loving, emotionally sophisticated Jewish gentleman, 45-52. Kids and dogs very welcome. Note/photo, please. 5657 ✉ ☎

Head In Clouds, Feet On Ground—Tall and athletic, 42, MD, seeks to tempt a smart, slender woman. Photo, please. 5656 ✉

Career Artist, Teacher, Lecturer—28, 5'10", handsome, single, Jewish, sincere, seeking attractive, caring Jewish female, 23-28, foreign or US, into arts, museums. Reside in Manhattan. Photo. 5675 ✉

Out-Of-The-Ordinary Female—Good-looking, hip, witty, warm, creative, Jewish, loves intellectual and visual stimulus, great food, travel and dogs. Looking for a 36-50-year-old gentleman, handsome, eclectic, a NYC resident with a warm heart and expansive mind, passionate about life and happy with yours. So, if you are not one of the usual suspects, and are ready for fun, friendship and love, please send note/photo. 5697 ✉

Romantic, Fun-Loving, Intelligent—Professional man, 52, interested in meeting professional woman. 5708 ✉

Refined Beauty—Seeks gentleman of substance who enjoys fine dining, golf, tennis, travel, the arts, 45-55. Photo please. 5652✉

Tall, Handsome Professional—52, 6'1", 185 lbs, very fit. Interested in travel, movies, music and running. Seeking tall, slender, very attractive, well-dressed, affectionate and intelligent woman, 35-45, who is also happy and secure. Note, photo and phone. 5736 ✉

Successful Jewish Businessman—6'1", 42, considered quite good-looking (no lie), athletic, communicative and romantic. Seeking a marriage-minded woman "avec une joie de vivre", who can laugh easily and love intensely. Interests include skiing, New England, cooking, weekend getaways and hopefully you. If you are to answer one ad, have this be the one. Let's both be pleasantly surprised! NJ and CT okay. Photo/phone. 5651 ✉

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

South American Stunner—Ardent art/sports lover, 33, seeks GQ-type white Christian, 32-40, to marry. Photo. 5663 ✉

Knockout Beauty, Class, Brains—Ivy MA, great figure, affluent, sexy siren, fun, seeks same in man, 45 plus. Photo. 5730✉

Dock Space For Rent—Divorced, white Jewish mom, fabulous 40s, attractive, professional, athletic, funny, seeks same in divorced, white Jewish male, 38-50. LI dads a plus. Nonsmoker. Photo. 5695 ✉

Attractive, Wealthy, Athletic—Harvard MBA, banker, white male, 31, seeks white or Asian female, 20-29. Likes dining out, movies, museums and travel. 5740 ✉

Simply The Best—What we are, what we seek. Attractive, athletic attorney, single Jewish female, 31, seeks quality Jewish male equal. Should be smart, handsome, funny, 30-38. 5691 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Athletic, Sincere—And successful, single white male, 41 years old, seeks 28-35-year-old, beautiful lady (inside and out), preferably Christian. Short bio and photo. 5654 ✉

Suzanne Sommers Look-Alike—(Don't hold it against me). I also possess class, intelligence, confidence, great sense of humor, old-fashioned values. You are tall, well-educated, very successful gentleman, 48-55. We will travel together, enjoy active sports, the arts, laugh a lot. If you're ready for the best and the rest of your life, I am waiting for your letter and photo. 5639✉

Inspire Me To Be With You—Beautiful, professional white female, large dark eyes, long hair, 5'2", 105, loves cultural events, outdoor activities - seeks successful, educated white male, 40-55, to light a candle in my heart forever. Photo. 5738 ✉

Blue-Eyed Blond—31, 5'9", creative professional, attractive female, Wasp, sensitive, down-to-earth, with sense of humor and good values, enjoys skiing, sailing, film, music. Seeks secure, responsible, healthy man, 30-40, for romance and to share life with. Note/photo/phone. 5726 ✉

Beauty And Brains—Turquoise eyes, 5'1", slim blond, sophisticated, well-traveled, fun, eclectic interests, searching for male soul mate, 50 plus. Positive, affectionate and passionate. 5634 ✉ ☎

Hi—This warm, positive professional male, 51, Jewish, with humor and many interests, secure with self, seeks bright, secure special female, pretty, cute, slender, 38-49, for romance and special relationship. 5689 ✉

Love, Honor...Work Out The Rest—Widow, 43, attractive, Mediterranean-looking professional - likes arts, food, life. Seeking compassionate, sincere, spiritual professional man, nonsmoker, for loving, loyal relationship, 38-50. 5692 ✉ ☎

NYMessage

Wanted! Apartment Share—Single, Jewish professional female, 40s, responsible, LA-based New Yorker, seeks upscale apartment. Have furniture. 5635 ☎

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NYMessage
Call: 212.779.7500

Cute Gay Guy—Creative professional, all, dark and handsome, 5'11", 33, good shape, passionate, sensitive and secure, unique and cultured. I wear my own uxedo with sophistication, but prefer my torn 501's. I seek those similar to myself, who adore animals, top-down adventures, laughter and words. Note/photo appreciated. 5712 ✉ ☎

Charming, Earthy, Italian—46, 6', fit, PhD, politically left, Catholic, optimistic and divorced, with many other interesting paradoxes. Seeks available female professional, 30-40, 5'9", with an elegant sense of wonder about the world. Be slim, healthy, optimistic, calm and oving. We'll both be supportive. We'll hike, sail, travel, cook, have fun and smooch. Smooching may lead to marriage and kids. Please be drug and disease-free. Photo and note are important. 5688 ✉☎

Fun-Loving Beauty—Seeks gentleman of substance. Enjoys fine dining, golf, tennis, travel, the arts, 65-70. NY/LI. Pix. 5653 ✉

Smart, Sexy, Successful—Charming, petite Jewish widow, 60, seeks active man for concerts, theater, travel. 5671 ✉

Sweet Sixteen At-Heart—Our vivacious, energetic, charmingly social grandma seeks mensch (70-90). Pep a must. 5716✉

Physically Fit Male—33, MA degree, successful, Yankee fan, seeks intelligent, active, slim, single white female. 5650 ✉☎

Upper East Side Lady—Seeks Upper East Side gent, 45-55. Friendship, fondness and folly. Note/photo. 5640 ✉

Sleepless In Long Island—Fun-loving professional, classy lady, 38, divorced, Jewish, 5'3", attractive and slim, seeks a man with a heart of gold to match mine. Must be honest, secure, successful, 36-46, ooking for best friend and not afraid of commitment. Note/photo a plus. 5665 ✉

Natural And Happy Man—Handsome, tall, successful, content, filmmaker, horseman, adventuresome, fun, athletic, gentle, warm, wise, affectionate, committed, spiritual, conscious, self-aware, sexy, passionate, independent, healthy, nondrinker/smoker, 53, looks 40. Seeks compatible female partner. Note/photo/phone. 5706 ✉

Brown-Eyed Blond—32, 5'4", slim and pretty, seeks confident, intelligent male, 33-43, who has integrity, warmth and a sense of humor. Note and photo, please. 5715 ✉

Attentive Man—59, tall, handsome, seeks slim, divorced, intellectual, romantic Manhattan woman, 40-50. Photo. 5687 ✉

What I Am:—Female, 37, healthy, amusing, opinionated, family-oriented, mostly liberal, somewhat educated, affectionate, a fan of rock-and-roll, good food, films, NYC. What I'm not: materialistic, domestically inept, skinny, selfish, ugly, a purring vixen, a substance abuser, obese, 5'10", unfaithful. Seeking similar male, 37-45, for the long haul. Note/photo. 5686 ✉

Beautiful—JD, 39, seeks exceptionally smart, handsome, fit, self-examined, warm, genuine, divorced man. 5669 ✉☎

Great Face And Figure—Divorced attorney, successful and dynamic. Loves golf, working out, cross-country skiing, hiking, books, offbeat films and having fun. Seeks very successful, very attractive, in-shape man of character, 48-60, divorced or widowed. Recent photo/note. 5682 ✉

Brooklyn Gal—Pretty, auditor, independent, Jewish, secure, seeks professional man, 50-62, for relationship. 5711 ✉☎

Boring Job? Not-So-Exciting Life?—If you are a beautiful, easygoing woman, 18-28, and want to see the world in a luxurious way, stay with me in my European villa... In short, enjoy life now! I want you to quit that job, forget daily drudgery and be my travel companion. I am a very well-to-do Dutchman, young but not working anymore, sophisticated but without false pretense, reliable, relaxed personality. Very presentable appearance. 5565 ✉ ☎

Athletic, Slim, Sparkling—Brunette, 38, 5'8", Catholic, seeks 6' plus, athletic professional male, to 48. Interests: skiing hockey, travel, music, fine dining. 5649✉☎

Generous, Single—Handsome corporate exec seeks very attractive lady, 21-39. Should be feminine in appearance and dress. Reply with photo/phone. 5636 ✉☎

Pretty Professional, Wasp— 38, 5'8", 125, blond/brown, likes sports, outdoors, animals, traveling. Seeks tall, handsome, educated professional, 35-46. 5672 ✉

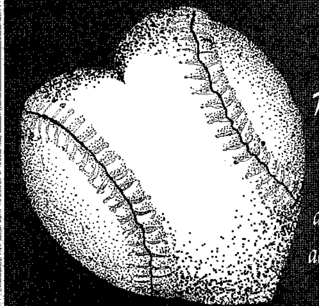
Very Attractive Asian Beauty—With nice smile and cheerful character, 29, 5'5", seeking a special gentleman to share life with. He has to be successful, healthy, educated, tall and handsome, 30-40 years old, knows who he is and what he wants, enjoys life and has a direction to make it better. Recent photo/note, please. 5677✉

Got The Need For Speed?—Then you're a beautiful woman with a weakness for race cars and the men who drive them. Hey! Here's one now: 49, creative, quick wit, 6', athletic 175 lbs, and living in CT. You're 25-40, athletic, funny and ready for the fast company of a regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 5714 ✉

Warm, Attractive—Self-employed woman, intelligent, cultured, good humor, seeks male soul mate, late 50s-60s. 5729✉

Shall We Dance?—Very handsome arts professional, 5'10", secure, well-traveled, fit, wide-ranging interests, fun-loving, caring, flexible. Seeks special woman, 40-53, for lasting love story. 5678 ✉☎

First-Time Ad—Pretty blond, in-shape, 42, seeks soul mate for lasting relationship. I'm warm, considerate, successful, playful, sophisticated and intriguing. Enjoy ballet, the City, country weekends, quiet nights and long walks with my dog. In search of sincere, caring, intelligent, very successful, well-read, attractive man with similar interests. 5713 ✉



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Beautiful, Caring NJ Teacher—With sense of humor, seeks male (35-45), spiritual, unselfish, athletic, ambitious, good-hearted. Note/photo. 5643 ✉

Passion For Horses And Kids—Well-read/traveled and educated single dad, 51, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'7", seeks attractive, financially secure, self-aware woman, 38-48, for sharing celebrations, vacations, sports and culture. Note and photo a must. 5725 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blond—31, 5'7", slim, intelligent, witty, fit, kind, accomplished Jewish female seeks male counterpart, 29-39. 5642 ✉

Stunning, Dynamic, NJ Metro Lady—Seeks tall, 50ish, recently divorced business owner for travel, the arts and long term. Phone/photo/note. 5531 ✉

Looking For Asian Princess—Manhattan prince, 37, handsome, successful, romantic and nice, seeks a lasting relationship with attractive, warmhearted Asian woman. Photo/note. 5737 ✉ ☎

Average Guy, Average Looks—Seeks average woman, average looks. 5709 ✉

NYC Psychologist—40, seeks partner for marriage and children. She is well-analyzed, deeply spiritual, highly intelligent and creative. She is health and life conscious, calm, meditative yet very playful, has simple pleasures and tastes, loves both city/country living. Letter/photo. 5724 ✉

Very Beautiful, Slender—Feminine Asian with sophistication, style - desires highly selective, 40-plus gentleman with classical values, creativity and substance. 5670 ✉

LI Widow Only—Nonsmoking 74-year-old/young Jewish widower, 5'10", 175 lbs, in excellent health, looking for a classy lady in her 60s, attractive, sensuous, slim, who also had a loving, caring marriage. Have home in LI and condo in Florida. Am financially secure, worldly, thoughtful, considerate, still active in business, looking for my counterpart. Photo. 5731✉☎

Asian, Truly Beautiful—30s, cultured, shapely, great legs. Seeks quality white male, Catholic or Protestant background, 35-48. We are both good-looking, well-educated, reliable, generous, fun and enjoy travel, music. Photo/note/phone. 5662 ✉

Warm, Pretty Blond—47, white Jewish female - programmer analyst/brokerage. Not a geek! Desires an accomplished male for a serious relationship. 5690 ✉

Outdoorsy Man—52, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo please. 5676✉

Very Attractive, Kind, Sweet—Sensual professional, divorced Jewish mom of two, seeks successful, witty, wild wonk (40-50) with attitude, sense of humor as positive and uninhibited as mine. Photo. 5696 ✉

Shapely Brunette, NYC—Refined, well-educated professional woman, 5'5" (Marcia Clark-type), nonsmoker, Jewish (nonreligious), seeks principled, well-educated, commitment-minded, widowed or divorced, professional NYC male, nonsmoker, 48-54. Photo appreciated. 5707 ✉

Single, Sunny, Successful—White Christian female, attractive, early 30s, slim and athletic, seeks white Christian male who enjoys the arts, the outdoors and good company. 5658 ✉

Petite Jewish Blond Beauty—35, sports fan, seeks eternal relationship with handsome Jewish mensch. Note/photo. 5727 ✉

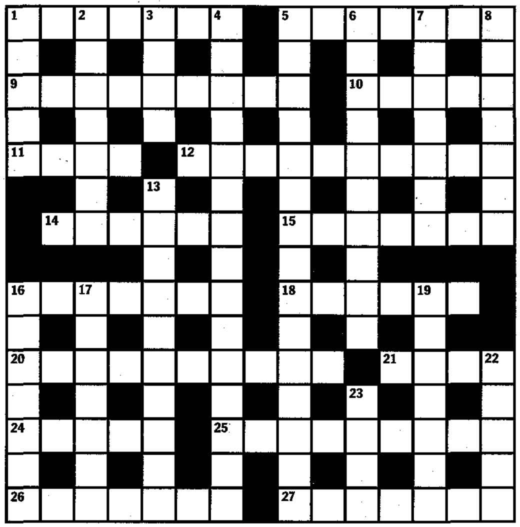
Expert Golfer—Successful, divorced Jewish executive seeking accomplished, secure, flexible, free-spirited, attractive, slim lady, 30s plus, for a lifetime commitment. Photo, please. 5680 ✉

Classy Jewish Lady—Tall, pretty, intelligent, divorced, vintage 1952, great cook, sense of humor, artistic, aspiring novelist. Seeks tall, kind, successful and single/divorced male to baby, adore, cherish and pursue life's goals together. 5702 ✉ ☎

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Confidential information that's dishonourable. (7)
5 R for Rita Hayworth, perhaps? (3–4)
9 Nearly all are slowing down gripped by this? (9)
10 It's gilt-edged to go to heaven for so long. (5)
11 The pain of teachers. (4)
12 North Lazio is corrupt and lying. (10)
14 Renegade in time makes mistakes. (6)
15 The neighbours are at home. (7)
16 Unpleasant clipping? One edited in the end. (7)
18 Be of service to old boy, one with leg broken. (6)
20 Sailors yell out or tell you off? Yes! (10)
21 Monarch once called for a joint. (4)
24 Cold house—one with almost complete darkness. (5)
25 Praising the poll tax elected leader of government. (9)
26 Resembling a 5 across, set trap by turning grey. (7)
27 15 across requires slight alteration to be 19 down. (7)



DOWN

1 Two-headed priest is a beast. (5)
2 Hello from the crow. (7)
3 Giant, therefore ascendant. (4)
4 'A Pound Wasted?'—article written up on staggering charge everyone invested. (8,7)
5 Playing this 4 down the last thing you'll do is lose! (7,8)
6 How bishop moves along daily? (10)
7 Perhaps one of Paul's letters that is spelt incorrectly. (7)
8 Close fitting garment—two models. (7)
13 Extreme characters catch big cat with English custard. (10)
16 Going over junction fast. (7)
17 Letter from Athens: 'Noel's off drinking another.' (7)
19 Legitimate information gets manipulated in E.U. (7)
22 Figure of one fat lady? (5)
23 Smear colour, as Monet would have said? (4)

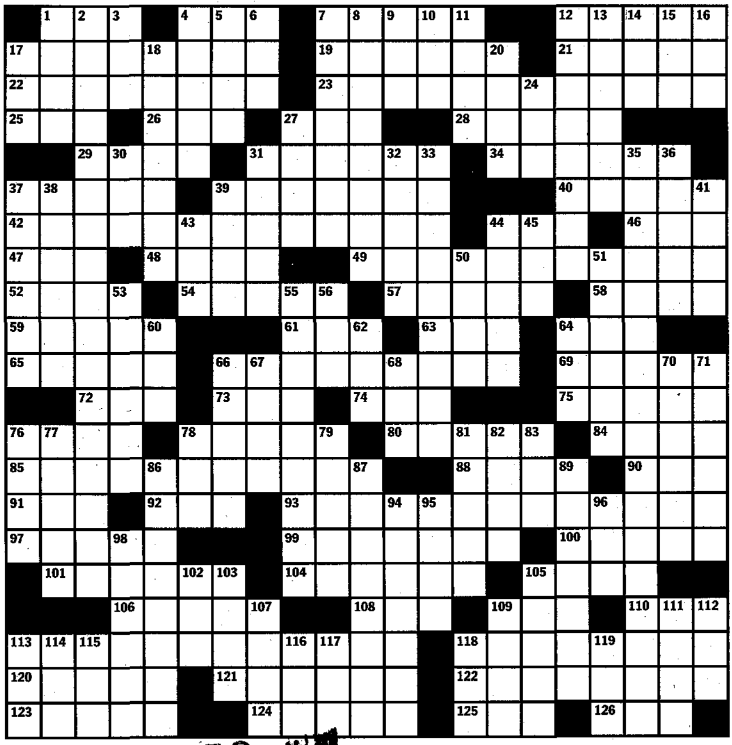
'Guess the Theme': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 "Life —— cabaret . . ."
4 Cold-day utterance
7 "Don't —— boy to do a man's job"
12 Glitches
17 Plot outline
19 Familiarized with
21 Sits for an artist
22 Logs for the fireplace
23 Salem witch-trial theologian
25 Participle ending
26 "Unforgettable" Cole
27 Stat. proportion
28 Stiller's partner
29 Camelot lady
31 Hopeful lovers
34 Scarlett's third, and others
37 Acting-family name
39 Old Japanese warrior
40 G.I. therapy
42 Daydreaming
44 Southern cadet's coll.
46 Doe in "Bambi"
47 Before Simbel or Dhabi
48 Farmer's warehouse
49 Certain ducks
52 Hindu ——, Afghan range
54 Demi or Dudley
57 Coin-toss choice
58 Antiaircraft fire
59 Emerson specialty
61 "Down under" bird
63 Year in Nero's reign
64 Saucer from space
65 Eydie's spouse
66 Tammany Hall honcho
69 Prefix with iliac
72 Am. Legion member
73 Squealer
74 Aries-Taurus mo.
75 Took a Boy Scout walk
76 Ousted Ugandan
78 —— Haute, Indiana
80 Cry of the Ancient Mariner
84 Rub the wrong way
85 Makes a parachute jump
88 Clobbered, Biblically
90 Religious transgression
91 Wood-shaping tool
92 Moscow Square
93 Dessert pancakes
97 "Rikki——-Tavi"
99 Camrys, Avalons, etc.
100 Din
101 Ecclesiastical councils
104 Part of CBS
105 Bench, in a parc
106 Composer Berg
108 'Bye syllables
109 Enclosed vehicle
110 Wellington ——, Chinese statesman
113 Epithet for Mel Tormé
118 Ailed
120 Rosie's bolt
121 "Seinfeld" role
122 Has a different opinion
123 Stockpile
124 Oil jobs, informally
125 —— carte
126 Sense of self

DOWN

1 Computer symbol
2 Famed Boston Symphony conductor
3 Plus
4 Wide
5 Prison uproar
6 Curtain support
7 Give aid, British-style
8 Arcane
9 Tennis-court fixture
10 Banned pesticide
11 Power source
12 Barbecued item
13 Write on the clef
14 Incinerated bit
15 Kin of golly
16 Former Russian territorial div.
17 Chem., e.g.
18 Exterior shades
20 Singleton
24 ——-jongg
27 Fleshy fruit, as an apple
30 Nothing
31 Rodeo shout
32 Attacked, in a way
33 Inter-ship communicators
35 "Time is running out"
36 Decaf brand
37 Stops sleeping
38 Hale and hearty
39 E.T.O. battle town
41 Enjoy the sun
43 Step two for a marksman
44 Proven true
45 Author's originals: abbr.
50 "—— le roi!"
51 Amorous liaison
53 Places of safety
55 Keeps within limits
56 Rhineland spa
60 After all this time
62 Actress Hagen
64 Escort to a seat: slang
66 Animal lineage
67 Rowboat power
68 New Deal labor org.
70 Depends (on)
71 Birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen
76 At the drop of ——
77 Neither minis nor maxis
78 Word with Hague
79 The Jetsons' son
81 State of India
82 Don of talk radio
83 Columnist Smith
86 Eight-line poems with two rhyme schemes
87 Pennsylvania's state nickname
89 Leaseholders
94 Soups, at Maxim's
95 Riviera summers
96 Brick poundage
98 Jacks, at cards
102 Twofold: abbr.
103 Opposite of spend
105 Model-airplane wood
107 1994 Jodie Foster film
109 One of Salome's seven
111 Numerical prefix
112 Approvals, in brief
113 La's companion
114 "It blesseth —— that gives . . ."
115 Zsa Zsa's sister
116 Timon's initial
117 White lie
118 Purity watchdog agcy.
119 Get the point



839

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 123.

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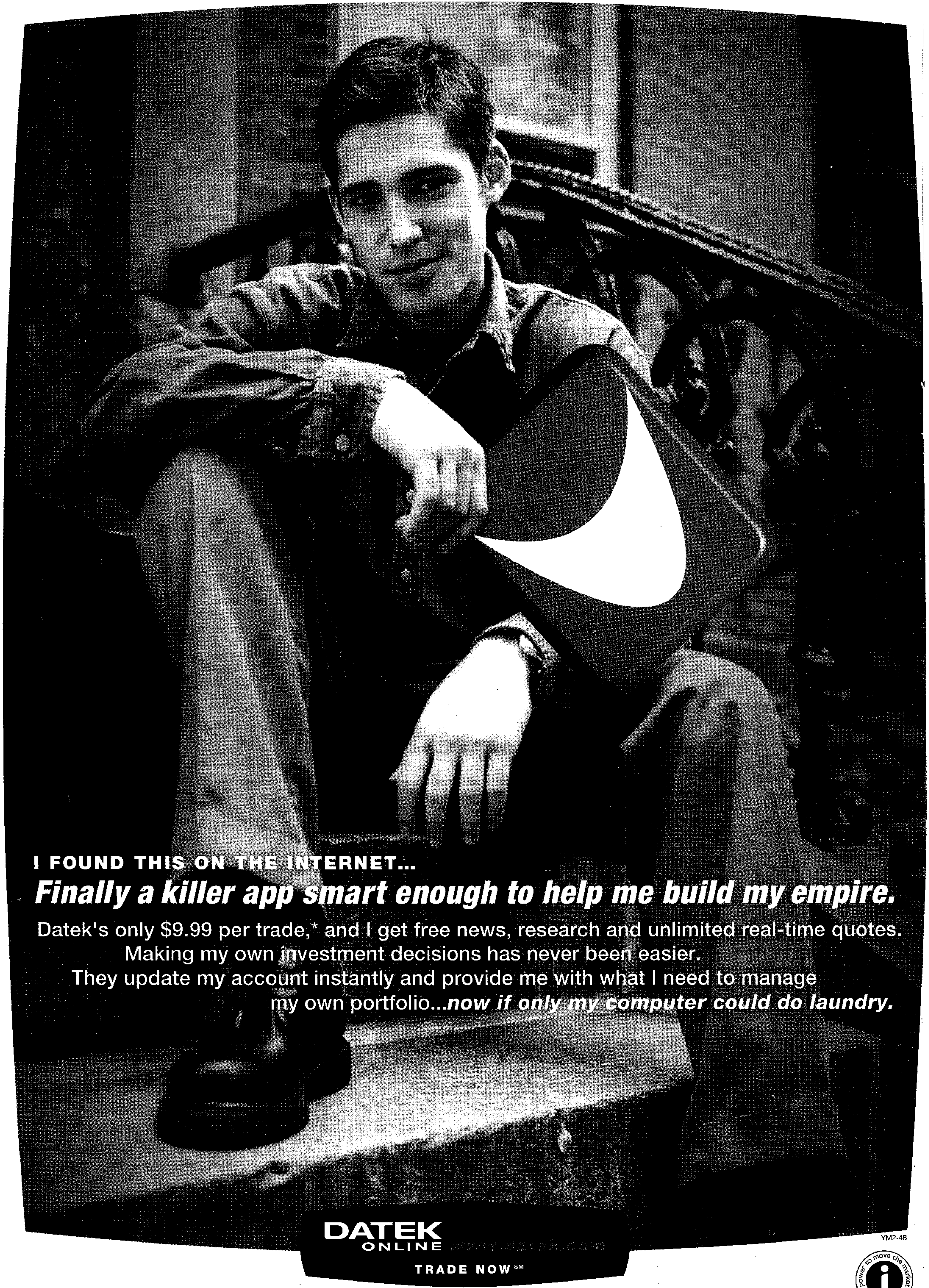

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